WEEK ENDING DEC. 17, 1927

5c

# Liberty

*A Weekly for Everybody*

*In this Issue* ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE, COSMO HAMILTON, ELSIE JANIS, ELLIOTT SPRINGS, FREDERICK PALMER, LIEUT. LESTER J. MAITLAND

# 21 Gift Ideas

*Now ready at the Parker Duofold Dealer's —right in your neighborhood*

Do your Christmas shopping with dispatch—one time—one place—one pen counter.

The Parker dealer will wrap each Gift in gay Christmas trappings—all ready for Santa to deliver.

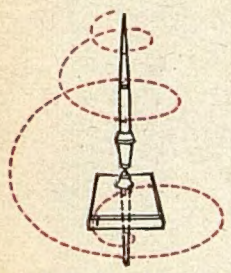
Eyes will light—hearts will leap—lips will part with cries of sheer delight when eager hands unveil these treasures Christmas morning.

The first thing your loved ones will look for is this famous stamp "Geo. S. Parker—DUOFOLD."

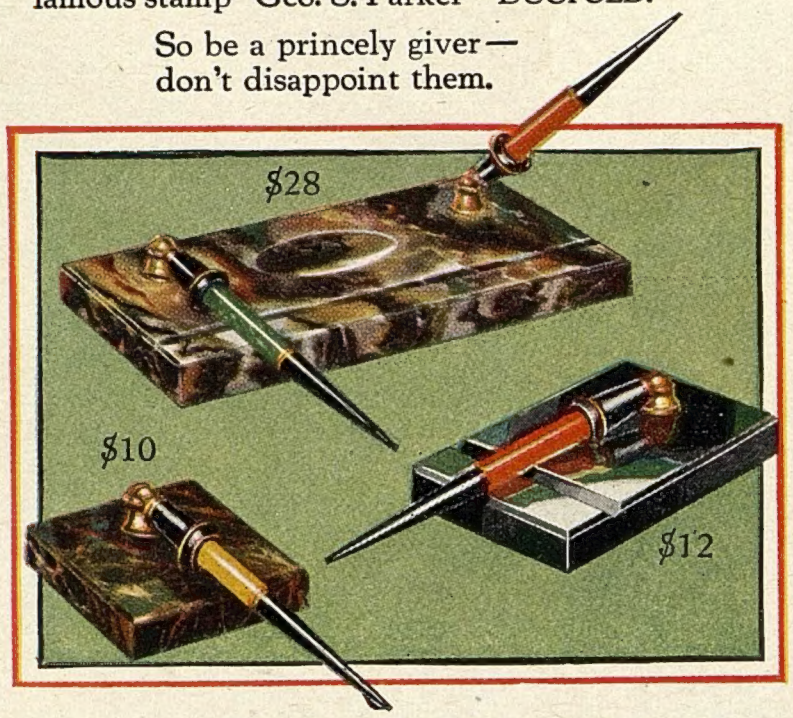
So be a princely giver—
don't disappoint them.

***New Bronze Desk Set***

Antique Bronze or Oxidized Copper finished Base complete with Parker Duofold Jr. or Lady Duofold Desk Fountain Pen, $9. With Parker Black Pen and colored Moire taper as illustrated, $6.75.



**Parker's Ball-and-Socket Action enables Pen to stand, tilt or lie level without drying**




***What Every Man figuratively Prays For —A Parker Desk Set***

$10 for Italian Marble or Black Glass Base with any Parker Duofold Jr. or Lady Duofold Pen; in Onyx, $11.

$12 for Black Glass or Clear Crystal Base with any Parker Duofold Jr. or Lady Duofold Pen.

$28 for Marble or Clear Crystal Base with any two Parker Duofold Jr. or Lady Duofold Pens.

Red and Black Color Comb. Reg. Trade Mark U. S. Pat. Off.

$100 Parker Duofold De Luxe Desk Set with Bronze Finish and Gold Inlaid Walnut Base—Two Over-size Duofold Pens—8-Day Clock—compartments for cigarettes, matches, pencils, clips—Masterpiece of Desk Sets.

*Gift Box Given with every Set*

$31 for Polished Black Glass Base with two Parker Duofold Jr. Pens or two Lady Duofold Pens. Same base with two Over-size Duofold Pens, $35.

*Duofold Duette*
$8, $8.50 *and* $11

## Parker Pastels

*Fit feminine fingers—*
*Win feminine hearts*

$6.50 *the Set*

*—with Leather Penvelope* $8

Like Costume Jewelry are the slender Pastel Pens and Pencils—Apple Green, Magenta, Mauve, Beige Gray, Naples Blue, and Coral—smartly black-tipped.

***Oval Porcelain Desk Sets***
$8.75 with Duofold Jr. or Lady Duofold Pen.
$6.50 with Parker Black Pen and colored Moire Taper.

*Mandarin Yellow Porcelain*
$8.75 *or* $6.50

*Deep Blue Porcelain*
$8.75 *or* $6.50

*Pale Green Porcelain*
$8.75 *or* $6.50

*Coral Rose Porcelain*
$8.75 *or* $6.50

*Black Porcelain*
$8.75 *or* $6.50

Not Cut Prices on Something Old—but Lower Prices on Something New—that's what Parker offers in these $6.50 and $8.75 Desk Sets.

One caution, however—don't be guided by color alone. If you want highest excellence look for imprint, "Geo. S. Parker," on every pen. That's what those who receive these sets on Christmas will look for first. Don't disappoint them.

# Parker Duofold

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN
OFFICES AND SUBSIDIARIES: NEW YORK • BOSTON • CHICAGO • CLEVELAND
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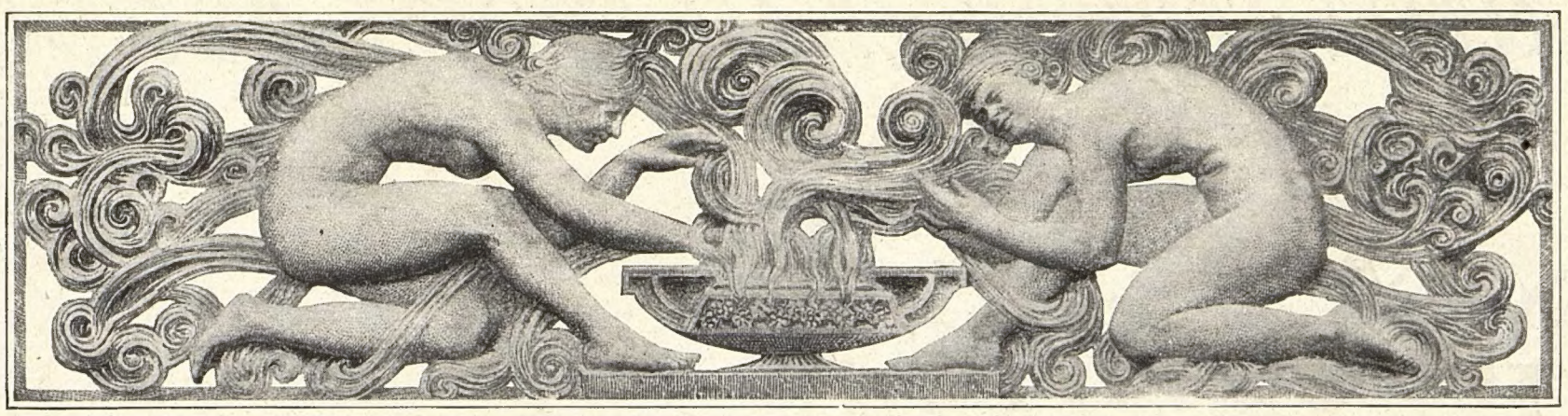


# COTY

## CREATOR OF THE TWENTY-TWO SUPREME PERFUMES

EACH A MASTERPIECE OF SCENT
– BEAUTIFULLY FLACONED –
TO DELIGHT THE ARTISTRY
OF EVERY LOVELY WOMAN

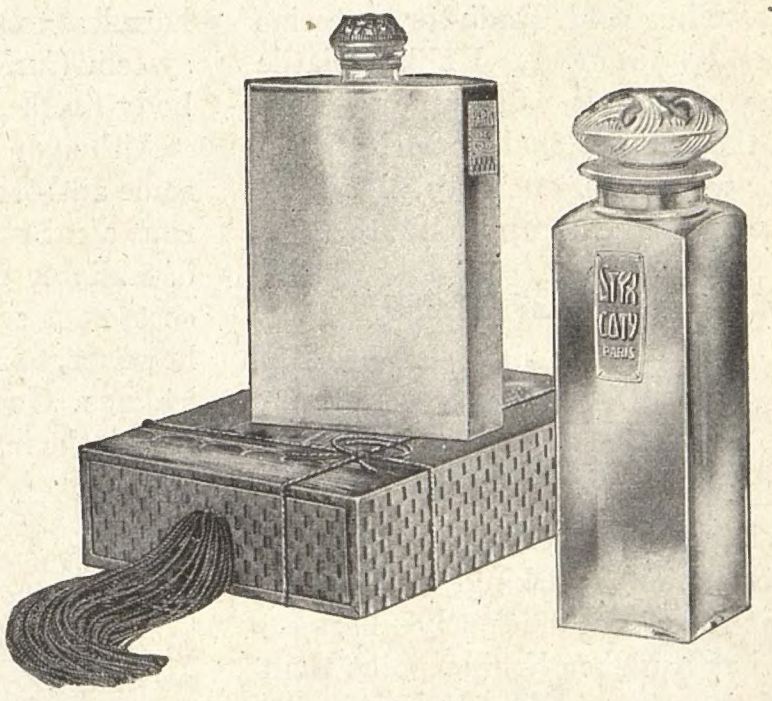
ODEURS

L'ORIGAN ~ "PARIS„ ~ CHYPRE ~ EMERAUDE ~ STYX ~ MUGUET
LA ROSE JACQUEMINOT ~ L'EFFLEURT ~ JASMIN DE CORSE
HELIOTROPE ~ CYCLAMEN ~ L'OR ~ AMBRE ANTIQUE ~ IRIS
JACINTHE ~ AMBREINE ~ VIOLETTE ~ VIOLETTE POURPRE
LILAS BLANC ~ LILAS POURPRE ~ OEILLET ~ LA JACÈE

COTY CHYPRE
*Fragrance of the Exotic*

COTY EMERAUDE
*Fragrance of Ecstasy*

COTY L'ORIGAN
*Perfume of the Exquisite*

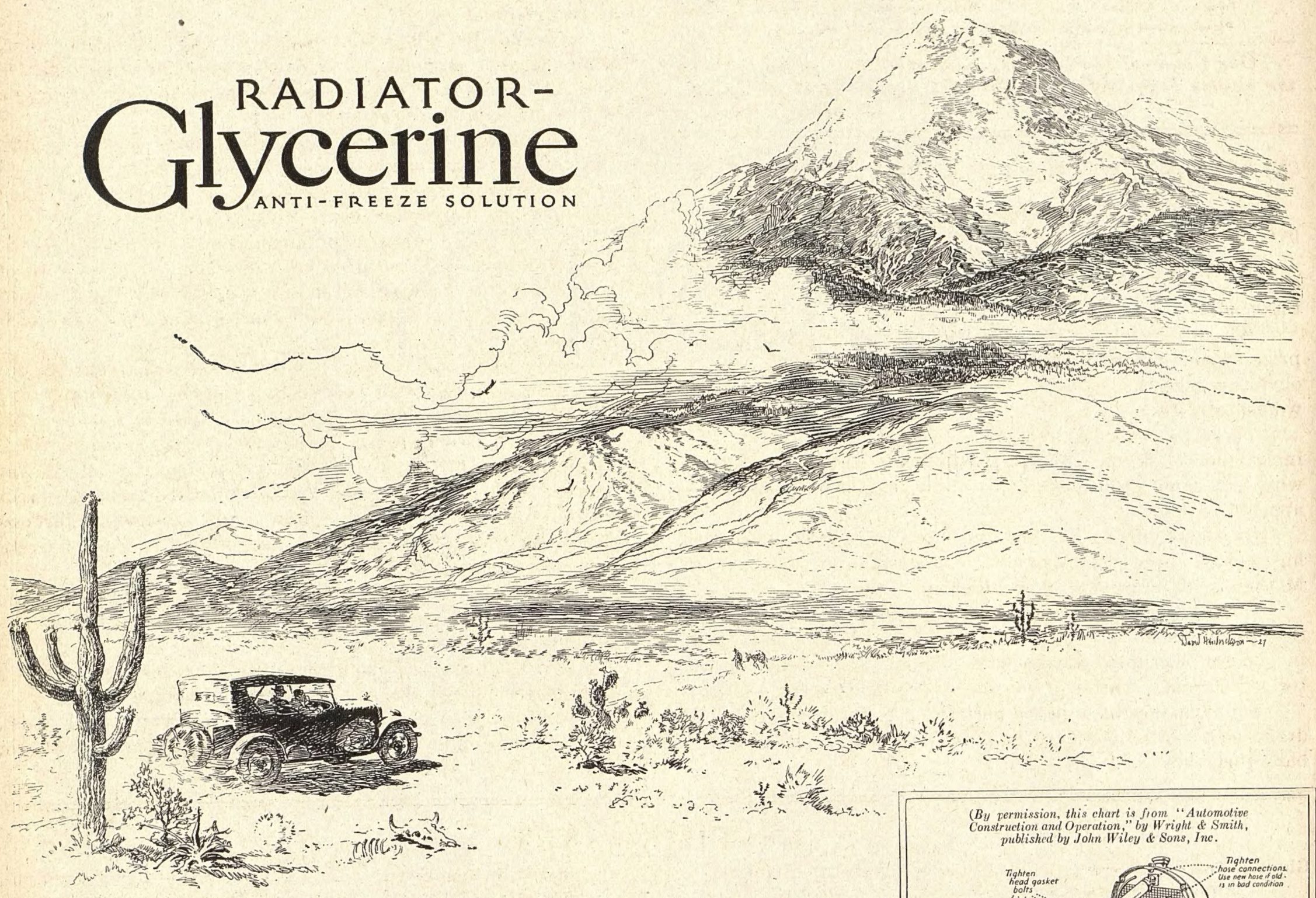



COTY "PARIS„
*Fragrance of Tantalizing Gaiety*

COTY STYX
*The Perfume of Mystery*

# *The anti-freeze that won't evaporate*

RADIATOR-
**Glycerine**
ANTI-FREEZE SOLUTION



## Desert Heat won't evaporate it
## Mountain Cold won't freeze it

IT is a curious fact that the ideal anti-freeze must be proof against extremes of heat as well as cold. Radiator glycerine meets this requirement. Unlike volatile anti-freeze agents, it will not evaporate even on those occasional warm days in winter nor will it boil out after a long and hard drive which heats up the motor.

### *One filling a season*

*There is solid comfort in knowing that your engine is protected from Fall to Spring by the one filling of radiator glycerine.*

And that means complete protection from freezing. It means easier starting even after several hours' parking. It means a motor that runs more efficiently—because glycerine has a higher boiling point than water and therefore enables the engine to run safely at temperatures where it can deliver more power on less fuel.

It is a protection that brings no disadvantages in its train, particularly since radiator glycerine is odorless and also harmless to all the materials of the cooling system (*including* rubber) and to lacquer body finishes.

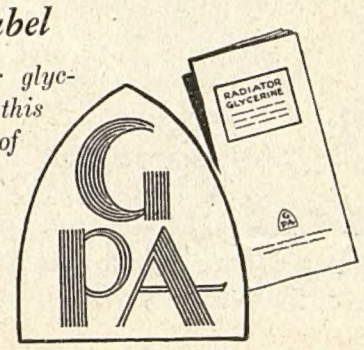
Although its first cost is greater than some anti-freeze solutions, every man who runs a car can readily realize the economy of radiator glycerine, when he figures its cost on a seasonal basis. It is essential, however, to see that none of it is wasted by leakage. Guard against this by carefully noting the instructions in the next column.

### *Look for this label*

*Use only pure distilled radiator glycerine from cans or drums bearing this mark—the label and endorsement of the Glycerine Producers' Association laboratories.*

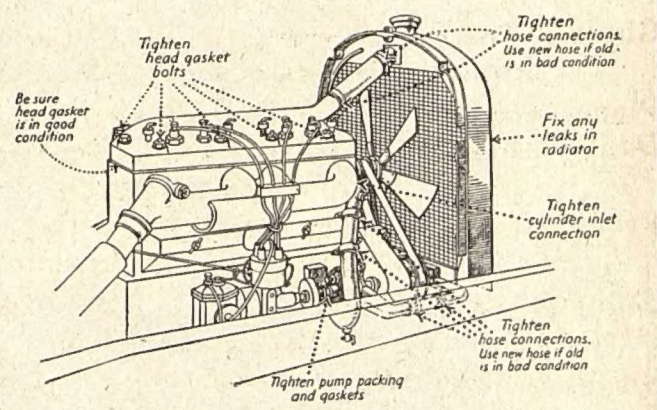
*These approved brands are listed in a booklet, which also describes in detail the use of radiator glycerine.*

*Write for your copy.*




REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

*(By permission, this chart is from "Automotive Construction and Operation," by Wright & Smith, published by John Wiley & Sons, Inc.*




## Glycerine-tight— *a prime essential*

Above all, be sure the cooling system is tight. And glycerine-tight must be tighter than water-tight, because glycerine takes advantage of minor leaks.

Your garageman can easily flush all dirt and sediment from the cooling system, tighten hose connections, cylinder head gaskets, and pump packings—so there can be absolutely no question that the system is leak-proof.

Also don't waste glycerine through the overflow pipe *inside* the radiator. Never fill radiator higher than within 3 inches of the top of this pipe (Fords 4 inches). This allows the solution to expand without overflowing when heated up.

*For free booklet, address Glycerine Producers' Association Dept.* B4, 45 *East* 17*th Street, New York, N. Y.*

DEC. 17, 1927

# Liberty

*A Weekly for Everybody*

VOL. 4 No. 33

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**Please address all communications to 247 Park Avenue, New York City**

*"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."*
*—Stephen Decatur.*

## MADONNA, CLEOPATRA, AMAZON

We were having one of our weekly editorial conferences, pondering the problem of what to do next.

Future tables of contents seemed a little shy on "woman appeal," and we fell to discussing some articles that might meet the need.

We have printed a good deal lately about men athletes—prize fighters, football players, swimmers, and so on. So the obvious suggestion came up: Why not have something about women athletes?

There was talk pro and con, a little of it pro and surprisingly much of it con. At last we reached the conclusion that, when you come right down to it, the woman athlete hasn't the appeal.

Of course, among humans, the object of deepest veneration has always been the Madonna. Unquestionably the Great Mother is the archetype of womanhood.

In these perplexing times one hears dissent sometimes from the distaff side as to what is the highest feminine calling. But, in general, sentiment agrees with biology that passing on the torch of life is a matter of considerable importance.

So magazines have pages pertaining to the home and children—cookbooks, housekeeping hints, things about parties, and baby formulas.

For sex appeal—well, the mother has as much sex appeal as the flapper. One is the bud, the other the flower.

But there is a distinct and separate appeal in what we venture to call the Cleopatra type. By which, we hasten to explain, we mean experience in youth, adventurous and kindling to the imagination.

The Marilyn Millers and the Mary Pickfords. Public characters rather than home folks. Women whose prestige is gained through beauty and the worship of men—through ability to allure and exert great influence.

Cleopatra, the original, charmed rulers of the people. Cleopatras of today charm the people themselves.

In a sense, these are the barren women. Motherhood, here, is no element of glamour, but a thing to hide.

An actress of our acquaintance recently had a son. As the event approached she adjured her press agent that no word of it must get out. She registered at a hospital under an assumed name. She was not ashamed or reluctant, and she is an excellent mother. But she knows her public.

From Helen of Troy to Dolores Costello, the ladies of romance have known what is needed—loveliness inscrutable and tinged with wisdom, and always something of a mystery. No more. Eve, to be sure, was a mother, but she had no competition.

Only last do we turn to athletes as feminine objects of interest. Helen Wills is a charming girl, but she does not attract such a crowd on the street as does Gloria Swanson. Throngs hailed Gertrude Ederle once, but people turn to look at Greta Garbo every day.

Ruth Elder doesn't count. She won a beauty prize long before she became an aviator. If she were not a beauty she would be far less interesting.

Fair? Of course it isn't fair. The Amazons deserve something better. They are up against human nature.

Anyway, they provided us with an instructive and entertaining conference. But we had to have another before we really got down to business.

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## IN OUR *NEXT* ISSUE

IRENE CASTLE, who is introduced to you in this issue by Elsie Janis, has written the story of her life—a record of a career that enjoyed every measure of success. Told in a manner as charming as her dancing, this unusual autobiography, entitled THINGS WE REMEMBER, will help you to understand why its author was the most popular woman of her day.

P. G. WODEHOUSE has drafted one of his funniest characters to provide more laughs than you can count to add to your Christmas cheer. JEEVES AND THE YULETIDE SPIRIT is the story of a valet who had his own ideas of a proper holiday.

And then there is the story of a Christmas when this nation's future looked so dark that its leader prayed in solitude for guidance. The story of this crisis of the Revolution is told in WASHINGTON'S GETHSEMANE—150 YEARS AGO, by HUGH FULLERTON.

GENERAL WILLIAM MITCHELL, in an article, MY FLIGHT INTO RUSSIA, gives a keen observer's impressions of present-day conditions in the Soviet Republic.

DIRTY WORK AT THE CROSSROADS, by A. ROY BROWN, is the true story of a wartime flight that gave the Canadian ace the thrill of his life.

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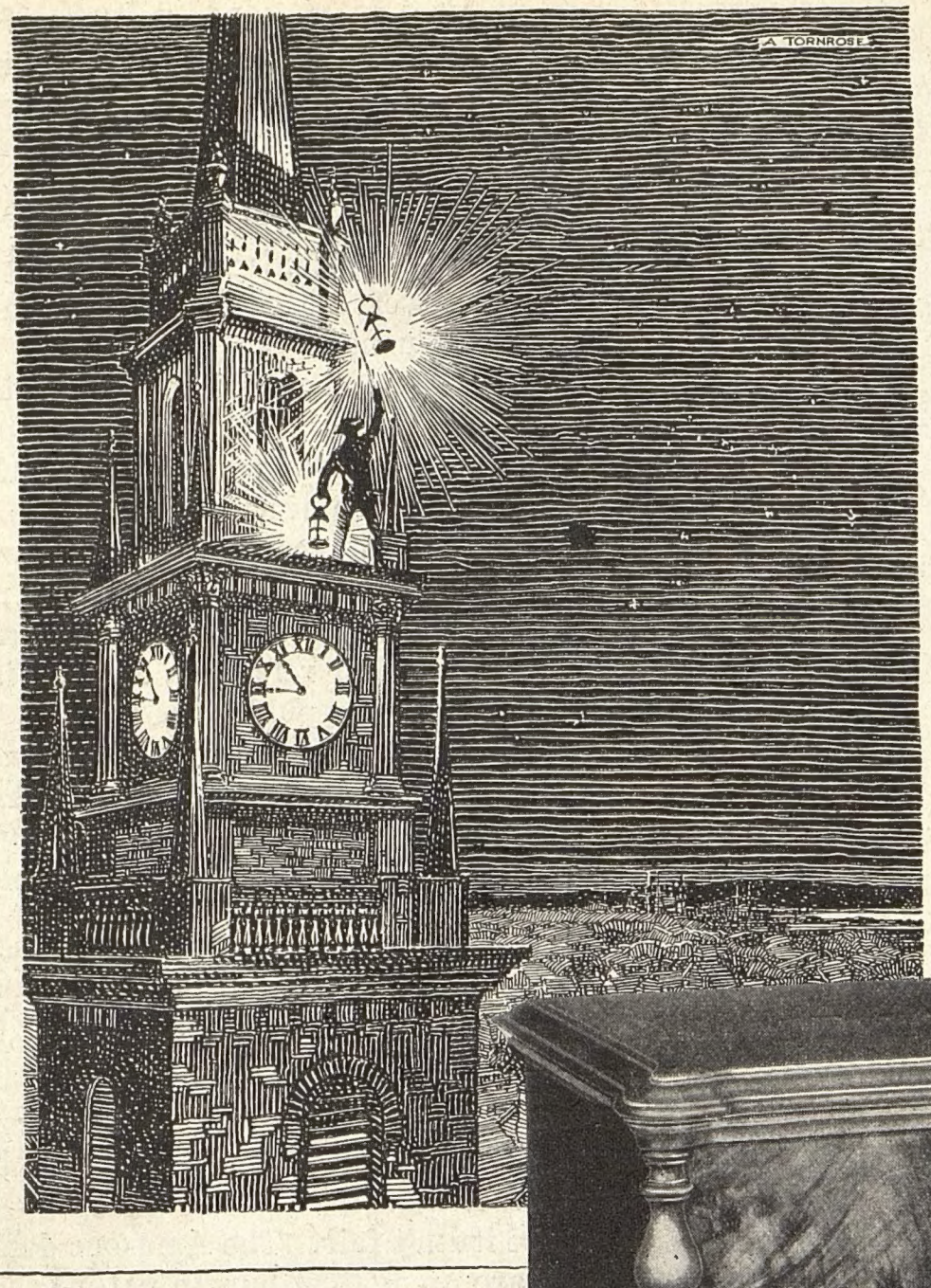
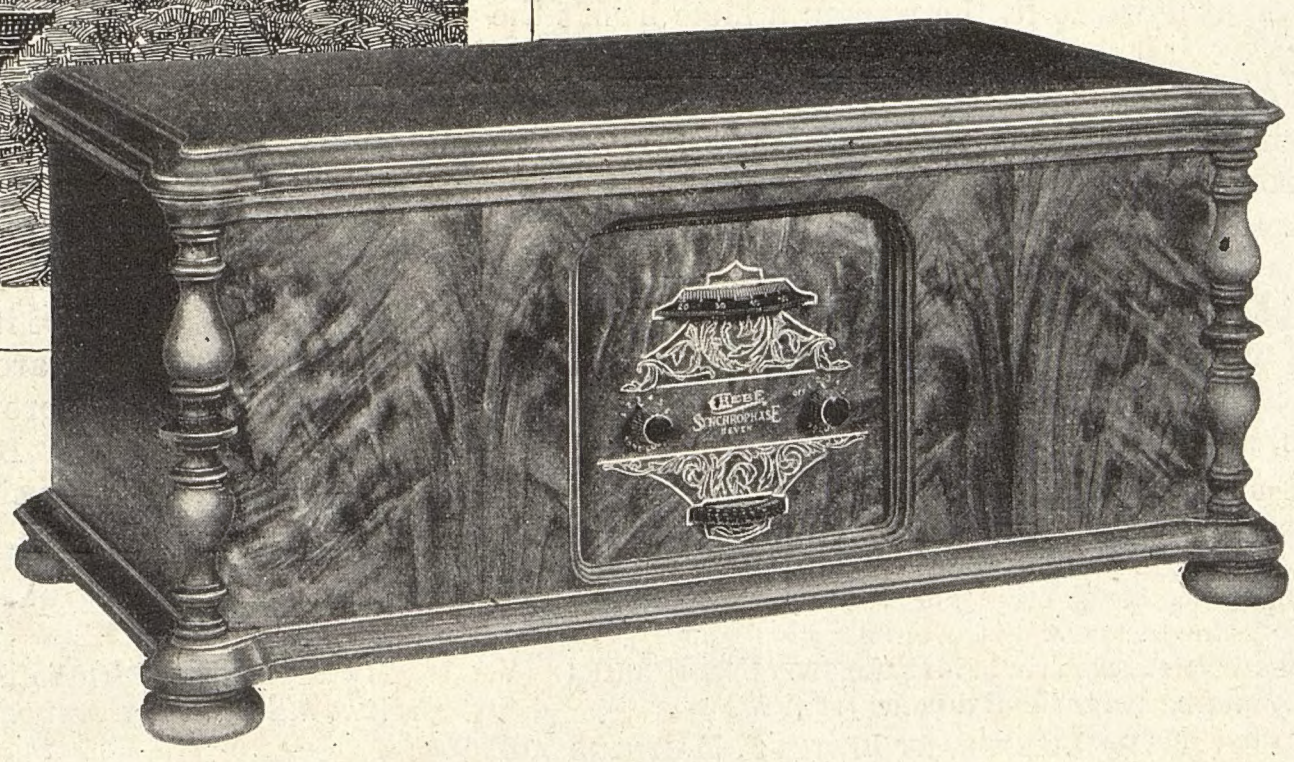



*"One if by land and two if by sea."*

The simple signal given by two lanterns hung in the belfry of Boston's Old North Church, started Paul Revere on that famous ride of April 18, 1775, immortalized by Longfellow's poem.

GREBE RADIO
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.




*Simplicity*—The ease and accuracy with which the Grebe Synchrophase Seven operates, has given a new meaning to One Dial control. Its simplicity of tuning is very remarkable. The tone of this receiver, especially when combined with the Grebe Natural Speaker, is unrivaled in its naturalness; the ease with which stations can be sharply separated is unsurpassed.

Durability of all Grebe superior qualities is guaranteed by that sound construction which, for over 18 years, has been a synonym for the name "Grebe."

Grebe Synchrophase Seven, $135; Grebe Natural Speaker, $35. Send for Booklet LY; then ask your dealer to demonstrate, in your home, that you can "get it *better* with a Grebe."

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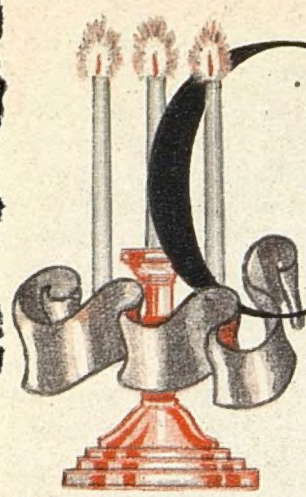


# Ghost of Château Thierry

## A Drama of Christmas Night and a Voice from the Past

By

LLEWELLYN HUGHES

*Pictures by* KENNETH CAMP

*(Reading time: 11 minutes 20 seconds.)*

ALL was very quiet. The butler had come and gone, leaving the glass of port within easy range.

It had gradually become the custom for James Clayton Hoffman to spend his evening this way: sunk deep in his armchair before the library fire, gazing at the portrait of his son. One of the servants had decorated it with holly: a single sprig of holly stuck between the canvas and the frame. Christmas Day! It evoked too many memories for James Clayton Hoffman to dwell upon it—longer than a fleeting instant. Happy memories, but—

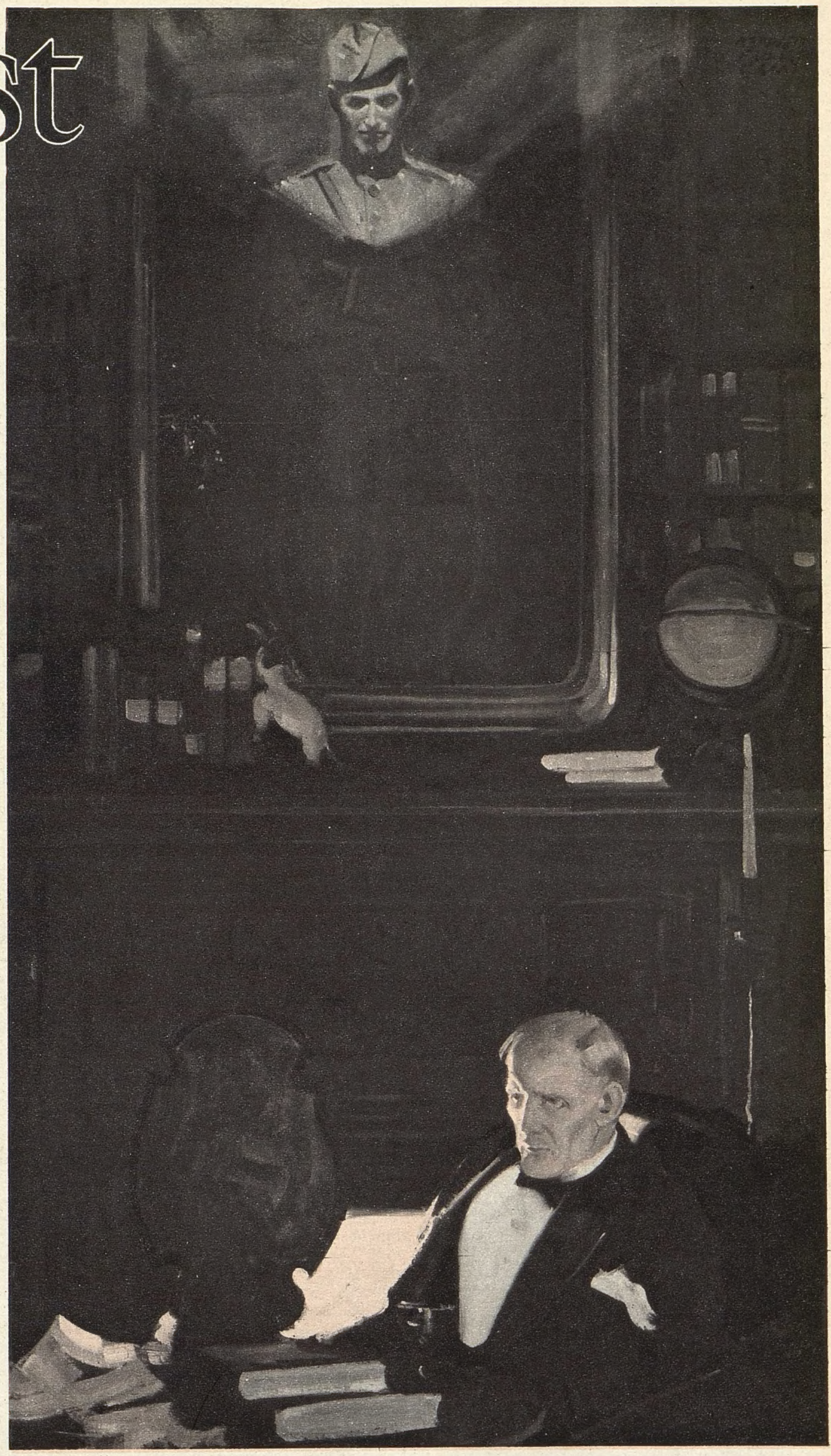
"Talk to me, dad. I'm just as close to you as I was in the old days. The good old Christmas days we used to have—remember? Come on, dad—don't be so damned skeptical."

But the old gentleman remained doubtful. The lip that hung so tremulously, the failing eyes—timidly uplifted in awe of his one and only son—the two white hands tranquilly folded in his lap, all bespoke love and admiration—and yet a faint unbelief.

He dare not speak. He was content to listen. Of all things in heaven and earth, James Clayton Hoffman loved most this handsome soldier framed before him. And he sat there listening to the young man's laughter, laughter that seemed to fill the room with song. And yet, the soldier wasn't laughing. He was smiling, that was all.

"Come, old boy—talk to me. Don't be scared."

The fretwork ceiling towered thirty feet above. The room, magnificently appointed, was dimly lit and—full of shadows. James Clayton Hoffman had supervised the building of this house on Fifth Avenue. But that was long ago, when Agnes was a bride, and Paul—their only child—Paul had not yet come to them.



*"Another thing," the soldier went on stoutly. "You've got to buck up, old boy. Pull yourself together, as they say."*

"Oh, come on, dad," urged Captain Paul Hoffman. "Talk to me!"

Outside it was snowing. Not the snow usually associated with Christmas. But a driving sleet that hurled itself against the four windows facing the park; that kept people in their homes, indoors with their families, their daughters—their sons. Christmas Day.

The logs burned evenly. Old Mr. Hoffman could feel the heat from them. He was in din-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[GHOST OF CHÂTEAU THIERRY]
Continued from Page Seven

ner jacket—a fatigued, drooped figure in black and white, sharply defined in the pit of his great, somber library, the glass of port not far from his shriveled cheek.

That—the port—was conspicuous. The one spot of color in the great vaulted room. It seemed to twinkle roguishly. As though it were the old gentleman's lifeblood—drained from his cheeks, his senile body, his white, thin hands—every drop of it—reposing in crystal.

"Another thing," the soldier went on stoutly. "You've got to buck up, old boy. Pull yourself together, as they say."

People said that James Clayton Hoffman had aged rapidly—since 1918. There were whispers in the Street that he had lost all interest in his business. One supposed—and rightly so—that that didn't matter.

Otto Hoffman, the emigrant from Hamburg and the grandfather of the present James, had laid the foundation of the Hoffman fortune, and from it had arisen an indomitable structure of wealth. Nothing—short of national calamity—could topple it over.

Oh, there was no doubt but that James Clayton Hoffman had built up a great name for his son. A new office building had been erected solely in the hope—so it was said—that his son would take charge of it.

It was not to be. With America's entry into the war, Paul had thrown in his lot with the army. And since then Mr. Hoffman had let things slide a little, lost interest.

Now he looked up at his son, looked up rather wistfully from the depths of his armchair. And he wanted to explain. He wanted to say, "You were right, Paul. Business isn't everything. I wish I had quit it when you . . . and gone off with you to Asia, Africa—all over the world. Just the two of us. It would have been fun. And now—it is too late. . . ."

But old Mr. Hoffman merely looked at his son, and hoped he would understand. The soldier smiled at him—and the smile became a laugh that sang in the folds of the rich dark curtains, ran along the crevices of the fretwork ceiling thirty feet above them and under which old Mr. Hoffman appeared so very small.

He didn't stir. Near his aged cheek the port burned like a cathedral sconce. The snowstorm howled outside the windows, came roaring down the chimney.

"All right, dad. I suppose you want that story of mine? You've heard it a score of times—it's a wonder you're not sick and tired of it. Where shall I begin? At Marigny? The day I wrote you that letter—telling you that Grant Dering had been killed? All right.

"WE expected to be sent up into the thick of it—and were holding ourselves in readiness. I had just finished writing you that letter—my last letter, old boy, wasn't it?—when we were ordered to move. I plucked a few flowers and put them on poor Grant Dering's grave; then we were off. In camions. Hell-bent for election down the road.

"It was a beautiful day, and I remember thinking of the time we went on that hunting trip—you and I—up in Canada. Remember that old buckboard—and how we jolted over the roads when the horses ran away—both of us pulling on the ribbons for dear life?"

James Clayton Hoffman gave a very little nod.

"Well, it was like that—aboard those camions. And when we got to Meaux we were switched and sent thundering down the Paris-Metz highway—in a different direction.

"Oh, it was great. I was looking forward to a scrap. I knew the enemy wasn't far away—because up that road came a long caravan of refugees from the country between Chemin des Dames and the Somme. Together with the remnants of a French army, they were coming back, leaving everything but what they could carry on their backs and on wheelbarrows.

"A long, wretched line. A wake of silent men and women; gray and colorless as the road they traversed; covered with dust, hollow of cheek, sunken of eye—winding their funereal way before the German advance.

"The French soldiers were mostly wounded; and some were being carried by old, decrepit peasants, limping along painfully."

Captain Paul Hoffman was silent a moment.

"And I thought—I remember it distinctly—I thought what a terrible thing it would be if you, old boy—and Ursula—and Helen—had been driven out of this house, for instance.

"So then and there I swore an oath that if ever I came to grips with the enemy I'd show no mercy—no matter what the circumstances." He smiled. "I was a bit wrong about that, wasn't I, old boy?

"Well, to continue. They had thrown forty-odd divisions against us: a horde of fighting material, trained to the minute, with the greatest artillery concentration ever effected. Already some of our chaps—belonging, as you know, to the New England division—had met him round Hautevesnes and choked the roads up with his dead. Oh, there was a sweet little scrap round Hautevesnes—a corker!"

And the Captain permitted himself a chuckle.

"BROTHER Heinie found out—right there—that he could be toppled over, rabbit-wise, by a Springfield rifle that was deadly accurate at seven hundred yards. He didn't like it."

Old Mr. Hoffman gazed on him with adoring eyes. This six-foot lad of his! To whom, when he was eight, he had explained the mysteries of a toy rifle; to whom he had given a .22 a few years later; and with whom, later still, he had gone a-hunting.

"We were in a wood near Champillon—although at the time, as I've often told you, we didn't know where in Hades we were. Packed tight, I remember. If the old Boche had thrown a few more rounds in there—good night! But he was lenient—or lazy.

"The trees were all smashed. Limbs hung grotesquely in all sorts of shapes and designs. There was no moon. But a queer greenish light came from somewhere and gave everything a sort of weird effect.

"Remember that game we used to play, old boy? Up in the Quebec woods? Remember how we used to lie around the camp fire and find all sorts of queer shapes in the trees at night? Remember the elephant waving its trunk? And the ballet dancers?

"Well, that's what I thought of—in the wood near Champillon. You know the spot. You've found it on the map. Yes, I was lying there, thinking of those times we had together up in Canada. Couldn't get any lace patterns—ballet dancers and all that. There were no leaves, old boy. Just branches, split and torn—sort of ghostly against the greenish sky."

The fingers of old Mr. Hoffman's right hand curled into his palm.

"The next morning, at dawn, we went forward. Through a wheat field in which the poppies were a brilliant red—redder than Ursula's lips—and in and about which the machine-gun bullets played like maddened bees.

"We were fighting amongst poppies all day. Lord, it was great sport, old boy—and hot as the dickens! I was sweat from head to heel and didn't know what I was doing half the time. Got to places and through them and past them—without knowing it. Great fun, old boy!

"I can't remember all the details of that day and afternoon and night, but when it got dark, a bunch of us veered off toward Château Thierry. We were a mixed mob of about fifty. No more. Some of my own fellows—and a score of marines. All of us drunk with fighting. Crazy as loons—as Colonel Stevens told you the other day at luncheon.

"This, don't forget, was long before we took the town. The place was held by a battalion of Prussians—damned commendable warriors. But we got in there—the Lord knows how—about ten o'clock that night. Mad as idiots—the whole lot of us. We had no right in there, you know—we were away in advance of our line.

"We managed to storm a house at the corner of the village. Our heavy artillery was playing Old Nick with the place, and the cellars were thick with Heinies. We could smell 'em.

"We fought precociously, insolently. We knew we'd no business in there, and we also knew that the Prussians would make a very respectable effort to remind us of it. And they did," said the Captain breezily.

"Oh, that night! The same greenish sky as that of the night before—over the Champillon wood. Phantoms, shadows, everywhere. There were three green stars in the west—a million miles away. I thought of Ursula, and Helen, and of you, old boy—and that's a fact."

James Clayton Hoffman was following the story eagerly. His son was voicing his own thoughts, and his clouding eyes blinked affirmation. But his heart was beating rather alarmingly. And one hand, the right one, clutched something so tightly it was hurting him. So he tried to calm himself.

"I think," the soldier proceeded, "I think we were reduced to about a dozen—round midnight. Then we were seven or eight, and then—I remember—just five.

"THERE was a machine gun up the street that sprayed us like a hose. I was cursing mad by this time. I made up my mind I'd get that gun. It took me half an hour's stalking—but in the end I put it out of business.

"Anyway, old boy, you know that part of it by heart. You've questioned that marine a thousand times—the only one of that mob of fifty of us to come out of Château Thierry alive. And Colonel Stevens has told you something about it. And I've told you more—haven't I, old boy?"

The Captain smiled at him.

"Well, getting that machine gun was one thing. Getting back was another. I told you the town was loaded with Boche. It was. And, quite suddenly, I felt the sweetest little stab—right here."

He touched his left breast.

"It was nothing at all. Delirious as a needle. It injected something into me that flooded my being with indescribable peace. Simply amazing. I got up from behind a shattered wall where I'd been crouching—I got up and walked right down the center of the street. Not back to the gang—but straight toward the enemy. Wasn't that rich?"

U. S. Official pi

But now Captain Paul Hoffman wasn't smiling. His eyes were sad, and in them dwelt a heartbreaking longing for something. Looking at him, old Mr. Hoffman tried in vain to down the lump in his throat.

"Yes, old boy," the voice went on, "right down the center of the street. I knew nothing could touch me any more—a soldier gets that feeling now and then, no matter how hot the fighting. Bullets and shrapnel whizzed past my head, shrieked, screamed, whistled, spat all round me. I didn't mind. I kept right on

going. Oh, it was a mad, mad world—that street in Château Thierry.

"And then—all at once—I met Grant Dering. My best friend—killed at Marigny three days earlier."

He spoke calmly of this strange incident.

"Overjoyed, he said, to see me. Grabbed my hands and embraced me. Damned funny."

Captain Hoffman glanced more keenly at his father.

"I can see you don't believe me, old boy," he said with a sad earnestness. "But it's true. There was Grant Dering—in Château Thierry. I saw thousands of our fellows there and Germans—all intermingled—thousands and thousands of them. I could have killed some of them quite easily. I told you I had already sworn—as I came down the Paris-Metz road—that I'd kill every German I saw. But, somehow, I lost all sense of animosity with these chaps. I even pressed their hands and said all sorts of things to them—complimentary things, you know.

"Then—as I remember it—I seemed to be rising, rising; and—this is what I specially wish you to realize, old boy—I saw this house on Fifth Avenue, and you and Ursula and Helen inside it. You had just finished dinner. Ursula was playing something on the piano—in the music room. That thing I loved so well—you know, that nocturne. You were romping with Helen—helping her put her dolls to bed. Remember, old boy?"

James Clayton Hoffman gave a little nod.

"Then, spasmodically, Ursula stopped playing. Her hands flew up to her face. Remember the little cry she gave? Oh, I saw it all—plainly—all the way from Château Thierry.

"And then you looked at her. I could see your hands trembling. Fact, really. You took her into your arms, didn't you? Why, I actually heard what you said to her. 'Ursula,' you said, 'what is the matter? Why are you so pale?' you asked. Now come, old boy—didn't you say just that? Those very words?"

Old Mr. Hoffman's head sank a little lower.

"Then you came directly to this room and closed the door. I watched you do it. You sat there—where you are sitting now—and remained very quiet. Didn't you, old boy?"

James Clayton Hoffman gulped and clenched his right hand all the tighter.

"So you see," his soldier son went on, "I know all these things. The trouble is that you think I'm a trick of the imagination, or something. You won't trust yourself to talk to me. I'm here with you, dad, if you'll only believe it—just as close to you as I was in the old days—"

His voice stopped on the instant, and as instantly he seemed to fade. Old Mr. Hoffman, looking up, saw nothing more substantial than a portrait.

*"WE were fighting all day. Lord, it was great sport—and hot as the dickens!"*

*American artillery massed in the square at Château Thierry in July, 1918, after the bloody fighting in which Allied troops wrested the little French town from the Germans.*

A FAINT sound had broken the stillness of the room. Just the veriest click of a latch. Somebody had gently—oh, so gently—opened the library door. Mr. Hoffman turned his head. A tall lady, inexpressibly lovely in her dignity, was standing there. This was Ursula, and with her was her daughter, Helen. The child, fair of hair, red-lipped, with brilliantly inquisitive eyes, held her mother's hand. Up rather late, wasn't she? Oh, of course—Christmas Day.

"I'm sorry, dear." In a soft voice Mrs. Paul Hoffman addressed the old gentleman in the armchair. "Helen is just going to bed—and she wished to say good night to you."

Still he didn't move. The little girl came running over and climbed on to his lap. His thin hands held her against his breast, held her there tenderly. Two soft little lips imprinted a moist kiss on a pinkish-white and powdery cheek.

"A very happy Christmas, grandpa," she said for the hundredth time. "Oh, what's that you've got in your hand? Let me see."

Old Mr. Hoffman smiled and pretended to keep his hand closed. But his granddaughter was too strong, and she soon pried the fingers open.

It was just a bit of colored ribbon he was holding—that was all. A bit of ribbon attached to a war medal.

"Oh," said Helen, rather disappointed.

Then she looked at her grandfather's wistful eyes and saw that they were gazing on the huge, life-size canvas towering above the fireplace. It was the portrait of her father in his uniform.

"Grandpa," she said in awed little tones, "wouldn't it be wonderful if he could talk to us . . . ? Just—just for Christmas."

THE END

Drawing by
Clayton Knight

# *Dangers and Safeguards of Ocean Flying Described by the Pilot Who First Conquered the Pacific*

*THIS diagram illustrates how the invisible radio beams, when perfected, will provide direct routes for transoceanic fliers through fogs and storms by wireless signals.*

An Article by

## LIEUTENANT LESTER J. MAITLAND

*(Reading time: 17 minutes 10 seconds.)*

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Lieutenant Maitland, United States Army Air Corps, has made a notable record during ten years as a military pilot. Prior to his successful nonstop flight from Oakland, California, to Honolulu with Lieutenant Albert F. Hegenberger last June, he had broken all existing speed records in 1923 by flying at an average rate of 244.97 miles an hour. He is now Assistant Executive to the Assistant Secretary of War for Aviation.]

INVISIBLE electric highways stretching from continent to continent will be the thoroughfares for future airplanes that cross the seven seas.

This forecast is not from the fiction of a Jules Verne, nor is it taken from the idle dream of an aspiring inventor. It is based on the progress already made in perfecting the army radio beacon—a radio beam hundreds of miles long, several miles wide, and of sufficient strength to guide aviators through fogs, storms, or clouds.

The radio beacon is an important—if not the most important—factor in the series of aviation and avigation developments that must take place before transoceanic flying can become a transportation routine.

Other factors enter into the subject, such as motive power, airplane designs, and broad safety margins; but the successful avigation of a transoceanic plane is as important as capable navigation of a transoceanic steamer.

Avigation is the science of directing a plane in travel, even as navigation is the science of directing seagoing vessels. It is not too much to believe that in years to come a skilled navigator may be entirely useless in an airplane, while avigators will be in great demand for long-distance commercial flying.

It makes little difference how efficiently the crankshaft turns the "prop," or how rapidly the ozone dashes through the slip stream, if the nose of the ship does not point in the right direction and the pilot cannot get on his course.

The radio beacon is the faithful little jinni who, in dots or dashes, flings out an airway in Morse code that guides the airman to his goal.

It broadcasts only three letters: A, T, and N. But to the pilot the intermittent buzz-buzz-buzz of the letter T he hears when he is on his course is sweeter music than a moonlight sonata.

What is a radio beacon?

It is an electric current sent through the air at a set wave length and forms an airway along which the plane travels to its destination. This airway has three parallel zones—the T, N, and A zones. The T zone is the center of the road. It is about two miles wide at its maximum. While his ship stays in the center zone, the pilot gets the code letter T through his receiving set. If he veers to right, the T changes to an A; if he swings to left, the T gives way to N. All the pilot has to do when he hears N or A is to correct his course.

There is no limit to the depth of the radio wave. It runs along the surface of the sea and rises high above the clouds. Whether a ship skims about 100 feet over the water or flies 10,000 feet above it, the pilot can hear its signal.

The beacon also operates three lights on the instrument board. A white light shows when the ship is on its true course, a red when it has strayed to left, a green light when it has wandered too far to the right.

On our flight from California to Hawaii, Lieutenant Hegenberger and I had splendid opportunity to visualize the rôle which the beacon eventually will play in avigation. It is a comparatively recent development, but it shows great promise.

THE Army Air Corps and Signal Corps, through our *Materiel* Division laboratories at Dayton, Ohio, are bending their efforts toward increasing the efficiency of the beacon and extending its wave length. It will not be long, I am certain, before their labors will produce entirely successful results. This much is sure: the beacon, even in its present stage, has proved its value to aviation.

The radio beacon of today can be heard nearly 1,000 miles from its sending station. I am positive of that, because Lieutenant Hegenberger and I heard the Maui beacon when we were more than 800 miles off the coast of that island. It was as distinct as if we had been only 800 yards from shore.

The beacon did not bring us in, but that was because our receiving set did not function properly. But never—so long as we live—will Hegenberger and I forget the T-T-T-T that welcomed us to Hawaii and told us we were on our course.

*Lieutenants Lester J. Maitland (right) a waiian wreaths, being welcomed in Honolu*

I have been told by engineers who ought to know that it soon will be possible to operate a beacon wave that has a reach of 2,000 miles at

# Across the Sea

P. & A. photo

*Albert F. Hegenberger, wearing native Ha- after blazing the air trail across the Pacific.*

day and 4,000 miles at night. The mileage decrease in the daytime is due to wave-power reduction caused by the rays of the sun.

Two stations, 4,000 miles apart, sending signals on the same wave length, would be able to direct a ship over a 4,000-mile route. There would be no limit to the number of waves.

Ships would travel on separate wave lengths. The signals sent for the pilot of one ship on certain wave lengths would not be heard by pilots following beacons of higher or lower lengths. Any radio fan knows what I mean.

Fogs, storms, and cloudy weather would make little difference to pilots traversing ocean airways with the aid of the radio beacon. No storm can scatter the telltale code letters. No fog can obscure them.

It is possible for those who direct the wave to deviate it toward any point of the compass. This is important because, with accurate meteorological data ashore, it can be swung to veer the pilot away from storms he may be heading into, but cannot see.

Wind has a stellar rôle in aviation, but it plays many parts. It is at times the villain of the piece; at other times the hero.

Storms can be turned to advantage. The winds that surround them travel in well defined circles. By going south of a storm, a pilot might find a forty-mile-an-hour tail wind, where he, by going north of it, would be bucking a forty-mile-an-hour head wind.

A forty-mile head wind takes forty miles out of an airman's speed for every hour he stays in it. It also eats up his fuel, as bucking winds is a drain on the gas tank.

ON the other hand, a forty-mile tail wind puts an additional twoscore miles on the speed indicator without taking any extra gas out of the tank.

A tail wind is like found money, while a head wind is like paying for a dead horse.

Weather is an important factor in flying. Those who followed the preparations for the various transoceanic flights had full opportunity to realize that. Overseas aviation demands close study of meteorological conditions

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[PLANES ACROSS THE SEA
Continued from Page Eleven]

and extensive arrangements for the collection and distribution of weather data.

Weather reports should be divided into zones. The smaller these zones, the better. The Daniel Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aeronautics recently created a committee to consider what is needed along such lines. It is an important step in the right direction.

Storms hold no particular terror for the airman. They can be avoided. A storm, viewed from the air, looks like a black plume. Fog is the greatest handicap to aviation. It is the flier's deadliest snare, a spider's web from which he dares not escape because of the dangers that surround it.

A man who flies in fog is "flying blind." He cannot see. It is only by the aid of his instruments and his skill that the pilot is able to maintain even normal flight in fog.

To descend is dangerous. One does not know where he will land or into what he will crash. Many splendid airmen have lost their lives in crashes caused by fogs. There is no guide of any sort and one may hit objects ranging from mountains to molehills.

I know of men who have flown in fogs until their gas tanks ran dry and then resorted to their parachutes, because to attempt a landing would be tantamount to serious injury or death.

Fogs abound on the ocean and are one reason why transoceanic flying needs the support of special avigation equipment and particularly that of the radio beacon.

Aviation science has declared war on fog. The weapons employed are so far experimental, but real progress is in sight. Tests are under way on instruments especially designed for landing in fog, on lights that penetrate fog, as well as in fog dispersion by means of electrified sand.

If the new landing altimeter—which, within a very few feet, will show the proximity of the plane to earth or water—is a success, much will have been attained toward defeating this arch-enemy of air travel.

If experiments with the neon and other fog-penetrating lights work out as well as is hoped, another victory will have been scored. The neon lights are long tubes that hem in landing fields much as a frame surrounds a picture. Within that frame, the pilot knows, lies safety. The peculiarity of the neon light is that it throws off an orange beam that cuts through fog and is visible 600 feet or more above the ground.

Fog dispersion by means of electrified sand has been tried, but to date those experiments have not shown great promise. Still, any prophecy as to their eventual value would be inaccurate. In this era of scientific progress, today's dream is often tomorrow's fact.

BUT hand in hand with avigation aids—if transoceanic flying is to be changed from thrills to transportation—must go the development of airplane types designed and built for overseas travel.

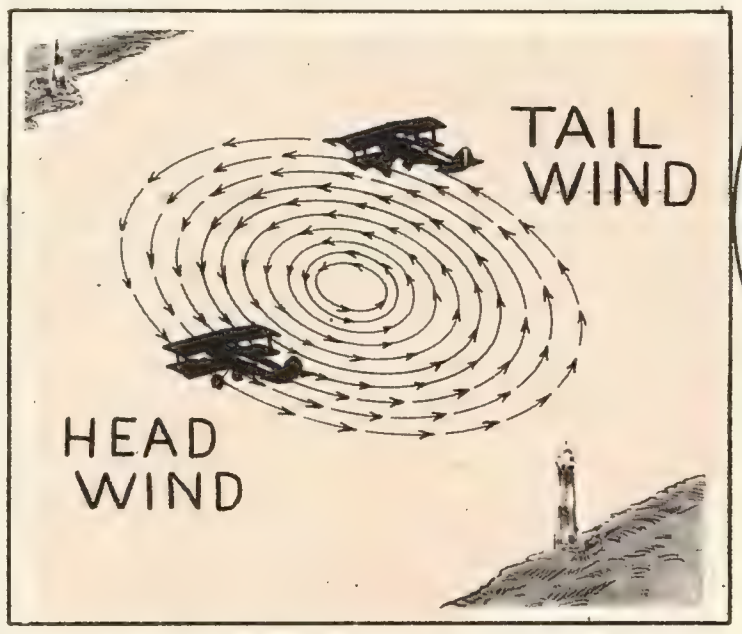
All experts agree that the superseaplane is the ultimate ship. It must be seaworthy as well as airworthy. In case of trouble this craft must be able to float on the water even if a high sea is running. It should have at least two motors, preferably three or even more, so arranged that the ship can fly on any two motors or, should occasion require, even struggle along on one.

This means power—especially reserve power. There must be enough hidden energy back of the ordinary cruising capacity of the motors to meet emergencies without pushing them to the straining point.

Once we have motors that, in a pinch, can deliver for a protracted period more power than they are ordinarily called upon to give; once we have ships that are almost as much at home on the surface of the sea as they are above it; then, and only then, will we have reached the time when ocean vastness is no longer a menace to intercontinental flying and when aviation is ready to take off for commercial conquest of the seas.

If something went wrong with a superseaplane it would be one-two-three stuff for the pilot to put his ship down, wait until repairs were made, and take off again, or, in a major emergency, remain afloat until his S O S calls brought help.

Seaplanes of today are seaworthy enough,




*HOW the wind, circling around a storm area, may aid a pilot on one side, or retard him on the other.*

but they lack the cruising radius, lifting power, and speed capacity needed in extended transoceanic flights with heavy loads. They are, however, efficient forerunners of the ultimate type of transoceanic commercial plane.

The future superseaplane will probably be of metal construction—a multimotored, thick-winged monoplane, with a crew of four and accommodations for from twenty-five to fifty passengers. Its crew would consist of a captain-pilot, an alternate pilot and avigator, a chief engineer, who also would be a radio expert, and an airplane and engine mechanic.

I cannot speculate on the size of the ship. It would have a mammoth wing, a mighty hull. Beside it, the largest plane of today would look like a sparrow in the shadow of an eagle.

THERE is now under construction in Europe a 125-passenger plane which, on its completion next spring, is scheduled to fly from Germany to America. This ship has six motors, an enormous wing spread, but an ordinary cruising limit of only 500 miles. On its proposed flight to this country the plane will substitute fuel for about 75 per cent of its passenger capacity in order to be able to make the mileage.

The performance record of this first superplane will be interesting and valuable because it heralds the initial move toward commercial planes with load capacities graded into ton units instead of into pounds.

It has been suggested that large floats might be anchored at sea as aids to air liners. I doubt if such stationary floats would be of value, because mobility is one of the prime requisites of rescue work on land or sea.

It is possible that ocean air traffic may develop seaplane tenders that would patrol the sea under the airways—fast steamers serving as weather bureaus, repair shops, filling stations, and rescue ships.

Inasmuch as submarines are looked after by mother ships, and navy planes are served by aircraft tenders, it is quite logical to assume that a somewhat similar ship may come into existence for air liners.

No landing platforms, such as those built over the decks of navy aircraft tenders, would be needed on these auxiliary ships of the aerial merchant marine, but they could carry on their decks fast flying boats ready to respond to emergency calls. With such ships in service ocean air travel could be undertaken with almost perfect security.

Much has been said and written about the recent air tragedies on the Atlantic and Pacific. I do not propose to discuss these accidents at length, but I do want to emphasize that many lives might have been saved if different equipment had been used and better avigation instruments been available.

The cause of these disasters is not known. It may have been fog, it may have been engine trouble, or it may have been due to inability

Int. photo P. & A. photo P. & A. photo

*THREE men who successfully flew the Atlantic. Colonel Lindbergh (left), the first; Clarence Chamberlin (center); and Charles A. Levine, Chamberlin's passenger.*

of the pilots to cope with unusual situations.

If fogs were one of the causes—and the chances are they were—the radio beacon would have changed the story; but the electric highways of the air have not yet been built.

If engine trouble was responsible—and even the best of motors will cut out—pontoons or floats would have saved the day; for landing wheels are of no use on the sea—and yet they used them.

"Lost without trace" has in a few short months become the epitaph of too many fliers who, perhaps, had more courage than caution. If such flights are to continue merely to follow successful precedent, they should at least be undertaken with every possible precaution. Pontoons should be substituted for landing wheels. Experience has shown that planes that can float are not permanently out because they are temporarily down.

Commander De Pinedo, Italy's premier flier, was forced to land his flying boat in the water on his trip from America to the Azores. A ship towed him into port. Seaplanes used in navy flights to Hawaii and the Canal Zone were forced down. No casualties.

The same holds true in the case of one of the army's round-the-world ships. These planes used wheels in flying over land and floats while traveling over water. The army's Pan-American flight last winter was made with amphibian planes—ships that could alight on earth as well as water.

IN 1920, while stationed in Honolulu, I had an experience that testifies to the value of flying boats. A schooner was reported lost at sea. Together with Lieutenant Douglas Johnson, I was ordered to search a definite zone of the Pacific with a seaplane.

We had been out about two hours and were about 150 miles from land when the motor began to splutter and finally died. This meant we had to take to the water. Unpleasant? Yes, because we did not know what was wrong; but not nearly as unpleasant as it would have been had our ship been a landplane.

The sea was running rather high, but we got down without difficulty. Investigation showed that temporary repairs could be made. We made them, started the motor again, and were ready to take off.

We had some trouble getting into the air. The motor misbehaved, the hull sprung a leak, and the waves kept pounding us; but, after bouncing for a while on the billowy briny, up we rose and flew back to our base on a limping Liberty.

The seaplane was a small boat, and my experience ranks only as part of the day's grind

among seaplane pilots. Just the same, the very fact that minor troubles that could easily be repaired forced us down, conclusively proves that pontoons are the finest kind of life insurance for oceanic air travelers.

To be sure, the C-2 transport used in the army's flight to Hawaii carried landing wheels, but the flight was a military mission undertaken to demonstrate that army planes of certain types can, if necessary, be flown to Hawaii.

The trans-Atlantic nonstop flights accomplished last summer by Colonel Lindbergh and

P. & A. photos

*THE drawing shows how the neon lights will make landing in a fog safe. Such an aid would have prevented the wrecking of the plane of Commander Byrd (right), after he had crossed the Atlantic.*

*RUTH ELDER, who was rescued after her New York-Paris flight came to grief. (Above in oval) Captain George Haldeman, her pilot.*

other aviators proved the high efficiency of American planes and motors, but they did not, in my opinion, point the way to nonstop intercontinental travel as the immediate objective.

It is a phase we will reach eventually in the progress of aviation, but not this year or next year or for several more years. When we finally do reach it, when aviation springs into its full power, time will be proud and space will be humble. Baked beans in Boston before stepping into the plane, and the roast beef of Merrie England the next night—who can say?

The first real move toward intercontinental air transportation, as I see it, will be to put into practical operation the demonstration made last summer by Clarence Chamberlin when he flew a plane from the steamship Leviathan to New York.

Present equipment has shown sufficient reliability of performance to warrant such flights. A plane carrying mails could, by using the radio beacon, easily catch up with a liner twenty-four hours out of New York or San Francisco, and take off again for London, Berlin, or Paris, Tokyo, Hongkong, or Manila, as the case may be, twenty-four hours before the boat is scheduled to dock.

The time-saving feature of such an arrangement is obvious. Passengers might be carried in this manner from ship to shore or vice versa.

The next step in intercontinental flying would be to route seaplanes in several hops or stages from one continent to another. This traffic does not depend upon nonstop flights to become a reality. Ireland and Newfoundland would be the trans-Atlantic terminals; the Philippines and California the trans-Pacific terminals.

For instance: light cargo, passengers, and mails bound for Europe from any city in America would proceed by plane to Newfoundland. There they would be transferred to seagoing planes that would ferry them to Ireland in seventeen or eighteen hours. From Ireland air lines would run into various European countries.

There would, as I visualize the picture, be a gigantic hook-up of air lines, affording all-air transportation from any major airport in this country to any major airport abroad.

It would take seven hours to fly from Chicago to New York; to Newfoundland, ten hours; across the Atlantic to Ireland, eighteen hours; from Ireland to Paris, six hours. It thus appears possible that the Tired Business Man of the future, whose home may be in Chicago, would be able to take the Folies-Bergère rest cure in Paris forty-one hours after the sky line of the scene of his labors had faded into mist behind him.

THE air route to the Orient would go from California to Hawaii in twenty-four hours; to Midway Islands, eleven hours; to Guam, twenty hours; and thence to the Philippines in fifteen hours. Actual flying time, seventy hours. Fast steamers make the run in eighteen days.

The air and steamer routes would not be the same. Steamships touch Japan and China before they go to the Islands. Planes would do just the reverse, as by following the route outlined aircraft would have the advantage of short hops and broader safety margins.

The longest jump would be from California to Hawaii—2,400 miles. It cannot be cut down, as there are no landing facilities, other than those furnished by Father Neptune, between the Golden Gate and Diamond Head.

The speed averages given here are conservative. They are based on an average speed of 100 miles an hour, well within present-day performance. The ultimate superplane may be capable of much greater speed.

I would like to join the ranks of those who believe that the ocean greyhound of the air is just below the horizon, and that nonstop flights from one side of the globe to the other will soon be daily events. But I do not see it that way.

Perhaps I am too conservative. But, nevertheless, in looking at ocean air traffic from the angle of commercial activity, I can only be guided by my conviction that reliable performance is the chief requisite; that it is not what planes can do now and then, but again and again, day and night, rain or shine, storm or still, that really counts.

And why the nonstop bugaboo? Why expect of airplanes what is not expected of other branches of transportation? No trains run on nonstop coast-to-coast schedules. It is not possible, it is not necessary, and it might not be profitable. Why is it, then, the public demands the utmost of aviation? Is it because we still regard the plane as a mere record-breaker and marrow-chiller? The sooner that viewpoint is changed, the better for aviation.

Air development, like other things, must follow its proper course. The expansion of aviation must not exceed the speed of the research behind it. If it does, it is in trouble.

GREAT things have been accomplished since the Wright brothers, twenty-four years ago, flew the first plane to take the air under its own power. Even greater things are in store. The measure of progress does not lie in the air, but in test rooms and laboratories.

I do not contend that further nonstop flights should not be undertaken, although I do believe that the flights already made have shown what can be done with planes in their present state.

Tests are necessary. Only by pushing a plane to its top-notch endurance can we advance ordinary aviation routine. However, it is one thing for pilots engaged in putting research to the proof to push planes to their ultimate limits, and quite something else for average fliers to apply those limits in unusual and dangerous flights. This new sport of slicing off hemispheres in huge chunks is a case in point.

Many years from now we may have planes able to travel 4,000 miles or more with heavy loads in addition to the weights of fuel and personnel, and without putting planes and motors under strain. However, until we have such planes, let us put aside all thought of nonstop intercontinental flying of a dividend-producing nature.

There will be more comfort and profit, less danger and heartbreak, in taking from aviation what it has to give.

The American public today is an air-minded solidarity, due to the brilliant attainment of Colonel Lindbergh, whose flight from New York to Paris electrified the world.

Nothing should be allowed to disturb the confidence instilled by Lindbergh in the public mind. The most effective way of preventing that is to discourage dangerous nonstop flights that do not prove anything.

That sort of flying should not be encouraged with prize-money offers and other awards that are apt to serve as incentives that only lure pilots to death. That is neither safe, sound, nor scientific.

There is a certain type of daredevil who will gamble with death for purse, publicity, or both. For a time he occupied a rather prominent place in aviation, but his day has gone.

The airplane is definitely out of the circus stage it occupied immediately after the war, and now it is passing out of the stunt stage.

The front pages of newspapers are a popular playground for those who have a "spectacular complex," but they are poor landing fields for airmen. The distance between a headline and a headstone is much too short. One is apt to overshoot the field, and that is fatal.

THE END

# From Dancing to Shoes
# BABY Shoes

*Irene Castle (Mrs. Frederick McLaughlin) with her daughter at a Canadian summer resort.*

## *An Intimate Glimpse of Irene Castle*

## *By* ELSIE JANIS

*(Reading time: 11 minutes 45 seconds.)*

WHEN people ask me, "Do you know Irene Castle?" I am afraid that my chest automatically sticks out a bit too far to conform with the fashions of today. However, not entirely without cause.

That lovely and lithesome lady is one whom many people may know long and not well, and I, having combined the two, am very proud of the fact and refuse to put my chest into reverse.

I have written a lot about my mother, my career, and my marriage—that I have not made; so it is a great joy to write about someone else, and especially this someone whom I consider about the most interesting woman I know in this or any other country.

It is quite a few years since we first met. I won't say how many—not that Irene would mind; she is too happy holding her baby to worry about holding her years—but I'm really not quite sure just what year it was.

Ira L. Hill photo

*THE dancer as she appeared in Watch Your Step and (left) an old souvenir card of her and Vernon's first success in Paris.*

I went to some musical show and saw Vernon Castle do one of those unforgettable "bits" that start people up the slippery ladder of fame. I noted his name on my program, an easy one to remember.

A few months later, when I read an announcement of "The marriage of Vernon Castle, the young English actor, to Irene Foote, daughter of Dr. Foote of New Rochelle," I was mildly interested, and registered mentally: Another nice man gone!

THE next summer, in Paris, I not only saw the name, but heard it on all sides.

"Have you been to the Café de Paris to see the Castles?" said the American.

*"Est-ce que vous avez vu les Castles? Epatant!"* cried the Frenchman.

"I say, those dancers at the Café de Paris are topping!" drawled the Englishman.

But I was only passing through the city of light and did not see them.

It was my privilege and joy to live over their Parisian triumph with them in later years, when they used to keep us screaming with laughter at the story of how Vernon was engaged to play at the Olympia, a famous music hall in Paris, and how he tried to "push" his bride into the act.

I imagine he was afraid to risk leaving her long enough to go to work!

And work had to be done—because all that charming chat about people being able to exist on bread, cheese, and kisses does not apply even to a bride and groom, if they are dancers.

Bread and cheese garnished with kisses might carry them comfortably through an evening spent on a park bench holding hands, but a steak is more to the point when the evening is spent on a stage, shaking the feet.

Miss Foote might have had many steaks had she remained with her parents in New Rochelle; but when the ado-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

# Pea Soup with the freshness of spring!

*A different soup for every day. See list of 21 kinds on label.*

*With the meal or as a meal soup belongs in the daily diet*

Dainty little peas—sweet, nutritious, inviting.

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For wholesome, delicious vegetable food Campbell's Pea Soup should be a regular "fixture" on every table—especially in a home where there are children. 12 cents a can.

**Cream of Pea Soup is easily prepared with Campbell's!**

Heat contents of can of Campbell's Pea Soup in a saucepan and stir until smooth. Heat an equal quantity of milk or cream to the boiling point separately, and add to the soup . . . a little at a time, stirring constantly . . . (using a spoon or Dover egg beater) to keep soup smooth. Serve immediately. Especially attractive topped with whipped cream.

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## Gifts of Good Taste

The Cudahy Packing Co. U.S.A. makers of Puritan Hams · Bacon · Lard

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

lescent daughter of an adoring mother and father marries a poor young actor, it's usually a case of a tugging at heart-strings and a tightening of purse-strings.

I don't know whether or not Irene's parents approved of Vernon at first, but I do know that later on they loved him as a son. However, to be broke in most places is tragic, but to be broke in Paris is natural; and the Castles were always that.

The few francs that might have been spent on a cable to New Rochelle saying, "Happy but broke," were undoubtedly spent on a corsage bouquet for the bride and a taxi to take her to the Olympia in style. That was the Castle way.

THAT Irene's husband was young her parents knew; that he was an actor they also knew, and perhaps regretted; but that he was broke! The same pride that sent him to the war in the midst of Watch Your Step, their great musical-comedy success, kept him from letting them know.

Incidentally, the bride's pride matched his, even as her dance steps melted into his, for she who had never known a hardship took to a hall room like a chorus girl to a limousine.

She accompanied him to the Olympia in the capacity of dancing partner with as much joy as if she had been Queen Mary entering Buckingham Palace on the arm of George Rex—

*THE finale of a number of the show that "made" the Castles in America, The Sunshine Girl.*

more, perhaps. (Vernon was very particular about shaving.)

And later on, when he enlisted, she sent him off to war encouraged by the cheers of an unselfish pride instead of the tears of a selfish bride. I get quite sloppy when I think of her as I saw her when Vernon was in training, carrying on alone—dashing up to Canada for Sunday with him.

Enough of that! My pen drags me with it when I get on the subject of the war, so let's get back to prewar Paris and the first appearance of the Castles as a team.

Miss Foote did not quite live up to her name in the sort of dancing they wanted at the Olympia; but Vernon, of course, thought she had Pavlova looking like a cripple.

Who cared if the music-hall audience didn't stand up and cheer at a glimpse of those slim limbs that have since been the cause of many a girl sweltering in a Turkish bath—covered with perspiration and consumed with an ambition to possess the Castle "understanding"?

They had love and enough money for an occasional "bust" or spree, so one night they went into the Café de Paris. What they ate I don't know, but that they drank champagne I am sure, because it grows on the table there. You are not forced to drink it, but try to dodge buying it.

They saw most of smart Paris there and heard them applaud a couple of French dancers who might have won a third prize in the weekly dance contest in Splivensville, Iowa.

Add a bit of champagne to ambition and you have courage. Add a lot of ambition to a bit of champagne and you have nerve.

So Vernon asked the manager if the patrons wouldn't like a few new steps from America? Vernon was a good Englishman, but he knew that in France America stands for new things, or, if not that, at least the old things done in a new way. Anyway, they danced at the Café de Paris all that summer.

THEY say that if you stand on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street long enough, you will see everyone you know. Personally, I never tried, because I don't crave seeing everyone I know. But certainly if you could afford to sit in the Café de Paris long enough, you would see everyone you know, or want to know, or don't dare to know—and princes of all shades.

On that never-to-be-forgotten first night there happened to be among those present an Indian Maharaja from some unpronounceable spot in India who, in his enthusiasm, started to shower the Castles with money. And, mind you, the franc was real money in those days.

The Maharaja started something; for if an Indian prince could do it, so could Monsieur Quelques-Choses at the table next to him, and Monsieur Beaucoup d'Argent could not be outdone by Monsieur Quelques-Choses, so he loosened also.

The result was that, while the Castles appeared to be dancing on air, they were literally dancing on francs. The waiters got the money, but Irene and Vernon got the thrill. They returned to their hall room and started packing, preparatory to moving to an expensive suite.

Those expensive suites were thereafter destined to be theirs in every country where their slim young bodies deigned to sway in a rhythmic poem which some people called dancing but which to them was just being themselves.

I returned to America that autumn to rehearse with Montgomery and Stone in The Lady of the Slipper, and heard the glad tidings that Mr. Dillingham had engaged the Castles for our already star-laden production. I was, of course, delighted. This was in 1913.

I saw Irene for the first time at a rehearsal, sitting alone in a corner. I didn't know who she was, but I knew she was different. Many women have tried to look like her. Some have succeeded, the same as some flivvers have succeeded in looking like automobiles, but she has never yet, to my knowledge, looked like anyone else.

VERNON was to play a part and do a specialty dance with Irene. She having just come from Paris, where her simplicity was her greatest charm, was tired of being simple, and insisted on wearing a costume that she had seen worn by some wild women over there.

Rehearsals! Arguments! Exits!

Mrs. Castle would wear what she wanted to wear or she would not dance. Irene is small-nosed and strong-chinned.

She did not dance. Vernon opened with the show—she did not. Which I realize now was all for the best, because with us Vernon had only a small part.

A month later he left us, through an arrangement made by Mr. Dillingham with Charles Frohman, and went to play the leading rôle in The Sunshine Girl. Irene, having recovered from her wild-woman complex, was just herself, and the Castles "arrived" in New York.

The city capitulated, and modern dancing was born and raised to a pinnacle that, in my estimation, it has never reached since.

At that time, if every lad of the village was crazy to dance with Irene, certainly every lassie and every lassie's mother in New York wanted to dance with Vernon.

He started giving dancing lessons, and many an ambitious female gave up a winter of prancing around in a fur coat for a few hours of dancing in the arms of Vernon Castle.

His prices for lessons rose with all the rapidity of a traffic cop's arm. The smart set didn't say to one another, "Are you going to Palm Beach?" They said, "Are you taking lessons from Vernon Castle?"

Irene also gave lessons; but she was never very keen about it. To put your arm around that lady, you would have to please her before you could pay her.

The Castles were invited everywhere. But Irene was not too socially inclined, and after many refusals on their part to go to parties as guests and leave as dancers—usually very tired dancers—some one had the bright idea of taking a lesson from Vernon at a party—let us say at about 2 A. M. Not so good!

I remember very well Irene saying that she didn't mind sharing Vernon's days with the world's wife or daughter, but the nights could not be divided—at least, not under the heading of lessons.

Of course, the more they refused to mingle

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[FROM DANCING SHOES TO BABY SHOES
Continued from Page Seventeen]

with the masses, the more the masses wanted to mingle with them.

Then came the Castle walk, the Castle School of Dancing, and the Castle shoulder raised gracefully in the air; which so many women dancers tried to imitate—and only managed to look very uncomfortable.

Irene Castle also started the Castle clip, or cut. Cut is really more to the point, because it was the result of an operation. Irene went into the hospital for said operation, and while she was convalescing her hair annoyed her—at least, not really her hair, but the fact that it had to be combed by the nurse.

She asked for scissors, pleading an elusive hangnail, and when the nurse brought the thermometer to see if Irene's temperature was up, she found that her hair was off.

Oh, the Castle bonnet, which was "worn over the shorn!" It made Irene look like a sweet but open-minded Quakeress, and made most of her imitators look like Queen Wilhelmina of Holland on wash day.

IN the winter of 1913 the Castles began to dance at Martin's Restaurant. That is when I began to know Irene. Many people wanted to do the same, but it takes a bit of doing. Once done, it's great! For if she calls you her friend in New York you may be sure your status will not change in Hindustan.

I've met her in many countries, and hope to meet her in many more; but I'm a bit dubious, because babies do cut in on your touring instincts. Also, to judge from her present point of view, a trip to Chicago seems like a world cruise. She is only twenty-odd miles out of town, but the baby is at home.

I am writing this article in Chicago, the present home city of Irene Castle, where she is known as Mrs. Frederick McLaughlin. I am sitting in her apartment in town, which she has let to me for the time I play here.

I am writing at her desk, but that fact does not hinder me from using her pen and ink to acknowledge a few of her faults for the benefit of some of the people who might think I am one of those sloppy friends.

Irene has quite a few—shall I say—critics? I've met them. I can see their point of view, because in order to avoid critics one must fear criticism.

Irene ignores it. She told me once that she had always been criticized, even as a kiddy in New Rochelle. She had a pony and a cart, which she used to fill with the little boys of the village, because she preferred little boys to little girls. Even then she was above pretending friendship.

I have known her to ignore an adoring millionaire in favor of a starving piano-player. The piano-player might play her praises, but no one hears him. The ignored millionaire might call her conceited or hard, and the world listens, because money talks and he writes its speeches.

I have heard vaudeville actors who played on the bill with her say that she was arrogant and upstage. She just did not see them. But she always saw the animal acts, and carried food to those poor dumb things that were the meal tickets for strong, able-bodied men.

There is a bear in a zoo that owes his life of ease to Irene. She saw the trainer beating the bear in a vaudeville theater where she was dancing. The bear was being convinced that he craved roller-skating by a few well aimed blows on the head, delivered with a baseball bat in the hands of the trainer.

Irene said to the man, "Will you sell the bear?"

"No!" the man said.

"If you don't sell him to me the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will take him," Irene replied.

She paid $500 for the bear, and the zoo got a life member.

She can't slip anything over. Her feet and ankles won't let her walk in a room or down the street without screaming for notice.

People say, "What a voice! And with that pretty face!"

True, her voice is husky and at times hard; but when she croons one of her own little love songs it can make a cello sound like a trombone by comparison.

When Vernon was killed, she hardened a bit. Who wouldn't? Then in time she softened, at least around the heart and perhaps the head, and married again, a charming man. For him she did something that few "hard-hearted Hannahs" would do.

She gave up hundreds of admirers and her career, and went to live in Ithaca, New York—to settle down, she told me, and have a lot of babies.

There was no settling down. There was a lot of settling up. And no babies. She was misunderstood in Ithaca. Not a difficult feat for any attractive young married woman to accomplish in a college town. Those who knew her well loved her. Those who didn't criticized her.

She went back to her dancing. People said:

"Look! That handsome young millionaire gave her everything and she wasn't satisfied."

He was handsome, he was young, but he was not a millionaire, and he did not give her everything—because she now has her first baby, and its name is Barbara Irene McLaughlin.

At the present time Irene is ideally happy, but not without touching a few rough spots in the beginning of her last voyage in search of the home and babies.

Mind you, I am not sap enough to say that I know she has settled down for life; but, loving her, I can hope.

She has never been so pretty or attractive. The cello quality in her voice is developing daily, perhaps from wishing "husky" lullabies on the unsuspecting Barbara Irene.

She likes Chicago; she likes her husband's friends. She quite understands why he has so many; for, to use her own words, "Fred is a wonder!"

I asked her if she missed going abroad this summer.

"Heavens, no!" she said. "Any one can go abroad. Barbara has two new teeth."

So I guess Irene's Mediterranean lies in Barbara's blue eyes, her applause and adulation in Barbara's approving gurgle, her future in the lap of the gods—and as long as Barbara is in her lap she won't need any dancing shoes.

AS it has been some months since this article was written, I imagine that Barbara Irene's teeth are all present and probably displayed daily in a smile of approval as she watches mother's activities; for, no matter where the lady goes, photographers and reporters follow.

"Mrs. Frederick McLaughlin leads the field at the Onwentsia Hunt Club near Chicago," says one headline.

"Mrs. Frederick McLaughlin wins diving contest at the Bath and Tennis Club, Palm Beach," writes another.

"Fancy-dress Prize won by Mrs. McLaughlin." And Irene Castle McLaughlin poses in gowns of her own design so that thousands of women may know what is to be worn.

All this goes on while the press agents of famous stars try to figure out some way to grab space in the dailies. Why? I refuse to say because Irene McLaughlin has "it." I don't think Barbara Irene would approve.

But I will say she has "that"; and that is something which makes her, no matter where she is or what other name she may have, Irene the incomparable.

THE END

© Ira L. Hill

*Irene Castle.*

**Can You Recall—**

*The first tango?*
*Onestep?*
*Foxtrot?*
*Maxixe?*
*Bobbed hair?*

THE slender, blonde girl who brought us these things—and many more—tells her astonishing life story to you, starting next week.

*It's called—*

THINGS WE REMEMBER

By
IRENE CASTLE

*IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY*

# Avoid winter repairs *in this new way*

*IF you intend to drive your car this winter, read this page. It tells of a new lubrication service that requires but 30 minutes every 30 days—a service that means easier gear-shifting, less drain on your battery, full power and maximum operating economy in the coldest weather.*

WINTER driving puts terrific stress and strain upon your car.

When you drive in low gear through slushy streets and over snow-packed, rutty roads, your over-worked motor is always in danger of overheating. The vital parts, pistons, bearings and cylinders are constantly threatened by deadly heat and friction.

Your transmission and differential must do overtime work as they bear the brunt of constantly changing loads, constantly shifting speeds.

The bearings on your chassis must absorb additional punishment as your car jolts and pounds over the rough going.

In fact, every vital friction spot in your car is subjected to *extra* wear and tear. And each vital spot must receive *extra* protection—if your car is to stay on the road and out of the repair shop.

It was in order to give car-owners a lubrication service with an extra margin of safety to meet the toughest driving conditions that Tide Water developed Veedol Complete Lubrication.

### *Extra winter protection*

To obtain this new service simply drive in where you see the orange and black Veedol sign (shown below) and ask for Veedol Complete Lubrication.

Your crankcase will be drained and refilled with the correct Veedol oil for your motor. You will find that, when the going is toughest and your radiator is boiling Veedol maintains its lubricating qualities. Every drop of Veedol is tested to withstand heat 100 degrees hotter than the hottest friction spot in your motor. And that added heat resistance means added motor protection.

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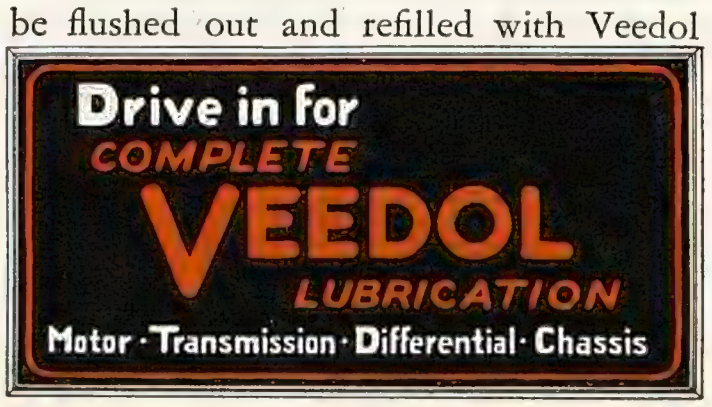


Your chassis bearings will be freshly lubricated with Veedol High-Pressure lubricant. Under even the hardest driving conditions this lubricant "stays put" in the bearings and safeguards them from deadly heat and friction.

THIS whole service takes less than 30 minutes. In that time a lubrication expert has safeguarded everyone of the vital friction spots on your car with a Veedol quality lubricant. Your car is insured against winter repairs.

### *Follow this easy rule*

The safest and easiest rule for trouble-free winter driving is to take your car to the Veedol dealer once a month and ask, by name, for "Veedol Complete Lubrication". Give him "30 minutes every 30 days" and you won't have to give up your car for a much longer and more costly visit to a repair shop.

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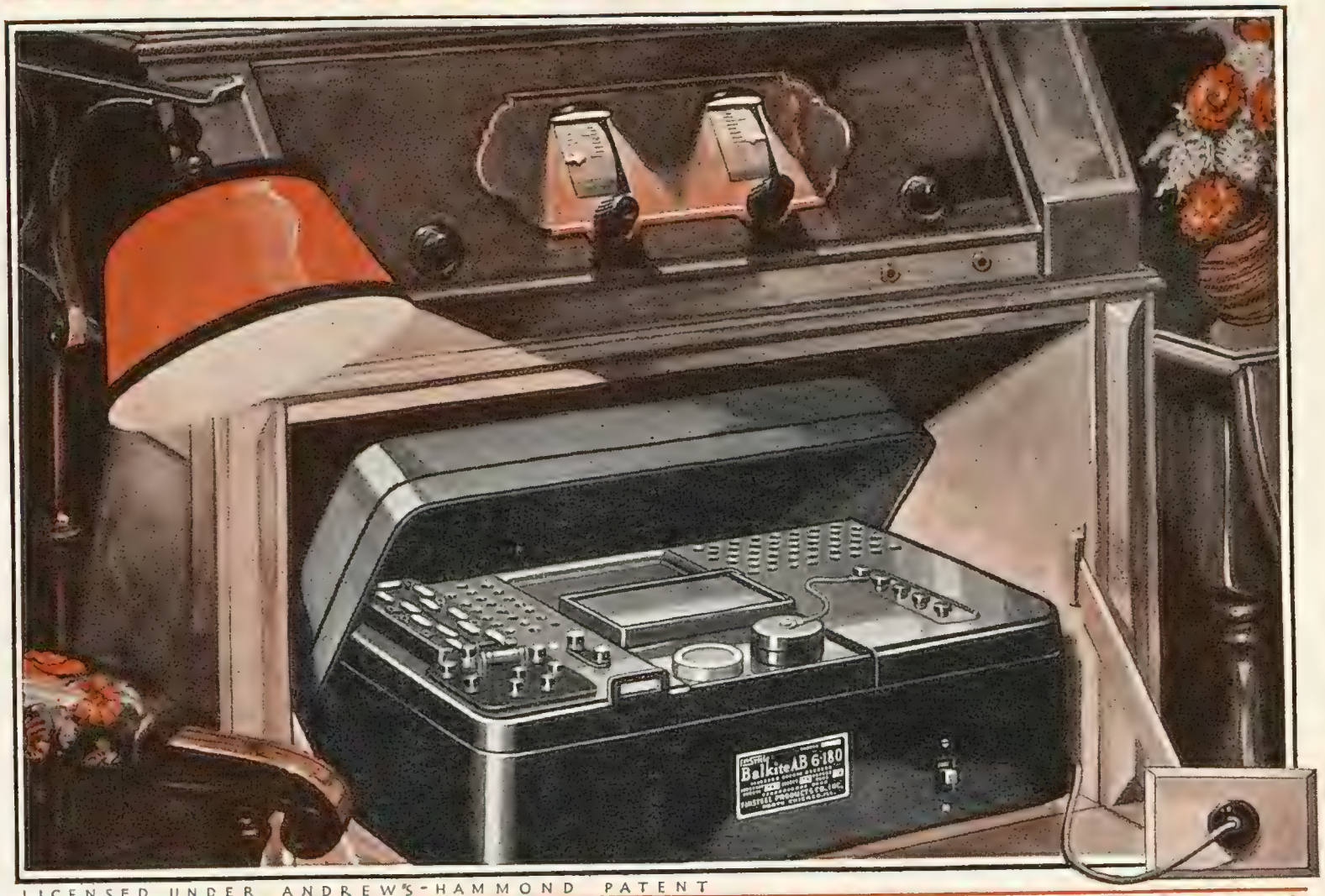


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*It contains no battery in any form*

The new Balkite "AB" replaces both "A" and "B" batteries and supplies radio current from the light socket.

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MEMBER R.M.A.

# owner's Christmas — Balkite

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If it's the owner of a radio set to whom you want to make a gift, that simplifies things. For there's one thing the radio set owner is always sure to need—new and up-to-date power equipment. Give him Balkite Radio Power Units.

When you give Balkite you give the best radio has to offer. First noiseless battery charging, then successful light socket "B" power, then trickle charging, and now—most important of all—Balkite "AB," a complete unit containing no battery in any form, and supplying radio power from the light socket. The great advances in radio power have been made by Balkite.

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MEMBER RMA

*Illustrated is Brunswick Panatrope (exponential type) Model 8-7. Price $90. Other models up to $1275*

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# Celluloid CADETS

## *Dress Parade, with William Boyd, Is a New Version of West Point Romance*

A Film Review by
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

*(Reading time: 2 minutes 35 seconds.)*

TWO motion-picture companies recently raced to West Point, bent upon filming the celluloid romance of a cadet. A unit from the Cecil De Mille studio, headed by William Boyd, arrived first. The second company, starring William Haines and sent out from the Metro-Goldwyn studio, had to wait until Mr. Boyd and his confreres had departed. The Military Academy authorities would entertain only one film company at a time.

The Boyd version, called Dress Parade, is now being placed on view in the cinema palaces. The Haines portrayal, to be released at West Point, must wait until next year, so that it does not conflict.

Boyd and Haines are not the first film players to essay the parts of cadets. The most effective performance contributed by Richard Barthelmess in several drab years was in Classmates, in which the star played a glittering and upright West Pointer.

Mr. Boyd's *Vic Donovan* is a brash young athlete—cocky, fresh, and irrepressible—who enters the Military Academy and is molded into a nice young officer who wins the daughter of the superintendent. *Donovan* even proves himself under fire—the artillery practice barrage of his own fellow cadets.

Mr. Barthelmess' Classmates was very popular, and Mr. Boyd's Dress Parade probably will be equally so. Audiences love the faultless precision of the West Pointers, and they invest the reservation and its boys with a glamour and a romance.

Mr. Boyd is a satisfying cadet. Oddly enough, he made his first hit in a bit of Ramon Novarro's Annapolis story, The Midshipman. Boyd played a handsome young cadet and he made the slender rôle stand out. Anyway, Cecil De Mille rewarded him with the title rôle of his Hollywood cinema version of the Russian Revolution, The Volga Boatman. The young man with the tricky blond locks clicked with audiences. He has since appeared in a number of films, although his best work has been a tiny rôle—of the stranger who helps *Christ* with the cross—in The King of Kings, and a performance in the broad soldier comedy, Two Arabian Knights.

Boyd was born in Cambridge, Ohio, twenty-five years ago. His father was a civil engineer. He was forced by circumstances to leave school at Tulsa, Oklahoma, when he was twelve years old. He drifted to the coast, in turn working as orange picker, grocery clerk, auto salesman, and oil driller.

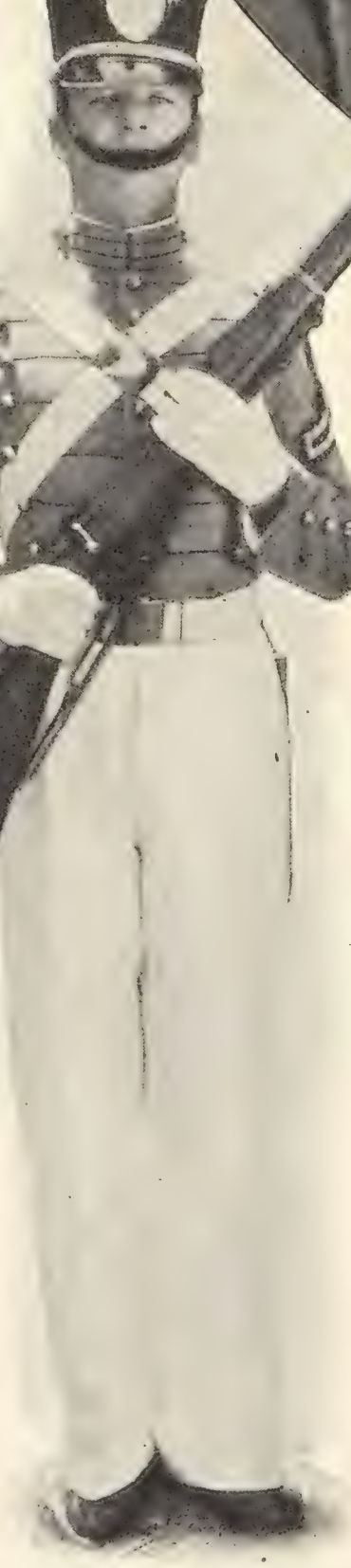
Boyd says he developed his strength swinging a sledge hammer ten hours a day in the oil fields. Not so long ago, when he had to play a metal worker, he revealed that he could do it with realism.

He finally gravitated to Hollywood. That was in 1919. De Mille gave him work as an extra in several pictures, including Why Change Your Wife? and Feet of Clay. The director encouraged the young actor, but told him to get more experience.

So Boyd trudged from studio to studio. He was an extra in Valentino's The Young Rajah. He supported a Hindu, one Mozumdar, in a metaphysical film, Beyond the Veil. He rollicked with hundreds of bathing girls in Henry Otto's The Temple of Venus.

*William Boyd and Bessie Love in the latest film of West Point life, Dress Parade.*

*An important first step on the road to military glory.*



*A future general (maybe), as the movies portray him.*

The Midshipman bit landed Boyd a real De Mille contract. Now he's a star, although not at a particularly large salary, because De Mille doesn't pay extravagant sums.

Recently he married Elinor Fair, one of the De Mille leading ladies. It was a real before-the-camera romance, since Boyd met Miss Fair while making a picture. This, incidentally, was Boyd's second marriage. He wedded Ruth Miller in 1921, and has a son, now five, by that marriage.

This six-foot-one Hollywooden star has distinct possibilities. There are too few Nordics on view in our movie houses. The movie moguls, you know, still believe that film audiences want Latin lovers.

By the way, there is a young actor of promise, one Hugh Allan, who plays Boyd's cadet rival. He stands out of Dress Parade much as Boyd stood out of The Midshipman.

### *Short Reviews*

The Fair Co-ed—Marion Davies saves the day for dear old Bingham on the basketball court. Passable. You'll like Marion in athletic trunks. (Metro-Goldwyn.)

The High School Hero—More co-ed stuff, done with a greater degree of spontaneity. There's a real laugh in the school show when all sorts of things happen to the student actors in Roman togas. (Fox.)

### *Do you know that—*

D. W. Griffith has been shooting a big battle sequence for his new picture, The Drums of Love? . . . John Barrymore appears as a subaltern of the Russian Imperial Dragoons in Tempest? . . . And Emil Jannings is portraying a Russian general who loses his job in the Revolution and goes to Hollywood?

# "No appetite . . headaches . . *even my interest in sports was gone*"

*A morning's "bag" . . .* Mr. Joseph P. Moore, *Somerville, Mass.*

"I HAD BEEN troubled with constipation, which resulted in stomach trouble, for many years. It hardly seemed likely that I could find anything that would help me. Finally a friend of mine who knew my condition, told me what Fleischmann's Yeast had done for him and advised me to give it a good trial. I started eating three cakes every day and kept it up. I began to feel better after only a short time. My improvement continued until I was completely well. I felt better, looked better, and found that I could eat things that before had caused severe indigestion. Fleischmann's Yeast has literally done wonders for me and I find that, by eating it regularly, I can keep the good health it brought me."

F. A. Jeter, Former Secretary of State, Boise, Idaho

*Somerville, Mass.*

"Due to the confining nature of constant work as a calender operator I became run down. I was constipated. My head ached continually. I ate little and slept less. I was so tired and worn out that I lost all my former interest in hunting and other outdoor sports.

"A friend suggested that I try Fleischmann's Yeast. I ate it for three months. Nothing could have improved my condition more! The headaches disappeared entirely. Worry from constipation was at an end and I was again good for any outdoor exertion. My appetite improved, and I slept like a top."

*Joseph P. Moore*

Not in any sense a medicine, Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a fresh corrective food. It possesses to a remarkable degree the power to cleanse and stimulate the intestines. It causes easy, natural and *complete* elimination of food waste.

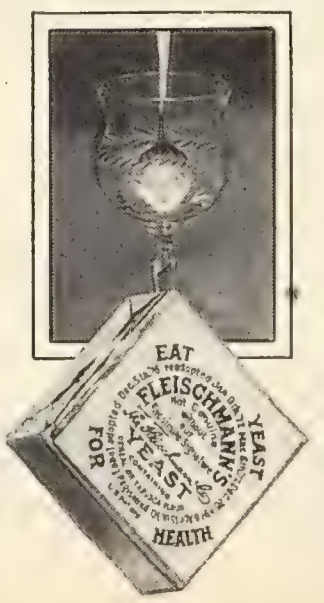
As a result, your whole blood stream is purified. Your digestion and assimilation are improved. You feel as if you had rediscovered youth. Your very complexion wins back the clearness of earlier days.

Order two or three days' supply of Fleischmann's Yeast at a time from your grocer. Keep it in any cool dry place. And write today for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast in the diet. Address Health Research Dept. G-50, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.

LEFT

"UP TO THE TIME when I began to notice advertisements in the papers and magazines about the great health-building properties of Fleischmann's Yeast nothing seemed to help me. Like many others, I had got into a run down condition. I felt exhausted after my day's work was over. I decided to give Fleischmann's Yeast a trial. If I were to write ten sheets they still would not be enough to explain what wonders Fleischmann's Yeast did for me. Today I am in excellent health, and hope to continue that way by using three cakes of Yeast daily."

Marie Urbanek,
Wyandotte, Mich.



"DURING a particularly busy summer in Chicago I began to lose that soft, clear complexion which is a woman's most valued asset. Sallowness developed. I became haggard and tired. My maid saved the situation. She began to appear at my bedside each morning with a cake of Fleischmann's Yeast dissolved in a glass of milk. Soon I ate my three cakes every day. Before long that tired feeling disappeared, and I regained my soft, clear complexion."

Sophie Tucker, New York City
(*The "International Singing Comedienne"*)

## *This easy way to recapture health*

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day, a cake before each meal or between meals. Eat it plain in small pieces, or drink it dissolved in water—hot or cold—or eat it in any other way you prefer. For stubborn constipation physicians recommend drinking one cake dissolved in a glass of hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime. (Train yourself to regular daily habits.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.

# Headlines

*Pictures by*
E. CUCUEL

*HE chose to think that she was about to faint. At any rate, he sprang forward, caught her in his arms, and kissed her on the cheek.*

## *In Which a Pretty Girl Plucks a Famous Bird and Feathers Her Nest*

*A Short Story By*

## Cosmo Hamilton

*(Reading time: 22 minutes 5 seconds.)*

THERE was a tear at the end of her nose. It was evidently a reluctant tear, because she was obviously one of those girls—of whom, God bless them, there are many—who have grit and courage and put up a dogged fight against the all too numerous odds.

From the fact that it was ten minutes past nine and that she had just emerged from the vast entrails of that enormous hotel, one would have won one's money if one had betted upon her being a manicurist. She was spruce and smart. She could smile at the heavy badinage of men whose spatulate hands she treated while their beards were removed by one man and their shoes were cleaned by another. She had the tact to make her clients believe that they were really rather doggy. It was a gift.

It is difficult to understand why men don't look after their own nails. They did in the old days—unless, indeed, they didn't. History misses that point. It misses nearly all. But in the pictures by Raeburn, Romney, and even those of early Victorian masters—if there were

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[HEADLINES
Continued from Page Twenty-five]

any—men's hands looked as clean and well cared for as they do today.

But why argue about that? Let us return to Sadie and the tear at the end of her nose—that most reluctant tear, of which she was deeply ashamed.

The young reporter to whom she was engaged to be married was on the verge of losing his job. He had been unable to achieve a scoop for considerably over a week. He had just said things that had gone right through her heart—to say nothing of her pride and her gorgeous faith in herself. Tactless, mistaken fellow. In reply to her offer to help him and to dig out of the day's strange doings something which his brother reporters had missed, he had looked at her with an expression of ineffable and out-of-date sex antagonism and even scorn—the idiot. He had said: "*You*—help *me?* A girl? Don't make me laugh!"

Without stopping to remind him of Joan of Arc, Florence Nightingale, Nurse Cavell, Jane Addams, Mme. Blavatsky, Carrie Chapman Catt, and the hundreds of thousands of little people who ooze out of the earth's belly every morning and, after a hard day's work, ooze back again at night, she had removed her dainty overall, tidied up her numerous implements, rammed upon her head the little pot which she called a hat, and, without touching her lips with the inevitable and quite unnecessary stick, had bolted to the stairs, emerged into the pseudo-Italian foyer, and was making for the swing doors which faced the Library.

Numerous other people had come in and passed out during the last twenty minutes. They had taken no notice whatever of a tallish man who was standing in the way of the door ponderously, stamped with loneliness. Why should they? He was well past middle age. He had allowed himself, probably because he liked his food and sat about too much, to become distinctly flabby, not to say fat and soft. His shoulders sloped, his waistcoat protruded, and his calves utterly ruined the nice line of trousers at which every tailor aims.

He was a sandy man, and, like all sandy men, was freckled. His eyes were sandy and he indulged in sandy colors. He wore a walrus mustache in which, as in his dry and obstreperous hair, there were many streaks of white. He had popeyes, protruding teeth, and an underhanging jaw.

There was, however, an undoubted indication of intellectuality in his very well cut nose. The little mounds behind his ears—large, fungus-like ears—denoted love of music, and with this there went, of course, and rightly, a deep appreciation of feminine beauty. The fact that he possessed humor was instantly to be recognized from the numerous lines of laughter which surrounded his eyes.

EVEN his deeply loving and admiring mother had been bound to confess—although never once aloud—that Hilary Panton had been born under an ugly star. To this she always added the comforting and sometimes true reflection that beauty is but skin deep, while with joy, with gratitude, and with self-glorification she remembered that her dear and successful Hilary, whose work as a novelist was known to all the world, was a good boy—oh, *such* a good boy, bless him—notwithstanding the one or two little mistakes of which a very human love of feminine beauty is the inevitable cause. There were many more of these in the strenuous history of that distinguished man of which the dear little lady had never been aware.

His two most friendly rivals, the wizards of Adelphi Terrace, had once summed him up over their strange forms of diet in the Garrick Club. The patriarch who flung his work at posterity had called him an ordinary man. In reply to which, the little Scotsman who listened to the fairies had said: "No, no, no; you're wrong. Extraordinary ordinary—that's the way in which I should describe our dear old Panton."

And it was obvious that that was precisely how he struck the hurrying Sadie, even at that dreadful moment of wounded pride.

Having given him one quick look, she drew up short and gasped. Her mouth was open—a pretty mouth with almost miraculous teeth. Her eyes grew wider and wider—charming, kind, astonishingly blue eyes, as blue as a robin's egg. Her expression was that of a hero-worshiper face to face at last with an almost incredible god.

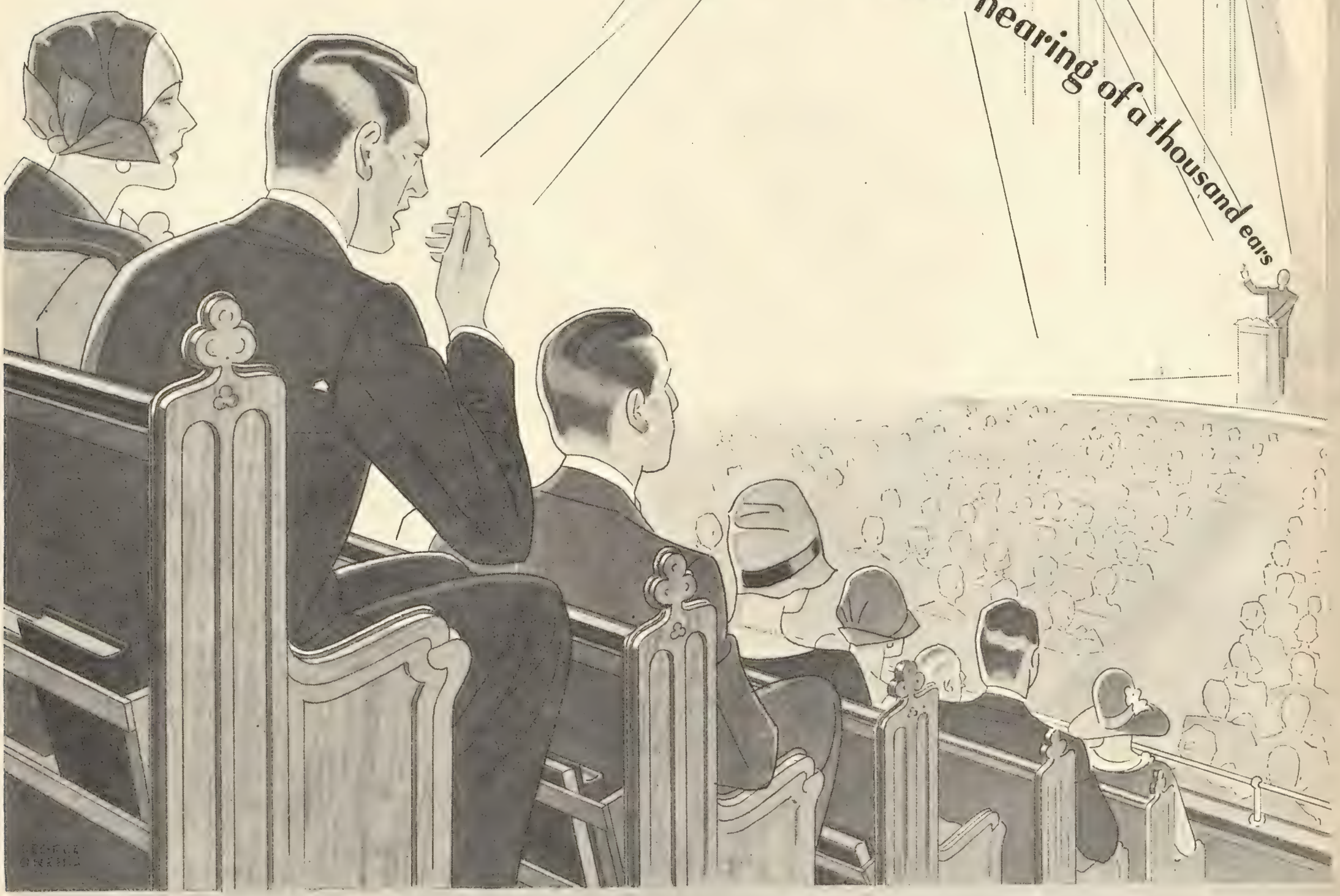
She was noticed immediately by Hilary Panton, with a very excusable thrill. He was at that moment a very lonely man. Under such conditions almost anything may happen. He had already spotted this girl. He had already said to himself:

"Very, very nice. A spring onion plucked freshly from the warm earth. How young! How gorgeously young! How unbelievably sweet! But why that tear at the end of her nose? Trouble, suffering, heartbreak? How very, very sad! Would that I could comfort her; take her hand, a dear little hand, so very, very clean, with such charming little nails, and say, 'Oh, my dear, my dear, who has had the temerity, the brutality, the tactlessness to hurt you so that there is a tear at the end of your nose?'"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

*HE burlesqued their style, their tricks of expression. He imitated their mode of speech, their voices and mannerisms.*

# A COUGH will dim the hearing of a thousand ears



WOULD you interrupt the Sunday service by heckling or applause? Certainly *not*—and yet every church service, every lecture, every concert, every public gathering is constantly interrupted by hacking, gurgling, rasping, strangling coughs—

Because coughing in public is now unnecessary—it has been outlawed by considerate people. It has been set outside the pale along with other mid-Victorian crudities of conduct.

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The *Luden's Menthol Action* is decidedly different—quick, pleasant, refreshing—imitated, of course, but available only in the exclusive Luden Menthol blend.

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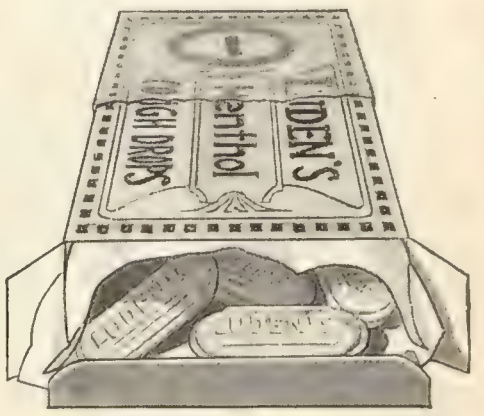


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Blends the arms, shoulders and complexion into an entrancing seductive Beauty that lasts. Does not spot, streak, rub off or show the effects of perspiration. Regardless of your activities, the appearance rendered will retain its original attractiveness throughout the evening.

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[HEADLINES
Continued from Page Twenty-six]

He had slipped into Boston on important business. He had been forced to make a special trip from England in order to hold a conference with his publishers. He had arrived that morning in the city, and, because he was in terror of headlines, had sneaked in unannounced and had registered under the fictitious name—the first that had occurred to him—of Albert Henry Watts. He had chosen Albert because he was in the habit of looking at that wedding-cake memorial in Kensington Gardens from the workroom of his sandy-colored house; and Watts because, with an ineradicable tendency to punning, he had said to himself, with insincere humility, "What's in a name?"—well knowing that his own was worth at least two dollars a word. He had dropped in the Henry because he was very keen about rhythm.

He had been greatly distressed at having to leave New York unprotected and alone. He was a gregarious person. But his agent there—an extremely good fellow, whom he had counted upon to accompany him—had fallen ill at the crucial moment. It was very, very inconvenient—very, very annoying.

And so Hilary Panton went across to Sadie with courage in both his hands. But before he could utter one of his rhythmic phrases—and they came without effort because it was his habit to dictate—she met him halfway with an ecstatic, impulsive rush.

"Oh," she said. "Oh—you! You, in person, here! How terribly wonderful!"

Panton was horribly disconcerted, though hugely pleased and flattered. He said, holding out his hand:

"How do you do? How are you? I felt that there was a bond of friendship between us, of sympathy. I am very lonely, and someone, surely a very cruel someone, has given you a wound. But I must ask you to tell me at once, frankly, why you greet me as though you'd ever seen me before. You haven't, you know you haven't. Why should you? I am merely Albert Watts. It is impossible that I should have a double."

He laughed and rearranged his tie.

In her great excitement and joy, because every one of this man's perhaps too numerous books stood in a precious line upon a table at the side of her virginal bed, Sadie wiped away the tear.

"Mr. Hilary Panton," she breathed, in an awe-struck, enthusiastic whisper. "Oh, Mr. Hilary Panton, there is only one of you!"

The sandy celebrity, unique among the celebrities of the world because he was in mortal terror of headlines, recoiled from this very, very sweet little person as though he had been punched in the jaw. Good heavens, what was this?

In one fell swoop his careful efforts to establish an incognito, so that he might not be swarmed upon by a bevy of eager reporters who inevitably would ask him what he thought about marriage, flappers' knees, the divorce question, the disestablishment of English and American navies, and the position of the Sitwells in modern poetry, were now completely ruined.

Wiping several sudden beads of perspiration from his really distinguished brow, he held up a warning finger. "S-s-sh. S-s-sh," he said. "My dear, my dear, you are laboring under a most astonishing misapprehension. I am not Hilary Panton, the greatest living author. I am not. I give you my word. I am, as I told you, Watts—plain Albert Henry Watts."

SADIE threw back her head, showed both lines of her miraculous teeth, and broke into a triumphant laugh.

"You can't fool me," she said. "Why, you look down upon my bed from twenty-two gold frames. I have cut your photograph out of exactly that number of literary supplements. Ever since I have been old enough to read and to appreciate great literature you have been my hero, my god of words."

Her voice broke. Her emotion almost choked her. There was now another tear at the end of her nose. This time it was a tear of joy, of excitement, of relish, and, it must be said, of hope.

Talk about a scoop!

*"GO away! Leave me to my shame and disappointment. I tell you that my faith in woman has been rudely undermined."*

Panton was deeply touched—although, for reasons which have been stated, he was equally embarrassed.

Grasping her little elbow with his sandy hand, he drew his constant and much valued reader into a more private place; and there, beneath the leaves of a large palm, he stood in front of her.

"I am discovered," he said. "You have torn the mask from my

face. I confess that I am thrilled. I have had my triumphs—who, in various degrees, has not?—but the vast responsibility of gazing at you from all sides of your holy of holies places me on a pedestal of triumph that I never thought to mount."

He took her hand and raised it to his lips. He was really vastly touched. Good Lord, why shouldn't he be? She was very, very sweet, and he was middle-aged.

"I must ask you, however, you darling—if I may say so, so soon—to respect my desire to avoid publicity. I swear to you that it is no affectation on my part to say that I tremble at the thought. I do not want to read things in the papers which I never said and never even thought; to find myself using words and expressions which are foreign to my mind. Let the fact that I am indeed Panton remain a secret between us now and forevermore. I'm sure you understand."

Once more he raised that much watered little hand to his lips, confident that no one could observe him from his carefully considered position behind that potted palm; and, while his head was bent in deference and admiration and middle-aged hopefulness, he missed a most curious look of excitement, calculation, and cunning on Sadie's pretty face.

Here was the most glorious opportunity, if she were the tiniest bit unscrupulous—which, after all, is the prerogative of the female—not only to measure up with the man to whom she was engaged to be married, but even to save him from being kicked out of his position because of his inability to provide an immediate scoop.

Hilary Panton in Boston, incognito! Hilary Panton hiding in Boston behind a pseudonym—and all for the reason that he had an unholy fear of those very headlines which provided a living for the young man who, in reply to her offer of help, had said: "*You*—help *me?* A girl? Don't make me laugh!"

WHAT were laws and ethics when balanced against an accidental and providential opportunity obviously sent to dry her tear and its cause and place women once more on the high pedestal of efficiency upon which this foolish and mistaken lad had refused to allow that they stood?

But how?

Panton said, the world looking rosier, "I suggest that you feed, my dear. I suggest that you give me the delight of watching you stoke your little engine after what has probably been a hard and trying day. Moreover, looking to the fact that it is rather late and that the vast dining-room will have assumed the appearance of a wilderness—and for other reasons"—he laughed with a touch of excitement—"I venture to suggest that I order you the most recherché little dinner in my private sitting-room, the number of which, if I remember rightly, is fourteen hundred and nine. Let it commence with caviar, end with a compote of fruit, and be enlivened with a bottle of prewar champagne which is warmly ensconced in my socks. What do you say, you dear thing, you charming celandine?"

"Thanks most awfully," she said. "I can think of nothing so terribly wonderful. But what is caviar?"

He laughed with rare enjoyment. He was a simple soul.

"Embryo fish," he answered, "with Russian antecedents, if you have optimism. With a pinch of lemon, a dash of finely chopped raw onion, and sufficient daring to make one run the risk—"

He put two sandy fingers to his lips and blew a kiss to the goddess of the culinary arts. He liked his food, that man.

HE offered his arm to Sadie's too frequently watered hand, pressed it warmly against his side in a spirit of protection, retraced his steps into the body of that magnificent hotel, and made for the elevators. Sadie paid no attention to the grin which spread from one to another of a string of uniformed boys.

But just as she was about to enter the elevator, she was seized with a flash of inspiration.

"Fourteen hundred and nine," she said. "I'll join you there in

five minutes. There is something that I must do."

She touched his arm with the tips of her fingers, flashed him one of her manicure smiles which had won her so many clients, turned, and disappeared.

She was pretty certain that she would find her future husband still confiding his troubles to the manager of the hotel, into whose cheerful room he had gone after his ridiculous and untrue statement as to her inability to help. Yes, there he was—a nice-looking lad with fair hair and a very honest face.

"Excuse me, Mr. Ouchy," she said; "may I speak to Jim?"

Without waiting for the permission of the famous diplomat—who naturally was a Swiss, because in that country, far more than in any other, men seem to be born with the gift of managing hotels—she drew James Byrd aside.

"Jimmy," she said in a pulsating whisper, "here's the topnotch scoop of your life. The greatest living novelist is stopping in this hotel under another name. He's doing this funny thing because really and truly he's terribly afraid of being interviewed. It doesn't matter how—that I'll tell you later—but he's waiting for me up in his sitting room to give me a very shick dinner, and somehow you've got to be there. I'm going to make him talk—which is easy; he never ceases to talk. I'm going to draw him out about all the other authors; draw him out on politics, religion, and every other question that he never would dare even to think about with a reporter in the room.

"Don't say you don't believe me—don't ask me how I know. Get Mr. Ouchy to allow you to put on—I have it!—a waiter's clothes, so that you may serve the dinner and listen in. Quick! Don't waste a second. This is the chance of your life!"

She stood on tiptoes and kissed him, adding, "Fourteen hundred and nine."

Whereupon, leaving behind her the most utter astonishment, she fled.

Meanwhile Hilary Panton had performed an unusual feat. Having been a two-dollar-a-word man for a considerable time, he had been surrounded by a staff of people who ran and ordered and managed all his affairs for him, so that his whole attention should be devoted to the provision of an excellent living for his efficient parasites—under which heading, in moments of dire cynicism, he placed his spouse.

But alone, he had not only ordered a mass of blooms from the florist down below, but had barged bullishly all over his sitting room in an effort to tidy it up. He had pitched his pajamas into his bedroom with his slippers and his toothbrush and a speckled dressing gown.

He had arranged a small collection of the latest novels of the younger men here and there—he wrote little screeds about them—and placed the works of all the Sitwells in a conspicuous place.

Not quite unconsciously, Hilary Panton had dramatized this event. He described the whole thing to himself, with characteristic exuberance, as being "very, very delightful—indescribably sweet."

And even if she had not been pretty and so obviously young, he must have been touched and deeply grateful for such persistent loyalty. All his books, by Jove, and what a string there was! Novels, short stories, essays, discoveries, heartburnings, exposures, plays.

With the keenest curiosity, he wondered whether she had included in her collection his treatise on birds' eggs and wild flowers, which he had written on the spur of the moment without the slightest knowledge of either.

HE thrilled at the tap on his door. This darling had discovered his identity and would never give him away. He felt like *Haroun-al-Raschid* on one of the Arabian Nights.

With the clumsy gallantry of the middle-aged Englishman who plays the infrequent rôle of *vieux marcheur*, he handed Sadie a pink. He had never looked so sandy and unromantic—poor old thing!

He said: "Dear, imagine yourself in Arden. Through the leaves of this bower you may see, if you will, the golden shimmer of dying sun and hear the tintinnabulation of fairy bells and the high-pitched laughter of *Amaryllis* still clinging to the shade."

He laughed at all this tosh. In off moments such as these he was

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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So we feel well repaid, when to all the other good things they say of the Detroit-Leland, travellers add—"and good beds." They were specially selected and specially built for the Detroit-Leland on a pattern and design more than a quarter of a century old. And we can wish you "Good night" in them with sincerity and assurance.

Then — delightfully larger rooms, homelike, quiet and beautifully furnished. And a service that anticipates the guest's every need, yet so quiet and unobtrusive as never to seem officious.

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THE SEDGEFIELD INN, SEDGEFIELD, N. C.


[HEADLINES Continued from Page Twenty-nine]

very playful with young feminine people.

Sadie accepted the pink, and with a gesture of genius, thinking hard of Jim, touched it with her lips. "Oh, Mr. Hilary Panton," she said, "I can hardly believe it's true!"

He chose to think that she was about to faint. Ecstasy sometimes takes the very young like that. At any rate, he sprang forward and caught her in his arms—that slight but sturdy frame, capable of long-continued effort amid the whir of electric fans. He said:

"My dear, my dear, you move me as I have never been moved before—with one or two exceptions." (He was an honest man.) "Such loyalty is refreshing—like water to a parched flower—or rather, let me say, plant."

He kissed her on the cheek.

THROUGH the most confounded force of habit, he found himself writing this scene, composing it into a chapter while he stood outside himself. It was blastedly disconcerting. It made him feel like a bus-driver who, when he takes a holiday, rides a similar bus. It was only his reflection in the mirror—so portly, so sandy, so unalterably middle-aged—that switched him back from a novelist to a common or garden man.

Sadie assisted this transformation. With the inborn cunning of a woman, she slipped away like a fish. That disconcerting intuition with which Nature has endowed all women warned her to practice illusiveness at that early stage of the game. Hence the cheek, you see. Hence the confusion, the maidenly blush, the dart behind the metaphorical tree of that imaginary Arden toward the protection of *Amaryllis* who still stood in the shade.

Several years of manicuring had not been wasted on Sadie. Man is a giddy fellow even when his chin is covered with lather, one hand dipped into hot water, and one shoe under the brush.

For twenty minutes or so there was further amiable badinage on Hilary Panton's part, further indulgence in rather decent foolery, with little bits of Sitwell, scraps of the Elizabethan poets, and a touch or two of Smollett—but only a touch. It was very enjoyable, though a little sandy, perhaps.

Every now and then the magic of his words, and the art with which he used them, and also the fact that the room was dimly lit, translated Panton out of sandiness, out of middle age. He became a veritable *Paolo* to this wise and practiced *Francesca*—with a round, strong chin, a short upper lip, and the most marvelous set of teeth. Slight, too, of an exquisite concavity, athletic, sinewy, fine. Freckles leapt from his face like little things from trees, and obstreperous hair became curly, almost like astrakhan. Ah me, it's often done when a man is lonely and undoubtedly middle-aged.

Finally, after a prosaic knock, the door opened. At the sight of Jim incased in the hard-hacked black of the average hotel waiter, just a shade too small, Sadie gave a gasp.

With a stab of pain she saw him bring out a photograph and, with a skeptical expression, deliberately compare it with the dominating man. After which, with what seemed to be disappointment, he put it back in his pocket and commenced to lay the table—but not before he had darted a look at Sadie in which she read, "Now shoot."

It was then that she commenced to put Panton through a series of questions which he, blandly unconscious of the plot in which he was the *deus ex machina*, answered with a most astounding frankness and the most amusing turns of phrase. He let himself go with complete abandon. He had been rescued from a long evening of lamentable loneliness, and so felt happy and well, exhilarated and romantic. Then, too, being away from his usual haunts and unafraid of being accused of professional jealousy, he reveled in diabolical fun, laughing all the time.

He went from H. G. Sells to Puxley, from Moresworthy to Mermaid Shore. Under the stimulation of his sweet companion's curiosity, he drew the most mischievous character sketches of his famous brothers in ink. He pulled out all their little weaknesses and laid them in a row. He burlesqued their style, their tricks of expression, and their favorite reiterations. He imitated their mode of speech, their voices and mannerisms. He dished up well known anecdotes and told them with schoolboy relish and an almost feminine venom.

He soared completely out of prudence, rose high above the con-

ventions of literary etiquette, performed the most amazing nose dives among whole clouds of words, so that, eventually, there was not a rag left upon the bodies of those men.

He was so greatly helped in his brilliance by Sadie's constant chuckles that, every now and then, he forgot that she was pretty and that her eyes were robin's-egg blue, and played up to what he recognized as a fresh and fertile mind. By Jove, these young Americans were appreciative!

HE little saw behind the innocent blue pools of Sadie's eyes an Evelike cunning, a growing triumph. Nor did he see—because she didn't let him—the frequent exchange of excitement from the waiter's eyes to hers; nor was he even remotely aware of the final look of deference and admiration, congratulation and gratitude, which spread over the man's round face as he cleared the plates away. He only knew that, in the enjoyment he was providing, he was sharing fifty-fifty and feeling very young.

It was, he felt, a real and genuine treat to have been able thus, and so safely, to have unburdened himself of all his prejudices and inhibitions without the slightest anxiety or the fear of giving pain.

He went over to the window at the moment when Jim was about to dash away. It was open. The night was very warm. Far down below, processions of motor cars were moving to right and left, their bright eyes gleaming. The roof-line of the noble Library was cut darkly against the sky. One of Chopin's Preludes was coming over the radio in the room next door.

Jim spoke to Sadie as a convict speaks, out of the side of his mouth, without breath—"Thanks, darling; thank you, darling"—and departed.

WITH the closing of the door, Hilary Panton turned; and when he looked into the face of the girl whose hero he was, and for whom in future he would write his books as a special token of gratitude for her kindness in rescuing him from deplorable solitude, he thought that he had never seen so glorious an expression of young madonnahood.

He was startled, touched, and put upon his honor. Poor old thing—so sandy and middle-aged! After all, perhaps it was perfectly natural that he should take this to himself. Ships that pass in the night and throw out signals. One good turn deserves another, he thought, and was astonished to find that his desire to make love was suddenly replaced by a feeling of fatherliness.

Um—how strange, how sad! There must be something in this vague chatter about vibrations, then.

All he wanted now to do, and did, was to descend from his mountainous ego and place himself at her feet. And so, somewhat clumsily, but with a very nice gallantry, he placed her in a chair and gave her a cigarette, sitting not too near, in his most conventional way.

For an hour, without a single interruption, he listened with deep attention and sympathy to the story of her life, to all the intimate details of her hopes, ambitions, and work. And when, finally, she looked at the clock and sprang to her feet in a panic—usually she was in bed long before this hour, because she had to be early to work—he led her to the door.

"My dear, my dear," he said, dictating once again—my God, how strong are habits!—"I shall never be able to thank you. I have enjoyed myself. Whenever the word Boston flashes through my mind, its letters will form a halo round your little head. I shall never see you again; but somehow I feel that, when I draw the best there is in woman, you will be my model.

"I am persuaded to believe—I cannot quite tell why—that I have done something to remove the tear from your nose. I can, at any rate, assure you with absolute truthfulness—and novelists must be truth-

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE THIRTY-TWO]

# "I got the idea from Tito Schipa," says Vincent Lopez

*Noted jazz king, with his manager, George Wallace, during an intermission of dance numbers at "Casa Lopez," recommends Lucky Strikes.*

MADE OF
THE CREAM OF
THE TOBACCO CROP

You, too, will find that LUCKY STRIKES give the greatest pleasure—Mild and Mellow, the finest cigarettes you ever smoked. Made of the choicest tobaccos, properly aged and blended with great skill, and there is an extra process —"IT'S TOASTED"—no harshness, not a bit of bite.

## "It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation-No Cough.

© Lumiere, N. Y.

Tito Schipa,
Chicago Civic Opera Star, *writes:*

*"Any cigarette that can give extreme pleasure without in the least injuring the human voice is certainly a great boon to vocal artists. That is why I prefer 'Lucky Strike' cigarettes."*

Tito Schipa

# SMOKADOR is the *ideal* gift

***Mrs. A. B. F.....asks for "two red ones to go with the draperies in my living room"***

"EVERYWHERE I go, I meet Smokador," Mrs. F. says. "In the home of my friends it seems to be a most useful member of the household. I just must have two of those lovely red ones."

Smokador is decorative. It looks well in any room. Ten attractive colors. (See coupon below.)

Women tell us that Smokador's cleanliness and convenience are its finest features...and the fact that it doesn't tip over and spill. No ashes are ever in sight. Nothing to smolder or smell, because cigarettes and cigars go out the instant they are tossed into Smokador...No fire worry when Smokadors are around. No danger of scarred furniture or burned rugs.

It is so easy to clean Smokador. Simply unscrew stem and toss out contents of the bowl. No fuss, no muss.

Don't be misled into taking any but the genuine—look for the name, Smokador, on the match box holder and on the bottom of the bowl. This mark is a guarantee of genuineness, perfect workmanship and material.

Sold by department stores, furniture, sporting goods, office equipment stores, and many others.

*Special folder to show colors*—FREE!

Note the snuffer grips—two on each Smokador. They hold forgotten smokes and snuff them out.

Ashes and stubs fall through the bottomless tray and hollow stem down to roomy, air-tight bowl where they can't smolder or smell.

If you wish to see actual colors, send for Folder No. 30. It answers the questions you may want to ask.

*Made of durable metal*

*Ornamental 28 inches high*

ROCK-A-BY TRADE MARK Smokador

Pat'd Oct. 27, 1925 Dec. 1, 1925

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SMOKADOR MANUFACTURING CO., Inc.
130 West 42nd Street, New York City

Also manufacturers of the *new* patented GARDIAN Smokador, the hollow stem ashless ashstand with the *protected* glass container—Price $15.00 East of Mississippi; $15.50 West.

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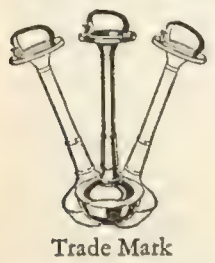

Trade Mark

*Patented roly-poly "Rock-a-by" base swings Smokador back into position. It does not tip over and spill.*

YOU CAN BUY SMOKADOR BY MAIL!

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If your dealer can't supply you, send $10.50 for each Smokador by check or money order ($11.00 west of Mississippi, $15.00 Canada.) We'll ship promptly and deliver through dealer you name. Check colors desired.

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☐ Mahogany ☐ Light Blue ☐ Willow Green ☐ White
☐ Dark Bronze ☐ Dark Blue ☐ Olive Green ☐ Roman Gold
☐ Light Brown L. 12-17-27 ☐ Chinese Red


[HEADLINES Continued from Page Thirty]

ful if they are to keep their sales up—that you have done me good. In all humbleness, I must confess that it was not my original intention to be middle-aged up here.

"God bless you, dear little soul. All power to your scissors and your steaming bowl."

He raised her capable hand to his lips and bowed his head.

"Oh, Mr. Hilary Panton," she cried, with a little sob, "no wonder I read your books! You are as noble as your pen."

She stood on tiptoe and, with a naïve gesture of hero worship, kissed him on the cheek—that very sandy cheek.

Alone once more, but really not lonely, because the voices of the angels echoed through the room, he paced up and down with his hands behind his back and a smile on his face.

"A great reward," he said aloud. "A recompense."

Then, quoting Pepys, whom he held in high esteem, he added, with a suggestion of a sigh, "And so to bed, old boy."

HE woke at 9 o'clock, having slept extremely well. He rang the bell for breakfast, and, having given the order to the waiter whom he had never seen before, he proceeded to get up.

The sitting room, filled with the flowers which he had arranged the night before, was fragrant with the memory of his fatherly adventure. On issuing from his bedroom in a bilious tie, he found coffee and grapefruit, porridge and toast arranged upon the table at which his Sadie had sat. Sadie—she had told him her name, and he liked it. It was so short and sweet.

There also were the morning papers, the front of one of which flung him into the air.

In enormous black letters the name of Hilary Panton, the famous British novelist, was followed by amazing disclosures; witty and trenchant criticisms; intimate accounts of the methods, style, mannerisms of Sells, Moresworthy, Puxley, and Mr. Mermaid Shore.

Under these there were several columns surrounding the large reproduction of a photograph which Hilary Panton detested—it made him look so sandy and so dreadfully middle-aged.

Here and there his remarks were emphasized by italics; and in a special box in different and noticeable print there were starred two impromptus which he had intended to remember: "Sells is a professor of biology who refuses to believe in the soul. Moresworthy is a man who invented grievances and proved them not to exist."

When the waiter came in with the sugar which he had omitted to put on the tray, he found Number Fourteen hundred and nine in a state of utter collapse. He was, in fact, lying flat on the floor, with both hands over his face. Great sobs shook his shoulders and tears streamed on to his tie.

"*Sancta Maria*, what can I do to 'elp?"

"Nothing—n-nothing except to go away! Leave me to my shame and disappointment. I tell you that my faith in woman has been rudely undermined."

He scrambled to his feet, gave a snatch at the table napkin, and commenced to dab his face.

"Go away. Leave me. Such is my humiliation that it must not be seen by mortal eye."

He waved his hand to the door.

BUT before the waiter could leave the room Sadie and Jim oozed in. Both were a little frightened and nervous, and, if the truth must be told, ashamed.

At the sight of her hero's tears, and well aware of the reason—she had bought twelve copies of the paper to hand down to her heirs—Sadie made a rush. She seized the hand of this Homeric man, crept to his port side, and hid her face in his coat.

"Oh, Mr. Hilary Panton," she said, "what have I done to you?"

And, before he could break away or denounce her rhythmically, she told her little story in the simplest possible way: Jim—and what he had said to her when she had offered him her help; the sword of Damocles that was hanging over his head; their love; their dream of a little house, of children; of her accidental recognition; the temptation, too strong to resist; the epoch-making scoop.

And while she recited all this with contrition, with emotion, with the flame of love in her eyes, there stood the sheepish Jim near the door, glowing with pride of his editor's praise and expecting to be made a football of by a large and angry boot.

What was Panton to do—this sandy man with the kind heart and the love of humanity? After a pause, he said, with a tear on the end of his nose:

"Oh, my dear, my dear, how could you have done such a thing? If only you had confided in me. I could then have given this boy of yours such very different things. As it is, I shall have to be a hermit for a very considerable time. Nevertheless I recognize, with a sneaking admiration, what this means to him, and, because of him, to you, and so I forgive you both, and if you will let me know the date of your marriage I will send you b-blooms."

He turned and looked at Jim, who came a step forward, fumbling with his hat.

"Ah," he said, "you made a very good waiter. I hope and trust that through the whole of your life you will serve this dear, sweet soul with similar excellence. Forgive me for a moment."

And under the eyes of her future husband—he had humor, this man—he put his hand under Sadie's chin, raised her tear-stained, charming face, and kissed her on the lips.

THE END

# The Battle of FREDERICKSBURG

Taken from Battles and Leaders of the Civil War by permission of the publishers, The Century Co.

*Confederate troops behind the famous stone wall at Fredericksburg.*

## *The True Story of Blunders and Bravery on a Bloody Field Sixty-five Years Ago*

## *By* FREDERICK PALMER

*(Reading time: 17 minutes 15 seconds.)*

THE house of Martha Stevens, one of our bravest women, still stands. Parts of the most famous stone wall in our history are still in place.

The old Marye mansion looks much as it did in the silence before the tumult on the morning of that tremendous day of December 13, 1862, when its name was to be forever linked with Marye Heights, unconquerable in their blaze of fire.

No battle of the Civil War was more simple in its plan, none so starkly and overpoweringly simple in action, as Fredericksburg. In no battle, as you go over the ground, do the fighters rise to place so clearly and vividly in the ebb and flow of their struggle.

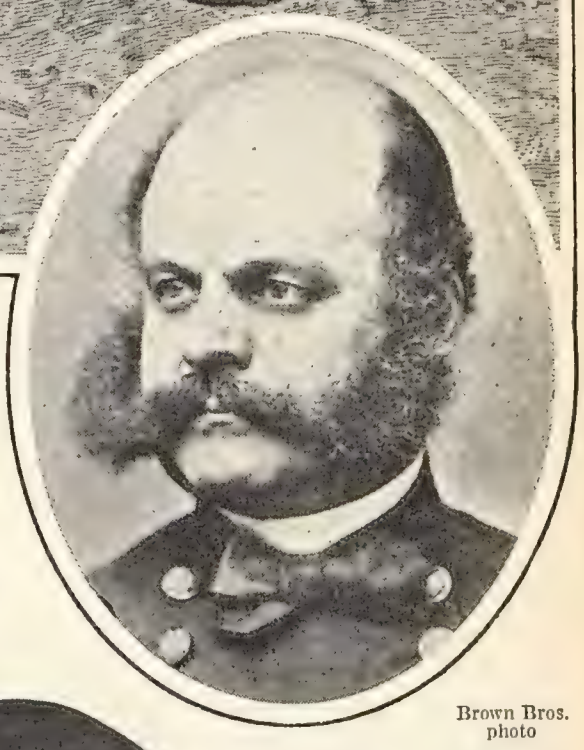
Standing on Telegraph Hill, his headquarters, you may look toward the little town with the eyes of General Robert E. Lee sixty-five years ago. You may see the grim, numbing, breath-holding, terrible pageantry of the unsurpassed valor of each succeeding blue Federal wave—breaking and piling its dead with the earlier lines of dead where the others had broken. Thus far and no farther, again and again.

What Pickett's charge at Gettysburg was to the South, the Federal charge at Fredericksburg was to the North. They are the high-water marks of resplendent, dramatic, fruitless, murdered courage of the war in which American fought American.

In the fall of 1862, Abraham Lincoln had concluded that it was time for him to look for another commander. McClellan's disastrous campaign on the Peninsula had been followed by the drawn battle of Antietam (Sharpsburg), in which he was thought to have missed his chance by allowing Lee to withdraw unmolested across the Potomac.

Review of Reviews Co.

*Burnside, as he appeared shortly before the battle.*



Brown Bros. photo

*General Ambrose E. Burnside, held responsible for the disastrous Federal defeat.*

Still McClellan marked time. Still he called for more men. He exaggerated Lee's strength, when we now know that the Federals had a 20 per cent superiority.

Lincoln realized the North's vaster population and resources. He was confident of his soldiers; but he had not yet found the right generals. The South had.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

# Last call to enter POSTUM'S $10,000 PRIZE CONTEST

• • •

## 1001 CASH PRIZES - THREE $1000 PRIZES

THE contest closes December 31. There is yet time to enter. But don't delay another day! This announcement will not appear again.

If you haven't already made the 30-day test of Postum, begin today! Use Postum as your mealtime drink in place of caffein beverages! Note the effects on your nerves—your sleep—your general health. Decide, from results, what you think of Postum as a regular mealtime drink. Sit down and write us a letter about it! Win $1000! This contest is open to you, whether you are a new or a life-long user of Postum.

Or, write a letter about Instant Postum made with milk, for children. What an ideal drink this is!—made from whole wheat and bran, plus all the body-building nourishment of milk. A drink that is convenient—economical—warm, nourishing, *delicious*! Tell why *you* think this is the best hot drink for children! Win one of the big prizes for such letters!

Or try for the third group of prizes. Some people prefer Instant Postum, prepared instantly in the cup with boiling water or hot (not boiled) milk; others like Postum Cereal, prepared by boiling, or in a percolator. Some like Postum strong, others weak, others "medium." How do *you* make Postum? Why do you like *your* kind best? $1000 for the best letter!

This is your last chance to enter Postum's $10,000 prize contest. Read the rules below—then act, today!

### Subjects and Prizes

1. **"What the 30-day test of Postum has done for me."**
2. **"Why I think Instant Postum made with milk is the best hot drink for boys and girls."**
3. **"How I make Postum—and why I like it best made *my* way."**

**(Letters on any subject not to exceed 300 words in length)**

For the best letters on *each* subject: First prize, $1000; second, $500; third, $250; fourth, 3 prizes of $100 each; fifth, 4 prizes of $50 each; sixth, 5 prizes of $25 each; seventh, 10 prizes of $15 each; eighth, 25 prizes of $10 each; ninth, 35 prizes of $5 each; tenth, 35 prizes of $3 each; eleventh, 68 prizes of $2 each; twelfth, 146 prizes of $1 each for first and second subjects, 145 prizes of $1 each for third subject.

### RULES

1. You may write on any one or all of the subjects, and submit as many entries as you care to.
2. Write the subject at the top of the first page of each manuscript you submit.
3. Write plainly on one side of the paper only. Neatness counts.
4. Write your name and address on each manuscript.
5. In case of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded the full amount of each prize tied for.
6. Contestants agree to accept the decisions of the judges as final.
7. No communications will be acknowledged, and no manuscripts will be returned.
8. Employes of the Postum Company, Inc., are not eligible.
9. Address envelopes to P. O. Box 604—G, Battle Creek, Michigan.
10. Manuscripts must be received before 5 p.m. December 31, 1927.

(Prizes will be awarded, and the names and addresses of prize winners announced as early as possible in 1928.) This contest is not limited to residents of the United States—it is open to everyone everywhere.

**THE JUDGES**—U. S. Senator Royal S. Copeland, M. D., former Health Commissioner of New York City; Alice Bradley, Food Editor, Woman's Home Companion; Sarah Field Splint, Home Economics Editor, McCall's Magazine.

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*Postum* is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms—Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, and Postum Cereal, the kind you boil. If you are not one of the millions who now purchase Postum, you may obtain a sample of either Instant Postum or Postum Cereal by addressing the manufacturer.


[THE BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG Continued from Page Thirty-three]

On November 5, '62, he relieved McClellan. This took political courage against "Little Mac's" magnetic personality, which was to make him a "wronged hero" and the candidate for President against Lincoln in '64.

No general who had so little to show for it in the field ever had such popularity with his soldiers as Little Mac. They still believed in him. No one could have been more interested in Little Mac's passing than Robert E. Lee. In his quiet way Lee said that he was sorry to see McClellan go because he had always understood McClellan so well, and Lincoln might choose a general less easy of understanding.

The choice was Ambrose E. Burnside, who had been an able subordinate. He wore the side whiskers which were given the name "burnsides" (later called sideburns) and widely copied. It was said that he did not feel equal to the command and took it under protest.

In that, his judgment was certainly sound. After Fredericksburg many Northerners cut off their burnsides.

IMMEDIATE action was expected of him after McClellan's caution. He organized the Army of the Potomac into three Grand Divisions, Sumner having the right, Hooker the center, and Franklin the left. Relying on the cold weather to freeze or dry the Virginia mud, he set his army in movement toward the Rappahannock River for a winter campaign.

He had the men. He had the guns. The North hoped he would be in Richmond for Christmas. The roads were all right—but there was that troublesome "Marse Bob" Lee and "Stonewall" Jackson, his right hand, and Longstreet, his left hand, to consider.

Lee's army corps were posted apart in strategic positions. His was not the kind of defense that sat massed in trenches waiting for the enemy to come to him. It was the mobile offensive defensive, conforming to the enemy's movements, watching for chances to strike a blow in flank or meet a coming blow with a quicker blow.

Review of Reviews Co.

*The shell-torn old Marye mansion, which still stands.*

It was as if the Federals had as their goal the steeples of the two churches in the center of the quiet little town of Fredericksburg, about halfway between Washington and Richmond. Lee's army, in turn, converged toward them.

Fredericksburg was on Lee's side. Before striking, Burnside had to have his army across the river. And the first question, when an army has to cross a river, is always: Is it fordable?

May the army go in line of battle wading, or in columns over bridges? Must it be a broad, deployed front or a solid target?

The breadth of the Rappahannock does not average that of the distance from first to second base, but it is not fordable in front of Fredericksburg.

No enemy is going to leave a bridge standing for an advancing army. So a span of pontoons must be built. They must be built early. The army should not sit on the bank in sight of the enemy, waiting for the pontoons to come, not if the crossing is to be a surprise.

AND this is just what happened at Fredericksburg. Burnside's pontoons did not come until his army was disclosed, his plan made almost as clear as if he had made a drawing for Lee.

Fredericksburg, its main street parallel to the river, is strung out along the bank on level ground. Lee had no thought of making his decisive stand in the little town under the Federal artillery.

Defending a bridgehead is always a bad business. But window ledges and cellar doorways and rifle pits on the river bank would be a vantage ground for the sharpshooters firing on the exposed bridgebuilders.

Back of the town were open fields rising slightly, then more sharply to a long stone wall parallel with town and river. Behind that stone wall was a sunken road and on the other side another stone wall.

Either wall was just high enough for a soldier to stand with a comfortable rest for firing. If the first wall were taken, the Federals were in the sunken road facing, in a death trap, the fire from the second wall.

Infantry on the defense could not ask more. But this was not all. Back of the stone walls, where the old Marye house stands, the ground rose steeply to give positions for the artillery and more rifle pits.

These heights in front of the town were commanded by Longstreet. And the heights beyond the road and valley to the east, facing a broader space of level ground, were commanded by Stonewall Jackson, with Stuart's cavalry on the flank.

Three days before the battle, both armies were massed, glaring across the river at each other. They heard each side's bugle calls and saw each other's camp fires twinkling. The Yankee bands played The Star-Spangled Banner and Hail, Columbia, adding Dixie in challenging compliment to the Johnnies.

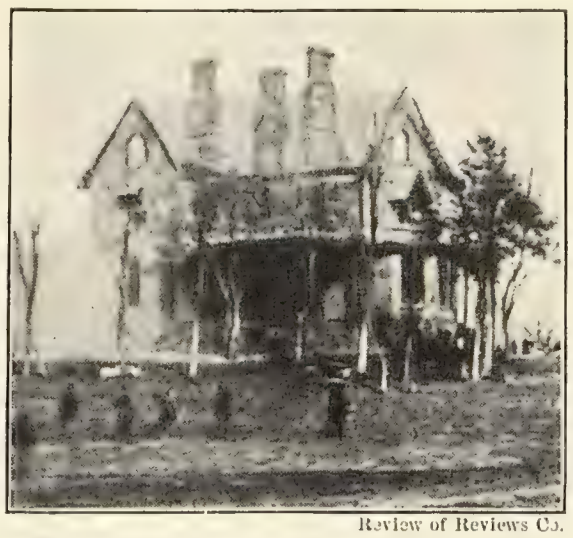
Such was the prolonged suspense before action, which the Federals must begin. It was they who had

to go down the valley and across the river and up the other side against an enemy who had dug in.

Soldiers can dig a good intrenchment in half an hour; but a portion of Longstreet's army had had more than three days to intrench. All officers had had leisure to study the ground; generals to confirm dispositions. Every unit was assigned to its part; guns were in heavy earthworks.

"There is a gun which is not yet placed," said Longstreet, on inspection, to Alexander, chief of artillery.

"We have enough to cover the fields this side of the town as with a fine-tooth comb," was the reply. "A chicken could not live there."



Review of Reviews Co.

*The Phillips house, from which Burnside directed his fatal attack.*

Three lines of veteran riflemen bided their time in the sunken road. They were to alternate in firing from the crest of the stone wall and withdrawing to load.

Lee, surveying his veterans in their worn gray and butternut, and looking across at the well equipped Federals in their bright blue, was less and less disturbed because his numbers were in the neighborhood of 80,000 against Burnside's approximate 115,000.

If Burnside had had a Jackson! If he had had a Sherman or a Sheridan coming out of the west! Or if he had sent Hancock, who was present, with 30,000 men to strike Jackson in the rear and flank! He did make a feint of that kind; and Jackson saw that it was only a feint and did not let it bother him.

So Burnside was to make it a straight frontal attack across an unfordable river, over open fields against heights. No strategy in that—moving human walls in the open against a torrent of fire!

The heavy end fell to the Right Grand Division under white-haired Sumner, sixty-five, young in spirit, honest of head, and lion of heart, if not a great tactician. When he heard firing, the fever boiled in the veins of this old war horse, driving him to the front. This time he had promised his staff he would stay behind to direct his command.

TO his headquarters came Burnside, chiding him for timidity. Burnside had heard that Sumner, Hancock, and other generals had declared his plan of attacking the stone wall and Marye Heights impracticable.

Hancock's division was to go against the wall. Burnside turned severely and petulantly on Hancock—on Hancock, the "superb" and intrepid, who was to be the North's master tactician at Gettysburg—for faint-heartedness and disloyalty.

Hancock was fearless in words as in action. He stood by his conviction of the folly of that charge which was to add luster to his name and to American courage. His idea of war was to win victories. However, if charge against stone walls it was to be, it would be to the death. And Burnside, stubborn, persisted.

Ready, Lee and Longstreet; ready, guns and men; ready, the sharpshooters in the town; ready, every detail of the plans of hell's own reception committee. A signal of one gun followed after an interval by a second was to tell them that the Yanks were beginning their crossing.

At last Burnside had his pontoons up to his waiting army. Early in the morning of December 11, the two cannon shots awakened the Confederates. The breaking of light revealed a wall of mist to the hosts on the heights. From the direction of the town came the sound of vicious, irregular, sniping fire.

Nothing yet for the Johnnies on the heights to do; nothing for the shotted guns to shoot at. They frizzled their bacon and boiled their coffee of parched corn, which warmed the December chill out of their "innards."

SLOWLY the sun burned away the mist. The two church steeples pierced the blanket. Town and river appeared.

The targets of the fire were revealed in blue figures, straining like hectic ants in a hailstorm on the other bank. These targets were so close to the advance reception committee of the hidden sharpshooters that it was like firing on the players of the infield from rifle pits at the home plate.

Blue figures bringing up pontoons and trying to place them; blue figures carrying planks—and their hands shooting up free of their burdens as they were hit! More blue figures taking their places and plunging to keep up the procession of blue blots floating downstream!

It was evident that the Federals would not be crossing for a while. They would have to give up their bridge-building for that day.

The next morning they tried another plan, which they ought to have used at first. The fire of a hundred Yankee guns—cannon, as some call them—was turned on Fredericksburg. That made sharpshooting from the town a disagreeable business.

Calls for Federal volunteers now. They were to pole boats across the river. A few shoves would do it, and enough survived to make enough shoves in that brave hazard. These got a grip on the bank to open the passage for more and clear the way for building the bridges.

"Hi, yi!" from the Yanks.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

# A man's gift— *for every man*

Here's a gift to brighten and smooth his day and face — this Mennen Trio Package containing a full-size tube of Mennen Mentholized Shaving Cream, a full-size tube of Mennen Skin Balm and a full-size can of Mennen Talcum for Men (the one and only kind that men like).

It's a gift that a man never forgets. He'll use it every day. If he hasn't used it before he'll bless you for bringing these Mennen shaving luxuries into his life, and if he's already a Mennen user you couldn't possibly please him better. For it's a revelation, the first time a man experiences the sweet, swift, smooth razor stroke that goes with Mennen lather. Of course, it's *dermutation* that does it, Mennen dermutation which completely softens the beard without need for rubbing or messing up your fingers. Dermutation relaxes and eases the tension of the tiny skin mounds at the base of the beard hairs, smoothing and leveling the way for a deft, clean razor stroke. Works equally well in water hard or soft, cold or hot. No scraping. No nicking. No rawness. Five agreeable, soothing emollients in the lather flush the pores and condition the face as a healing tonic.

He may get more expensive gifts but none that will bring more comfort and satisfaction than this kit-pack of Mennen Shaving Comforts. And, friend, if you don't expect one, why wait for the great day? Go get one for yourself.

*Made without and with menthol*

Lots of men like to revel in the brisk tingle and bracing zip of mentholized lather. So you have your choice now in Mennen. To get the mentholized, ask for the tube with the red ball. The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J., and Toronto, Ont.

MENNEN for MEN

PACKAGE

[THE BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG
Continued from Page Thirty-five]

"Yell, you Rebels, will you! Hi, yi!" as they swarmed into the town. Some hot work over barricades and around street corners, lead and cusses exchanged, as the Johnnies withdrew.

For Marse Bob was now willing the enemy should have the town. He was even ready to encourage the crossing, after the Federals had paid their toll to get a jumping-off place into the jaws of hell.

Now the Federals had their bridges secure in front of the town and down the river in front of Jackson. Nightfall saw the blue streams steadily crossing; and in the darkness, in ominous promise of the morrow, the Confederates heard the tramp of men and the roll of wheels on the pontoons.

Lee could not quite conceive of any commander being so easy of understanding as Burnside seemed. Lee's thoughts were on his right flank. How heavy a concentration would morning reveal in front of Jackson? How swift and powerful might be the blow in making the most of superior numbers!

And Burnside? He had not issued his battle orders. He was pacing back and forth in front of his tent, fishing for a decision in a muddy mind.

MEANWHILE his generals chafed. They wanted to know what was expected of them on the morrow. They wanted to have formations ready before dawn and to give their men a little rest before the ordeal. Still they waited, waited into the small hours of the morning.

The result might have been different if the Northern army had had a Lee, with his clear, definite instructions to a Jackson and a "Go do it!" Godspeed to high enterprise; or if it had had a Grant, with his pregnant few words imparting responsibility to a Sheridan, a Meade, or a Hancock.

It might have been different if Franklin, on the Federal left, had thought:

"Only by the flank can we win. I have the flank. I will not wait. I will prepare to drive ahead with all my power, put all on the cast of the die." But Franklin was not so bold a spirit.

It was not until daylight, when every move he made would be clear to the enemy, that he received his orders; and the delay was hardest on him, as with his part rested the only hope of success.

Already there had been confusion in his forces owing to changes of mind. The final orders, too, were muddy, directing that he attack, but yet not strong in conviction. Because of previous backing and filling, he could strike with only half his weight.

The devoutly religious Jackson, now to do another "Stonewall" part—"See Jackson standing there like a stone wall!" said Bee at the first Bull Run—as his practiced eye looked down on the Federal dispositions, was entitled to think that his prayers had been answered.

He need not worry at the superior numbers of that threatening host when he could blast them in detail.

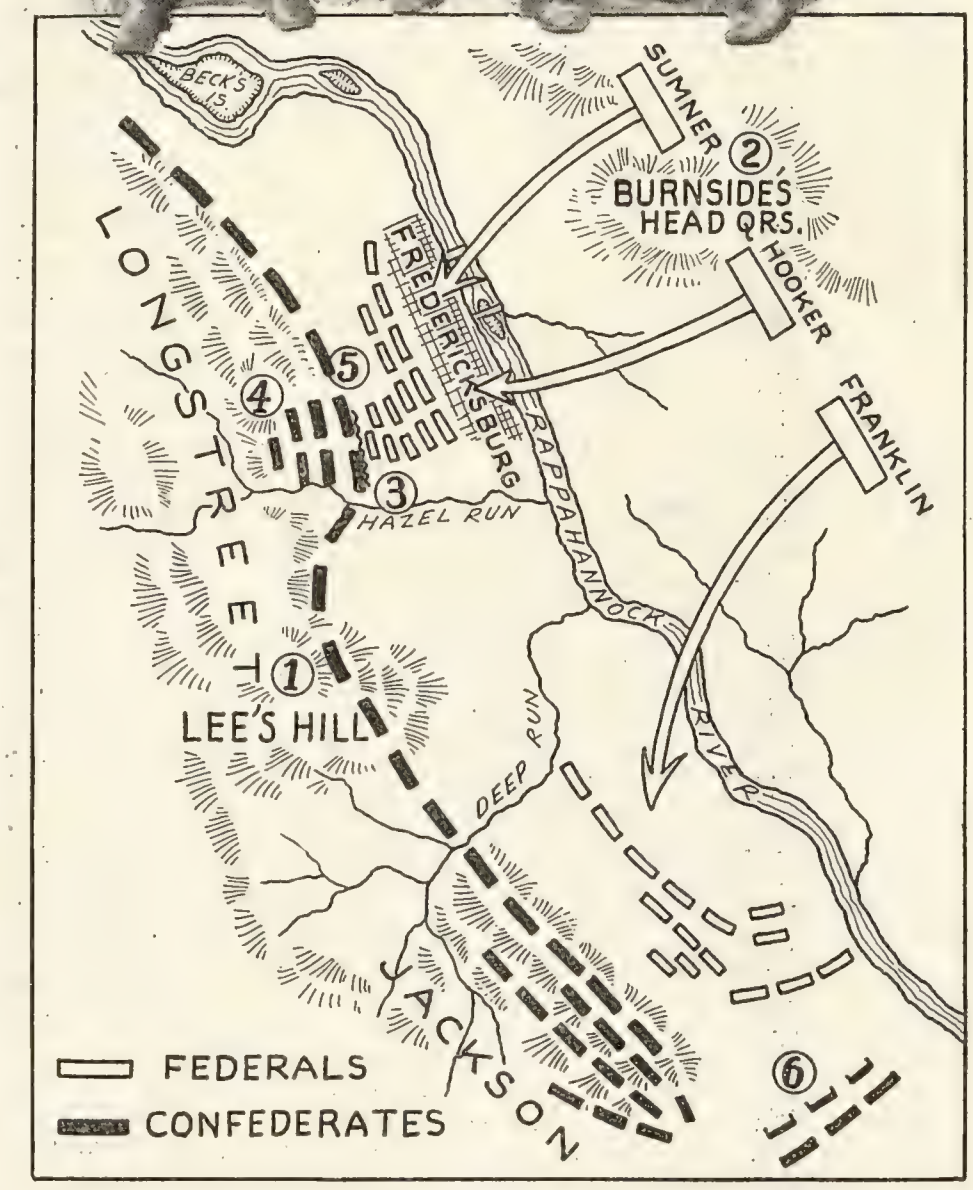
The Federals who went in against Jackson swept boldly across the levels under raking shell fire. They carried their charges up the heights. They broke Jackson's line at one point.

Jackson, pressing from both sides, closed the gaps; and the Federals had to leave their hard-won ground, when, in sight of them, were masses of eager comrades who could not be brought in to secure the advantage gained. Patient soldiers of the Army of the Potomac, outgeneraled again!

And Abraham Lincoln, back in Washington, was hoping that this time the North would get all its men in. And President Jefferson Davis in Richmond was getting news over the young electric telegraph from Telegraph Hill, where Lee looked down on an unsurpassed battle panorama.

Lee could see all the press from an army's rear over the bridges and up into the lightnings and smoke where Federal charges were breaking—breaking not only in front of Jackson, but in front of Marye's Heights, and the famous stone wall. It was then that Lee remarked that it was well that war was so terrible or else men would practice it for the sheer splendor of the spectacle.

Review of Reviews Co.




*Map showing how the two opposing generals saw the panorama of battle. (1) Lee's headquarters, from which he looked down the slopes blazing with the fire of his massed guns and infantry; (2) the hill from which Burnside saw his men pile up 12,650 dead and wounded against the Confederates' stone wall (3) and Marye's Heights (4). The Martha Stevens house is shown (5), and "Jeb" Stuart's cavalry (6). At top, a group of officers of the famous Irish Brigade, which lost more than 41 per cent of its strength.*

And from another hill on the other side of the river Burnside was seeing that spectacle too. But with what a difference! He is said to have appeared cool. So may a paralyzed man appear cool!

Franklin had made a half attack where a whole attack might have had chance of success. In front of the stone wall before the town there was no half attack. It was going on at the same time as Franklin's. At least Franklin had had a battle, not a massacre.

In the early morning nothing was to be seen in the streets of the town except a passing officer or the flash of a bayonet around a corner. Well in order, the masses of Federals were waiting behind the houses and the river bank.

Lee knew they were there, although not certain how many. When the issue in front of Jackson was not yet decided, he wanted them out against the stone wall. That would take care of them at little cost so that they might do no harm elsewhere.

He knew that when such soldiers as those hidden in the town get a bath of shell fire, they want action. It is not their mood to be shot at without shooting back. The Confederate guns were turned on the town with the desired effect.

The cross streets became moving blue columns which passed over the stringers over a ditch on the outskirts of the town and formed up under an embankment. They had full faith in victory. It was surely "On to Richmond!" this time, under their new general.

With challenging, confident cries of "Hi, yi!" against all Rebel yells, the first charge to the sacrifice moved into the open fields before the stone wall in well drilled steadiness.

"Arms carried at right shoulder shift," says one description, "colors aslant the shoulders of the color sergeants, sunlight on their bayonets, like a huge serpent of steel." The blue was broken by the red breeches of the Zouaves.

ALREADY the Confederate guns were at work on the charge as well as the emerging columns. Shells were tearing gaps and leaving sprawled figures under the smoke canopies of their bursts. The gaps were closed up. "Hi, yi!" On with the charge! The Yanks would show the Johnnies they had not much respect for enemy shell fire.

But, bullets? Eye to eye, the advancing Federals as they drew nearer saw the Johnnies holding their fire along the crest of that stone wall.

A long ripple of smoke from the wall. With the volley, other long ripples of smoke, other blasts from trenches behind—all into the blue human wave.

Swaths of bullets were dropping the Federals between the gaps that the shells made. Colors plunged, to be picked up from hands that spasmodically yielded them. Swords flashed ahead to drop in sweeps of light as the officers fell.

Another volley crashed as the second line behind the stone wall took its turn at firing; a third as the third took its turn; a fourth when the first had reloaded and was in place again. The muskets in the trenches were firing at will, in the irregularity of each Confederate's effort to put as many slugs as he could into the target.

Not enough men left to close the gaps. The charge broken, shredded and flailed by fire. Survivors overwhelmed by the ghastly impossibility of reaching the wall. A Rebel yell of triumph, shrilly cutting the roar and rattle as the first round is over.

Pickett, who was to lead the great Confed-

erate charge at Gettysburg, was a spectator of this charge, his division in the center of the line being little occupied.

"My God! How our men are falling!" exclaimed Howard, then a Federal division commander, to Couch, his corps commander, when he came in sight of the field as he mounted to the church steeple.

Here was heroic tragedy in progress. Here was the very bloody satire of the military art to any soldier who had ever maneuvered troops in action. Instantly clear was the situation in the visible outline of those blue battalions, naked to all the killing power of those heights studded by the sheets of lightning out of the masses of smoke.

Howard remained for only a glimpse. That was enough. French's division had gone in. Then it would be Hancock's turn; then Howard's; and the church steeple was no place for Howard in view of what his men were to face.

Some of the best infantry in the Army of the Potomac must keep on butting that stone wall. Burnside was committed; he had committed his generals. Any contrary advice, any hesitation, would be condemned as timidity, even as cowardice, by Burnside, as having robbed him of victory.

More blue columns over the bridges, more pouring out of the town, and more waves into the slaughterpen! A second charge, a third, got no farther than the first. A dead line for charges was marked by the bodies of the dead.

When survivors found cover in a railroad cut, the Confederate guns got the angle and made it a trough for crushing, tearing shell fire. The lone stone house was better, the one island of safety in that open field. Wounded who had dragged themselves to it, or been dragged to it, lay one atop another on the floors—"Room for one more!" Wounded behind it, when they died, were rolled to one side to make room for more being wounded or for the unwounded to form up for another charge.

But the Confederates themselves were not shooting at clay pigeons. More than a hundred Federal cannon, now on their side of the river, were burrowing their shells into their earthworks and chipping the crest of the stone wall. Never in history to that time had there been more fire within the same space. Federal sharpshooters had found places; the charges poured out rifle fire as they advanced; survivors in the railroad cut, unconscious, in their battle madness, of anything but striking back, were firing.

Splendid pageantry from the gallery, but a demoniacal struggle in gashed and punctured flesh on that open field splotched with moist red.

General Cobb, commanding the troops behind the stone wall, got his death wound. And Martha Stevens? She would take no orders from any general to retire with the rest of the civil population. She had work to do for Virginia, caring for the wounded in her exposed house near the stone wall, cheering the fighters in the midst of the bullets and scream of shell fragments, while the earth rocked.

Taken from Battles and Leaders of the Civil War by permission of the publishers, The Century Co.

*General Edwin Vose Sumner (third from left) and his staff; and (left) the Lacy house, from which he directed his division against the Confederate intrenchments. At the close of the day, 5,444 of Sumner's men lay dead or dying on the field.*

Review of Reviews Co.

Perfectly confident, the Johnnies—if their ammunition lasted! There was a moment when they feared they might run short. In that case they could do it with the bayonet. They were no more going to yield that stone wall than the Federals were going to give up trying to take it.

"Let the whole Federal Army come, and we'll care for it," said Longstreet.

It looked as if it were coming. An afternoon of charges; of charges begun in brave array with solid lines, closing up the gaps, to be finally riddled.

A FOURTH and fifth charge failed. Each left more bodies on the dead line, about 150 feet from the wall. Dead there were piled up like driftwood at the high tide's edge.

Humphreys made the sixth charge according to a new plan. No advance by rushes; no effort to fire. A run for it to the wall and then cold steel!

That 150 feet beyond the line of dead was not so far to go—not as far as running halfway round the bases. Speed and will—and under the skillful, the masterfully brave Humphreys, calling "Hi, yi!"

The setting sun was on the tips of his men's bayonets and slanting on the river as they formed for the final desperate effort. Darkness was almost covering them as they came to the sprint, stepping over dead bodies, slipping in blood. With all the concentrated fire upon them as the swan song of that day's courage, they found that that distance of an iron shot to the green—that 150 feet—was too much. None could have crossed it alive.

The night after the battle was bitter cold. Exhausted wounded froze to death. Litter men pried loose blood-saturated clothing that froze wounded to the ground. The dead were frozen stiff.

With the weight of the day's failure the distracted Burnside had moments of personal horror over his responsibility; of outbursts against Franklin. Then, in a stubborn frenzy, he declared he would continue the attack the next day.

At the head of all the infantry he had left—the appeal of personal atonement in that!—he would lead another charge against the stone wall. But the weight of the negative of all his generals, who knew what that last 150 feet meant, not to mention the second wall and the trenches beyond, spoke in mass emphasis that stayed his rashness.

For the Federals there remained, before withdrawing across the river, burying their dead as well as caring for their wounded. Tiers of greensward today cover the trenches of the dead.

A part of the stone wall was used to build a memorial to their fruitless valor. Three hundred, who were put in an abandoned ice house, were discovered as skeletons years afterward. In all, 12,650 Federals were killed and wounded.

Jefferson Davis thought that the war was over with Fredericksburg. Gold went to 200 in New York.

But Lee, the old master, realized the courage of the Federals against the stone wall, and that more and more of them would be appearing on his front.

When he considered pursuit after his victory, he knew that he would then have to attack an army that still had superior numbers, and this time he would be the one to cross the river against heights.

And he must have known that Lincoln would yet find a general. Burnside was soon relieved. Franklin and Sumner were discarded. Hancock, Reynolds, and Sedgwick were coming up to corps command.

THE END

GRAPHIC SECTION

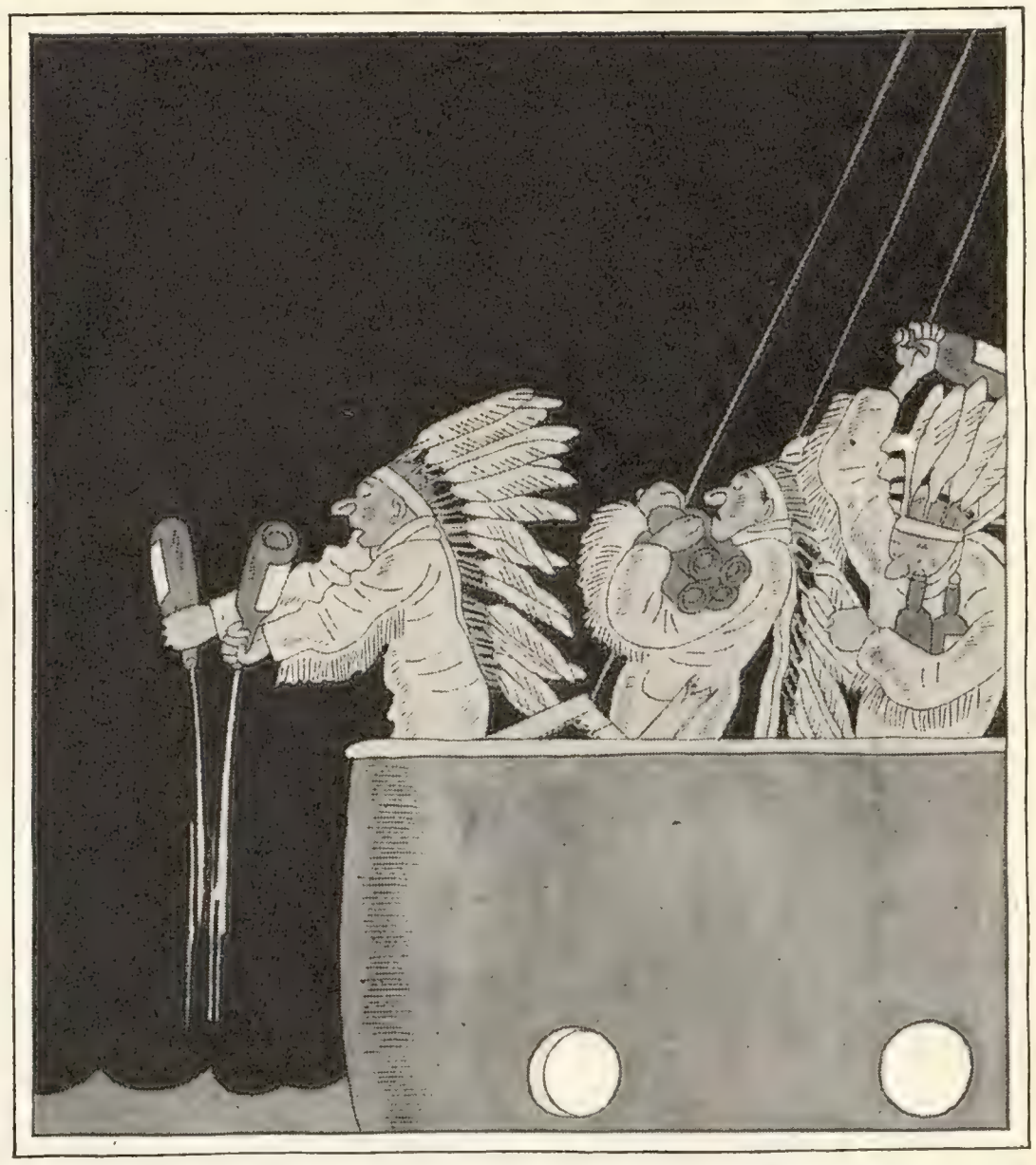
# News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

A POPULAR NEW ACCESSORY exhibited at the Automobile Show. Three-piece outfit for rear-seat driving which gives the Little Woman almost complete control over her husband's movements and attention.

PHOTOGRAPHIC PROOF THAT THE WORKINGMAN has not been entirely spoiled by agents from Moscow. A conscientious street-cleaner frantically searching the wastes of Manhattan in the effort to find a street to clean.

OLDEST MAN ALIVE? Abner K. (" Pop ") Hezzle, of Sag Harbor, 129 years old. Pop attributes his eternal youth to the fact that he has been constantly denouncing women's fashions as absurd for over 110 years.



CHICAGO HOOCH PARTY. First overt act in Chicago's war on King George V takes place when Mayor Thompson's men, disguised as Iroquois, destroy a cargo of Scotch on Lake Michigan as a protest against the foreign invasion of the home stills.

© 1927, Carnation Milk Products Co.

The tall can, diluted, makes an overflowing quart of pure, rich milk

*Heap the bon-bon dishes high,* crowd the Christmas boxes full—but they won't last, these delectable Christmas sweets.

Made with Carnation Milk, they have a fragile delicacy you have never known before. Fudge is creamier, caramels richer, bon-bons more velvety.

Even the best of bottled milk cannot match Carnation for candy-making. It is doubly rich in cream. It is "homogenized"—which gives a smooth fine texture in no other way obtainable.

Use dependable Carnation for all your cooking.

*Carnation Cream Caramels*—2 cups sugar, 2 cups corn syrup, ½ cup butter, 2 cups Carnation Milk, pinch salt, 1 tsp. vanilla. Boil together sugar, syrup, salt and butter to a clear, thick consistency. Add gradually, so as not to stop boiling, Carnation Milk. Cook to 242° F. or firm ball stage, stirring constantly. Add vanilla. Pour into buttered pans. Mark in squares.

*Write for Mary Blake Cook Book*

CARNATION MILK PRODUCTS COMPANY
1238 Carnation Bldg., Oconomowoc, Wis.
1338 Stuart Bldg., Seattle; New York; Aylmer, Ont.

# *A Perfect Gift*

©H. M. Co. 1927

# *What Gift could be more highly Prized?*

From Her to Him—a tribute to *her* good taste—a stroke of fortune for *him.*

He will wear the Belt with pride—for what man could fail to appreciate a handsome Hickok Belt Set?

And how simple to select! Your dealer has the new Belts—striking in their colors and textures—and the Buckles and Beltograms—masterpieces of skilled craftsmanship.

Pick out a set—present it in one of the beautiful Hickok Gift Boxes. No man can have too many Belts—he *should* have one for each suit.

Be sure to look for the name. Like the "Sterling" mark on silver, the stamp "Hickok" is a small thing to look for, but an important thing to find. Priced—$2, $3, $5, $10—and up.

HICKOK MANUFACTURING CO., INC., Rochester, N. Y.
*New York Chicago Los Angeles Toronto*

# HICKOK



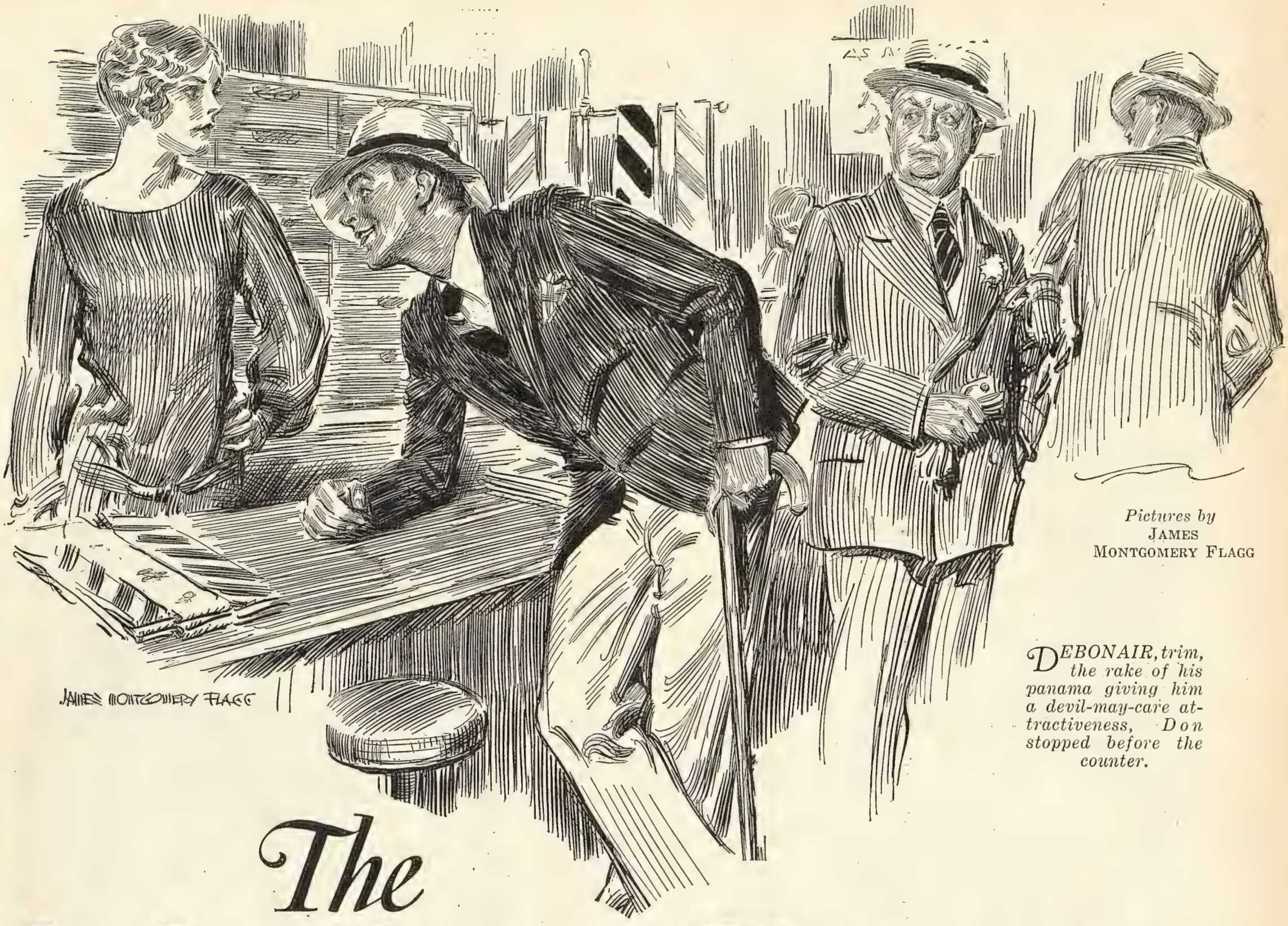

*Illustrated (in the box)—Belt of Hickok calfskin with cowhide lining. Buckle and Beltogram of Sterling Silver. Belt, Buckle and Beltogram complete* $6.00

*Belt of Hickok full grain suede bridle. Buckle and Beltogram of the famous Hickok Plate. Belt, Buckle and Beltogram complete* $3.00

*Hickok pigskin Belt lined with cowhide. Buckle and Beltogram of the famous Hickok Master Plate. Belt, Buckle and Beltogram complete* $5.00

LARGMAN, GRAY COMPANY, Sales Offices: 389 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK. *Mills at Croydon, Pa.*

A DECALCOMANIA PICTURE OF OUR BLUE MOON GIRL FOR YOUR AUTO WINDOW OR RAIN SLICKER WILL BE SENT UPON REQUEST.




*Pictures by*
JAMES
MONTGOMERY FLAGG

*DEBONAIR, trim, the rake of his panama giving him a devil-may-care attractiveness, Don stopped before the counter.*

# The Market PRICE

## *The Short Story of a $100,000 Bid in Hearts*

By

## ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

*(Reading time: 14 minutes 30 seconds.)*

TAKE a rich man and a poor girl. Make the man young and the girl still younger. Make the man good-looking and the girl beautiful. And what have you? The start of a story, did I hear someone say? Right the first time. Quiet in the gallery, please, for here goes.

Donald M. Pendleton was—no, let's start with the girl. Boys, will you please tie each other securely to your chairs, because here comes She-Has-It. Hair—the kind you like to touch. Cheeks—the kind you like to touch. Lips—the kind—well, let's restrain ourselves. Let's, when describing Molly Clerkwell, do so with the decent calm which is becoming in married men.

Red-gold hair, bobbed of course, with curls around the ears. Blue eyes, so dark they seem almost black. Sassy nose and smiling lips. Throat par, and from there down a 100-per-cent stock dividend.

Brains? Clever enough to seem dumb when you're being clever, and when you're being dumb she knows how to be smart without letting you know it.

Character? Nice and a trifle hard. Myself, I like them that way. They're so much softer when they soften.

So you think you'd like to meet her? Well, let's be gents, let's be gents. We won't break in on her as she wakes up in the morning, stretches like a kitten, smiles that dewy morning smile, but we'll wait until she's set for the day, had her breakfast, read the motion-picture and society columns, taken the bus downtown, given the lips and cheeks a little touching up, and is standing behind the necktie counter in Pendleton & Company's department store. And I'd like to see any young chap fail to buy a few cravats if Molly Clerkwell displayed them. Which is perhaps why old man Pendleton, or one of his managers, assigned her to that post.

"Awful fuss you made over that bald-headed old gazebo, Molly," said Minnie Landers, of handkerchiefs, just across the aisle. "These customers ain't paying for smiles and pouts and head-tossings, are they?"

MOLLY smiled amiably. "You don't suppose they're paying for neckties, do you?"

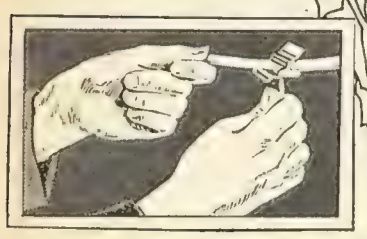
"What else?" demanded Minnie.

"Listen, girlie," said Molly. "Any yap can come in and buy a necktie, and forget where he bought it, see? But if a smile is thrown in, a giggle or two scattered pleasantly around—he'll remember, won't he? I'm not selling ties; I'm selling *me*. Get it? I'll bet that aged John won't think of buying a cravat anywhere but here for a long time to come."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The ROMAN $5.00

SHARPENS ITSELF



VALET

Pictured here is the new Valetite processed blade which makes the famous Valet AutoStrop Razor better than ever before. The secret of its new superiority is in the perforations. Note that they spell "Valet." They permit uniform cooling of the steel, giving greater hardness—hence a keener cutting edge.

# A Distinctive Gift—
## and a daily reminder of the giver

EVERY man takes pride in the shaving qualities of his razor, and most men take pride in its appearance, too.

That is why the Roman model Valet AutoStrop Razor (illustrated above) is so acceptable as a gift. It contains the shaving efficiency and comfort which have won such wide popularity for all Valet AutoStrop Razors, and it has the sturdy sort of beauty which men appreciate.

The razor is perfectly balanced—all parts are precision-made and fitted. The shallow case is unusually convenient in arrangement. It is highly nickel-plated, silk and velvet lined. The razor, strop container and blade box are silver-plated. The price of the Roman, complete as illustrated, including 10 Valet AutoStrop blades, is only $5.00. For sale at all stores which carry shaving supplies.

Valet AutoStrop Razors sell from $1.00 up. Whatever the model or the price, the Valet AutoStrop Razor makes every shave a best shave. It is the only razor that sharpens its own blades—while the blade remains right in the razor. Nothing to take apart for sharpening or cleaning.

Valet AutoStrop Razor is unexcelled as a gift, and is a happy reminder of the giver every day of the years that follow.

GUARANTEE

*We desire that every user of a Valet AutoStrop Razor be constantly enthusiastic. Should anything happen to your razor affecting its perfect service, send it to us for repair or replacement. If your strop is not in good condition, return it for a new one. There is no charge for either service.*

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Inc., 656 First Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Valet AutoStrop Razor


[THE MARKET PRICE
Continued from Page Forty-three]

"Cashing in on the good looks, eh?" There was the hint of a sneer in Minnie's tones.

"You said it, sister," agreed Molly. "And on the shape and the chic and what-have-I?"

"Plenty," said Minnie laconically. She paused a moment, then added, "But what goes for the customer shouldn't go for the boss."

Molly spread her fingers wide and curved them. "Miaow, miaow," she said.

Minnie shook her head. "You know better than that, Molly. Me, I hope you marry millions. Get what I said? I said *marry*. But chasing around with the boss' son ain't getting you anywhere near the altar. All it's doing is getting you talked about."

"And isn't that too simply dreadful?" jeered Molly. "A lot of shipping clerks and floorwalkers put me on the pan because I can't see a walk-up flat and doing my own washing."

"There's worse things than doing your own laundry, Molly," stated the other girl.

Molly nodded. "Sure. Doing your husband's. Say, listen," she went on, her voice acid. "I'll thank you and the rest of the nosey gossips in this store to lay off me. If I want to joy-ride with Don Pendleton, that's my business—and his."

Minnie met her glance a moment, then lowered her eyes. Customers came along, demanding service. Minnie was glad. It was all very well to disapprove of Molly's flirtation with the boss' son, but a

different thing to voice disapproval. Molly Clerkwell was as sweet and amiable as anyone, but get her dander up, and she could say things.

As for Molly, she wanted to scratch somebody. She knew. She *knew*. Donald Pendleton was a—a *corker*. But would he marry a salesgirl in his father's store? Didn't she, in her daily perusal of the society column, frequently run across his name? Didn't she know that the débutantes of this and last season looked favorably upon the good-looking young millionaire?

WITH his looks, his solid social position, and his future fortune, he could look a lot higher than a shopgirl. And he would. She knew him well. Amiable, jolly, attractive, but — determined. A chap that wouldn't be swayed into folly by a pretty face or a lithe figure.

*"Now—get out of here!" she cried.*

Minnie was right, and that was why Minnie's words hurt. The motor rides with Donald would never end at an altar. Then why did she continue seeing him? Their friendship could only end in bitter unhappiness for her, perhaps even in scandal.

"And I don't care," she stubbornly told herself. "He's the only man in the world I could ever love, and even if he doesn't love me—even if he only wants—" But she couldn't finish her sentence, even to herself. She wouldn't admit that Don Pendleton was only amusing himself.

God, if only she had money! She had the looks, the style, and was decently enough educated. She could learn the things that Don Pendleton's wife ought to know, the little niceties of deportment and of manner. She'd make him a good wife. If she had money, had the entrée to that circle to which he belonged—there'd be nothing to it.

Then her mouth hardened. She didn't have money, wasn't a débutante, was a shopgirl, and that was all there was to it. Time to quit dreaming. Yesterday, last night, Donald had suggested a run out to some road house for dinner and a dance this evening. She'd halfway assented; but when he reminded her of the engagement she'd tell him that she wouldn't go. The longer their friendship continued, the harder it would be to break it off. Well, she'd take the easier course. It was ended—now.

And then, debonair, trim, the rake of his panama giving him a devil-may-care attractiveness, Don Pendleton entered the store. God, he was good-looking! She felt something constrict her heart as his eyes met hers.

He stopped before the counter. What did he care that a dozen clerks lifted their eyebrows? That a grave floorwalker hastily turned his back?

"Good morning, Lovely," he greeted her.

Molly's resolution weakened. So darned—clean-looking. That was his attraction; part of it, anyway. Not the sleek, barbered air of a movie hero, but something that lay behind shining teeth and a fresh skin. Clean inside, that was Don, Molly told herself.

She smiled at him; and if something had gripped her heart, something tapped his, making it skip a beat.

"It *is* a lovely morning," she said.

"I meant you," he told her.

"Fresh," she said.

"The morning, me, or you?" he blandly asked.

"You," she told him.

"Feel fresh. Feel like a daisy. Only—it's going to be warm. Along about five I'll want country air, the smell of flowers—"

"Well, you have a place at Southampton. Why not stay there instead of pretending to work?"

"Responsibility, duty—all that sort of thing," he grinned—"and you."

"You're scaring customers away," she said. "I have my responsibility, my duty. To sell more neckties than ever were sold by any other clerk in this store."

"It is a source of great pleasure to Pendleton & Company," he said stiltedly, "that their employees show such devotion to the interests of the concern. I wouldn't interfere for worlds, Miss Clerkwell. But about that ride this afternoon?"

SHE had intended to call it off; had definitely decided not to see him, outside of the store, ever again. So she nodded assent.

"I'll be waiting in my room at five-thirty," she told him.

He smiled tenderly upon her and then continued toward his private office. She looked after him, hating herself for her weakness. Why had she agreed to go with him? No happiness could come of it. Weak, weak—that's what she was!

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

for Xmas Give 3000 Golden Radio Hours

JUST LIKE GIVING A COSTLY BRAND NEW RADIO

ARCHATRONS make obstinate, balky radio receivers deliver as they never have before. Ordinary radio becomes radio of surprising clarity and smoothness. And the life of Archatrons is so *long* that a gift of them remains a remembrance when other tubes are forgotten.

LET THE GIFT BE A SET OF

ARCHATRON

*Completely Degasified*

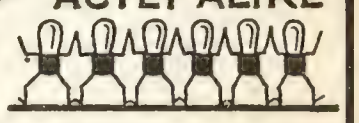
RADIO TUBES

THOUSANDS OF HOURS OF AMAZING RADIO IMPROVEMENT FOR ANY RECEIVER

Complete degasification by the special Archatron process permits free electron flow in every tube. Filament life is lengthened beyond the life of any other tube hitherto produced.

And the best part of it is that Archatrons deliver the same high quality of radio up to the end of their long, long life as when they are brand new.

EACH TUBE OF A TYPE EXACTLY ALIKE



THE TUBE OF THE FAMOUS 3000 HR TEST

A set of stock Archatrons burned for over 3,000 hours, in official test,—equal to nearly ten years' operation at the rate of one hour a day. Think of it!

Each Archatron completely degasified, each alike in electrical characteristics when purchased. No matching necessary. Each *remains* exactly alike thruout life. Result — the most perfect radio a tube can give. The "Secret's in the Arch," exclusive feature of Archatron construction.

LONG, LONG LIFE

MORE STATIONS

DISTANCE

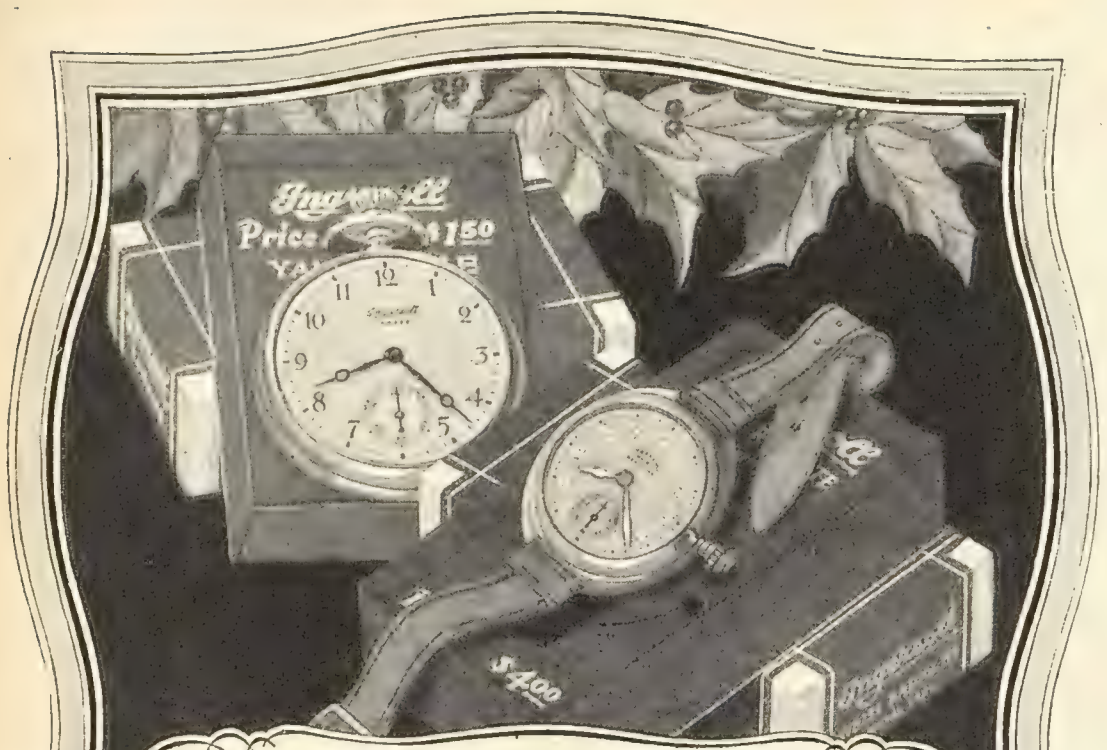
SELECTIVITY

BETTER RADIO

DOUBLE GUARANTEE

Any Archatron positively guaranteed. Money refunded if a set of 3, 4, 5 or 6 do not improve any radio reception. See your nearest Archatron dealer. His name on request.

The Ken-Rad Corporation Inc.
OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY



YANKEE
The new improved model. More closely cased, antique bow and crown. Always dependable and sturdy *Yankee Radiolite $2.25.* $1.50

WRIST RADIOLITE
Everybody needs a wrist watch. Night or day, the time's in sight—at a glance. Unusually dependable . . *Plain Dial Model $3.50.* $4.00

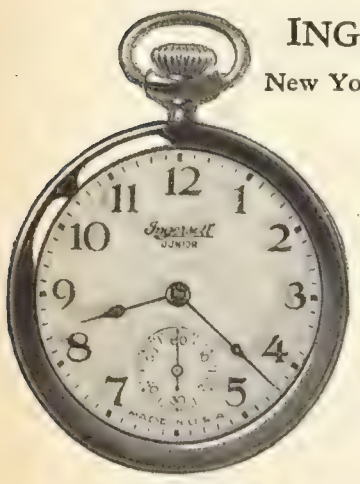
For Christmas an Ingersoll

WHEN you give an Ingersoll Watch you make a gift that is appreciated out of all proportion to its cost.

For there's no gift like a watch, nothing used so much, consulted so often, carried so long. And Ingersoll Watches, made for over 35 years, have a reputation for dependability and enduring service that is world wide and thoroughly deserved.

There's an Ingersoll for every member of the family—at prices ranging from $1.50 to $17.50. If your dealer hasn't just the model you want, write us giving his name.

INGERSOLL WATCH CO., Inc.
New York - Chicago - San Francisco - Montreal
*Prices in Canada slightly higher.*



JUNIOR
12-size. Thin model that slips easily into the pocket. Metal dial. Popular with men and boys . . . *Junior Radiolite $4.00.* $3.25

MIDGET
Small size. Favored by women, girls and younger boys. Nickel case. Metal dial. A popular gift . . . *Midget Radiolite $3.75.* $3.25

WATERBURY
*Engraved Design—Chromium Finish* Jeweled movement. Smart 12-size. The best watch $5 can buy *With Radium Dial $6.00.* $5.00


[THE MARKET PRICE
Continued from Page Forty-five]

Don Pendleton threw his stick in a corner, tossed his hat upon a hook, and sat down before his desk. There were piles of letters to be read, other piles awaiting his signature. But he leaned back in his chair and let his mind contemplate Molly Clerkwell — the sweetest, brightest, nicest, beautifulest girl in all the world.

"Mr. Pendleton has sent twice for you, sir," said his secretary. "Wished you to go to his office the minute you arrived."

Don came out of his reverie. "Eh—surely—right away."

The secretary looked after him adoringly; she was forty, wore glasses, but—she had her dreams, too. The office boy outside his father's office grinned as young Pendleton approached. The secretary to his father smiled a welcome and reluctantly departed as the head of the firm announced that he'd like to be left alone with his son.

"Well, how's the young fellow?" Don greeted his father.

"Fine. How's the old man?" inquired Mr. Pendleton.

They both grinned. This had been a stock greeting for years. Then the elder man's face ironed out.

"Serious matter, Don."

"Shoot," said the son.

"Running around with the employees. Rotten bad taste, old man."

Don's features grew grave. A touch of color appeared on his cheeks.

"Them's rough words, dad."

"It's rough stuff, son."

Don lighted a cigarette. "Well, go on, dad," he finally said.

His father's eyes were kindly. "Not much more to be said, is there, Don?"

Don nodded. "Quite a lot, I think."

HIS father shrugged. "Can't imagine what. Here's a young girl working for us. You take her out to theater, dinner, motoring. I mention it to you. Any need for more to be said?"

"She's a nice girl, father," said Don.

"Exactly. All the more reason why people shouldn't get the impression she isn't nice."

"And my—paying her attention — would make people think — that?" inquired Don.

His father smiled. "Well, they suppose you aren't going to *marry* her, Don. What would they be apt to think?"

"Dirty swine!" growled Don.

"I wouldn't say that," said his father. "If a girl accepts attentions from a man who she knows won't marry her—"

"Maybe she doesn't know I wouldn't?" suggested Don.

His father's brow lifted. "Hope you haven't been a rotter, Don. Haven't given her to understand that—"

"I haven't said anything to her," said Don. "Little flirtatious remarks, maybe; but—suppose I did marry her, dad? What then?"

"I'd think you were a damned fool," said his father.

Don puffed away at his cigarette.

"This store," said his father, "was a one-horse concern when I took it over, thirty years ago. I'm no business genius. I don't fool myself about my ability. But I've been a success. Want to know why? Because I never paid more than the market price for anything. Get me?"

"I'm not sure that I do," replied Don.

"Well, a man that pays above the market will go bankrupt. It doesn't matter what he buys, merchandise or women. Marriage is the price for some. Others are cheaper. Love the girl?" he demanded abruptly.

Don blushed. "I think so."

His father shrugged again. "Well, God knows I'm no snob. But—why marry if you don't have to? Take her out of the shop—I just won't have my son debauching the help—but take her out of here. Set her up in a flat—"

THE crimson left Don's face. He was white as ashes.

"Father—she—she's nice. She—she'd—"

"Have you asked her?" blandly inquired the older man.

"I—my God, dad—she's not that kind of—"

"How do you know? You're an attractive young chap, Don. It can't be just because you're my son that she's interested in you."

"A minute ago you spoke about my rotten bad taste," said Don.

"A fair hit," responded the senior Pendleton. "Only—before you bring a wife to me, I'd like to know if you couldn't bring a mistress. Damnation, son, I'm no lecherous old beast, counseling wickedness. I'm advising common sense. I'm a business man. Don't pay above the market."

"I won't," said Don. "I'm going to ask her to marry me tonight."

His father sneered. "Afraid that if you ask her to be your mistress she'll accept, eh?"

"I know she wouldn't," blazed Don. "But I won't insult—"

"I've planned a lot for you, son," interrupted his father. "Made a few sacrifices and that sort of thing. Don't want to interfere. I'll not disinherit you, or make a fool of myself just because you make a fool of *your*self. But—young men are more romantic than young girls. The poor little girl, the rich young man, the thrill of lifting her up to your side—don't let those matters guide you too far. And, remember—don't pay more than the market price."

Don Pendleton left his father's office. He returned to his own room and tried to concentrate on the work before him. He made a sorry hash of it. Before him flitted a mental picture of Molly, and behind her his father seemed to be grinning satanically.

And his father wasn't a devil. A generous, kindly man, and a corking father. Cynical, yes; but

perhaps his cynicism was justified by his experience of life.

"GOT the blues?" asked Molly, early that evening.

Don pressed on the accelerator and the car went from thirty-five into fifty. "Sort of," he replied.

*Molly spread her fingers wide and curved them. "Miaow, miaow," she said.*

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"What's on your mind?" she asked.

"You," he brusquely said.

Molly colored. Don had been strangely taciturn during the ride out here to Greenwich. Usually he bubbled with gayety, but tonight he was quiet, repressed.

"Do I depress you?" she asked mischievously.

"Father talked to me about you today."

Molly stiffened. "What did he say?"

"Wanted to know if I loved you."

"Do you?" asked Molly.

He didn't look at her. "You know I do. Love me?"

"You know I do." She quoted his own words.

He wanted to stop the car, seize her in his arms, roust out a city clerk, get a license, find a minister. But the devil of doubt was in his heart. The market price, his father had said. Suppose Molly's price were less than marriage?

"Molly, my father isn't keen about my marrying you."

"No?" said Molly faintly.

"No." God, how he hated himself. "Do you suppose—Molly, if we love each other, why do we have to—"

She swerved away from him; he clutched at her; his grip of the wheel relaxed. A telegraph pole loomed up before him, before them, before the car. He heard her cry of fright. . . .

II

"YOU let me handle this, Don," said the senior Pendleton, the next morning.

Don stared at his father. "And how do you intend to handle it, father?" he asked.

"With the good old check book, son," was his father's reply. "Davis, my lawyer, and I are going out to the hospital in Greenwich to see her. Now, I don't know how responsible you are legally for the injury to this poor young woman. But morally there isn't any question about it."

"She—she's badly hurt, father?" asked Don.

Old Pendleton shook his head. "Shaken up—same as you are. A little worse, maybe. She couldn't be moved last night, whereas you could be. Of course, I wanted to dodge newspaper notoriety, and thought the best way to do that was get you home. It might have been better to let you stay there, too, but—feeling all right?"

"As well as a rotten cad can feel, father," Don answered.

"What do you mean, Don?"

Don sneered. "I haven't told you how it happened, dad. Well, I got thinking about—the market price. I told Molly that I loved her. She said she loved me. I told her that you weren't eager for me to marry her. And I asked her why, if we loved each other, we had to marry? At least, I started to ask her that, and she pulled away from me, and I—I guess I was blind with shame—I lost control of the car—"

"Don't get excited. No serious damage done. The girl's all right. A week or so in bed, then she'll be O. K. And she'll have a snug fortune. I'll be generous with her. Trust me?"

Don made no answer. He slipped

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

*. . . Last Christmas He Could Scarcely Raise His Arms!*

He recalled that he had been feeling poorly for some time past, had been "off his feed," was nervous . . . irritable . . . listless. The fabric of his health was being attacked by the accumulated poisons in his system.

Auto-intoxication developed . . . and soon he could not swing a club.

Through a friend he heard of the highly beneficial results of health spring water. He learned that it was unnecessary to visit a health resort—that he could get the same benefits from the REVIGATOR—a perpetual health spring in his own home.

He decided to try—and began to drink his way back to health.

* * *

Every year many thousands of people flock to Arkansas Springs, Vichy and Baden-Baden, to drink the healing waters of these famous spas.

After years of fruitless search by scientists, the secret of the waters was found to be the Natural Niton or radium emanation (radio-activity) that these waters contained.

Based upon this discovery, the REVIGATOR was invented. It is a radio-active water jar that restores to any water its lost Natural Niton, giving it the same high healing power possessed by the waters of the famed health resorts. The REVIGATOR is in effect a perpetual health spring in your own home.

Like health springs, Revigator seems to NORMALIZE. Thus, users are alike enthusiastic in directly opposite conditions like high and low blood pressure, over and under weight; and almost uniformly beneficial results are reported in such systemic disturbances as constipation and indigestion; nervous, stomach, kidney and blood disorders.

Revigator success is easy to explain. We have to drink water anyway. So why not always have handy a proven health water and thus aid nature to make health automatic. Radio-active health spring water is nature's prescription. Why try to improve it? Revigator does not improve nature, but Revigator does duplicate nature—and that is the sole reason Revigator so often brings happy results.

Our booklet, "Restoring Water's Lost Element" tells about the wonderful discovery that has brought health and happiness to thousands. Its message may prove of vital interest to you. Send the coupon for your copy. It is free.

**Radium Ore Revigator Co.**

Revigator Building San Francisco

Mallers Bldg., Chicago, Ill. Park Row Bldg., New York City

Xmas! 1927

*Did you ever stop to think what better water means to the permanent health of your family—and what a sensible Christmas would thus result from the gift of a beautiful new Revigator to them this Christmas?*

RADIUM ORE REVIGATOR CO.
Address envelope to nearest office or consult phone book for your local dealer.

Please send me my copy of your booklet "Restoring Water's Lost Element," No obligation on my part.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Life.

*The* HEMCO THRU-LITE
*becomes part of the fixture. Shade holder screws onto plug. Rigid, safe, neat.*

*Two slotted outlets for appliances —and the lamp is held in its correct vertical position. Saves time. Saves trouble. Saves lamps. Price, 90c.*

# *This New* HEMCO *Plug Triples the Convenience of Any Light Socket*

No longer need your electric appliances take turns—no longer need you jump up and down to change connections. No longer is it necessary to remove a lamp every time you put your appliances to work.

The new Hemco Thru-Lite does a most complete job of making any socket triply convenient. It screws in place to become a permanent part of the fixture—the shade holder from the socket being transferred to the vertical outlet of this new plug. The lamp takes its same correct vertical position under the shade—the fixture scarcely appears to be altered at all.

But above the lamp shade, thanks to the Hemco Thru-Lite, you have *two* easy to reach outlets ever ready to serve.

At its low cost (90c) you can't afford to be without this new Hemco model.

### *Ask to See This* HEMCO *Display*

Nearly every dealer handling electrical goods sells Hemco Plural Plugs. Ask to see the Hemco display on the metal board as illustrated. It makes it easy to choose the Hemco model best suited to each wiring need.

Notice the compact design and superior Hemco construction—molded of everlasting Bakelite with metal parts firmly embedded to insure against blown fuses. You can be sure of a lifetime of satisfaction when you demand the Hemco trade mark.

**To Dealers**
*If you have not obtained this Hemco Display—write today for complete information.*

GEORGE RICHARDS & COMPANY
**557 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.**

HEMCO


[THE MARKET PRICE
Continued from Page Forty-seven]

lower down into the bed and turned his head away. His father tiptoed from the room. Downstairs, Davis, his personal attorney, was awaiting him.

"Ready?" asked the lawyer.

Mr. Pendleton nodded.

"Delays are dangerous in matters like this," said the lawyer. "Some shyster may hear about the accident, see a fine chance to extort money, get hold of the girl, and bleed you. This way, we can settle reasonably—"

"Don't want to be reasonable," interrupted Pendleton. "Want to be generous. What could she collect if she sued?"

Lawyer Davis shrugged. "She might allege breach of promise, might charge assault—anything. Depends on the jury. A good lawyer might get a verdict against Don for a hundred thousand."

"Then we'll offer her a hundred thousand!" exclaimed Pendleton.

Davis, glancing at the grim old countenance, forbore to protest. He was silent all the way out to Greenwich, and, indeed, said nothing when they were ushered into the bedroom where Molly lay.

She was not seriously injured, the nurse and physicians assured Pendleton. A sprained wrist, some bruises, and a shock to the nerves. Beyond that, nothing.

"Well, well, young lady," Pendleton greeted her with bluff heartiness. "That reckless son of mine and you got into trouble, eh? But we're going to fix that up all right."

"Are you?" asked Molly listlessly.

Pendleton sat down on the edge of the bed. "You can just bet I am. My son's reckless driving caused an injury to you. That makes me your debtor, and I pay my debts. Now, if you'll just sign a release of all damage claims, I'm going to write you a check for a hundred thousand dollars. What do you think of that?"

Molly stared at him. Her cheeks were flushed now.

"Where's the paper you want me to sign?" she asked.

Davis whisked it out of a portfolio. He placed it before her, handing her a fountain pen. Molly affixed her signature to the agreement. Two minutes later Pendleton handed her a check for the promised amount. Molly looked at it, fingered it—then deliberately tore it up.

"What's the idea?" cried Pendleton.

"Didn't your son happen to mention that I told him I loved him?" asked Molly. "And now, will you please leave me?"

SILENTLY Pendleton and the lawyer motored back to town. Don was lying in bed when his father entered his room.

"Saw Miss Clerkwell," said the old man.

"Yes?" said Don.

"She signed the release, and I wrote her a check for a hundred thousand."

Don groaned. His father pursed his lips.

"She tore the check up," went on old Pendleton. "She asked me if you had happened to mention that she had told you she loved you."

Don sat bolt upright in bed. "But, father, now—after what I said to her—"

"I don't know what you said to her; I don't want to know," thundered his father. "I want to know whether or not you're a cad or a gentleman."

Beneath a bandage on his forehead the features of Don Pendleton wrinkled in a grin.

"What do you think?" he asked.

"It doesn't matter a damn what I think," retorted his father. "There's only one person whose opinion matters."

"That's just how I feel," said Don.

Two hours later a pale young man with a bandaged head was admitted to Molly's room at the hospital. The girl looked at him.

"Hate to bother you," said Don. "Beastly of me, but—father's lawyer says that, in view of your destroying the check he gave you, your release isn't binding. He wants you to sign another."

THE girl's eyes blazed. She snatched the paper which he held out to her from his hands, scrawled her name on it, and fell back on the pillow.

"Now—get out of here!" she cried. "But, before you go, let me tell you something. What you asked me—before—before we got hurt. I—I loved you so—oh, you'll never know how I loved you. I—I'd have done what you wanted—been what you wanted. That's how I loved you. And now—you cad—"

"My father," said Don coolly, "told me never to pay more than the market price. That's how he made his success. But it's a mistake, I think, to pay too little. It leaves—bad feeling. I— Dr. Wilson, will you come in, please? And I think we'll need the nurse, too. We must have at least one witness to our marriage, I believe."

He turned to the clerical gentleman who had smilingly entered. He handed him the paper which Molly had just signed.

"You'll find everything in order, I think. Miss Clerkwell has just signed her application for the marriage license. The city clerk said that, in view of the fact that she is confined to her bed, she needn't make personal appearance; and I have the ring. What did you say, Molly?"

* * *

What did we agree on at the outset? That, given a good-looking boy and a beautiful girl, we had the start of a story, eh? But you're a trifle disappointed because the girl might have been—er—weak, and the boy was a bit of a—cad?

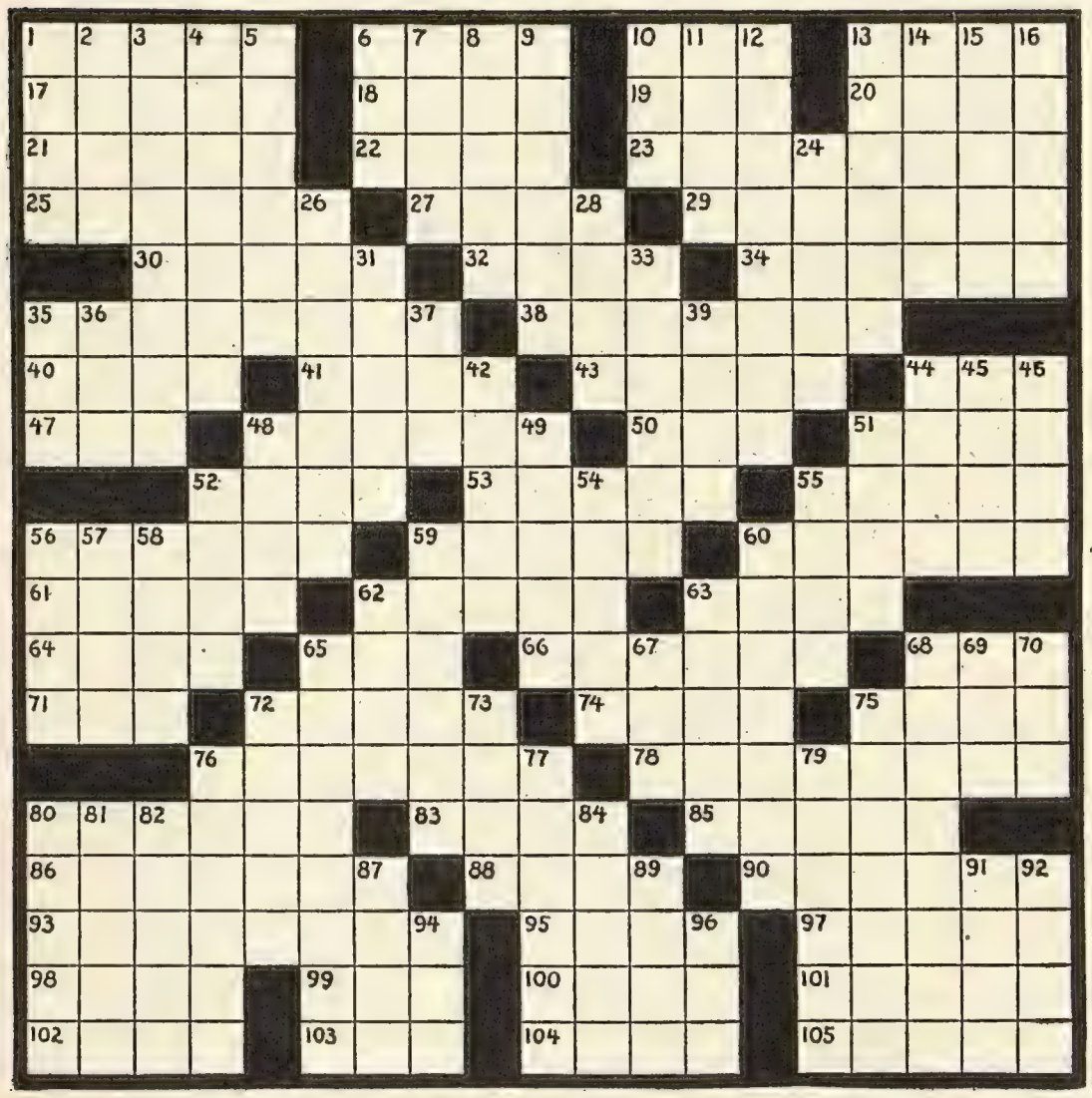
Listen—there can't be a story about perfect people.

Did you ever stop to think that folks who don't believe in heaven are afraid of hell?

THE END

# OUR PUZZLES

THE offer of a weekly prize for original cross-word puzzles expires with the present issue. Your response to our request for contributions has made this feature of LIBERTY a most interesting one for more than a year and we tender our sincere thanks for your generous co-operation. Cross-word puzzles will be continued but they will be of the home-grown variety—the work of LIBERTY'S family circle—and we ask you to bear in mind that there will be no awards for solutions.



## Prize Puzzle No. 67

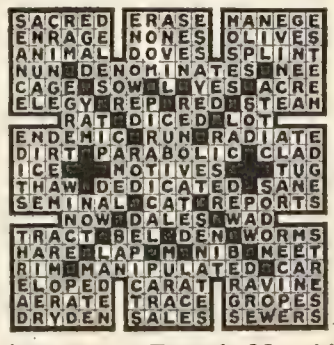
By MRS. BERTHA T. LOVELL, Fargo, North Dakota

### HORIZONTAL

1 Goddess of ancient Ephesus
6 Fish
10 Domestic animal
13 Fragrant ointment
17 City in France
18 Assert
19 Measure of area
20 Oleomargarin
21 Narratives
22 Venetian magistrate
23 Pertaining to memory
25 Positive terminals of an electric source
27 Cause to float
29 Allay
30 Threads of metal
32 Smaller
34 Harasses
35 Restraining
38 Dried fruit
40 Suspend
41 Spoke
43 Controls
44 Existed
47 Urge
48 Greater
50 Forcibly to restrain from speech
51 Neck hair of a quadruped
52 Revolving vanes
53 Object of worship among savages
55 City in Idaho
56 North American red cedars
59 Governs
60 Genus of climbing palm
61 Afflictions
62 Transportation charges
63 A Scandinavian
64 Abound
65 Priestly vestment
66 Shore
68 Masculine proper name
71 Equine quadruped
72 Comparatively thick slices
74 Ballad
75 Ancient country east of Babylonia
76 Placing
78 Infinite duration of time
80 Wood louse
83 Float aloft
85 Obliterate
86 Astrakhan
88 Concoct
90 Transgressed
93 Antipathy
95 Weed
97 Early Persian poet
98 Probe
99 French coin
100 Paradise
101 Measure of work
102 Periods
103 High explosive
104 Iron support for a millstone
105 Appears

### VERTICAL

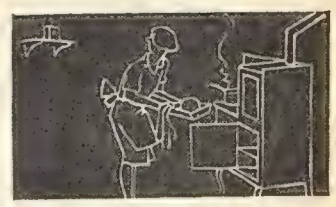
1 Facts
2 Persia
3 Permitting
4 Requiring
5 Declare
6 Low-bred person
7 State openly
8 Kingly
9 Choose
10 Rotating piece in machinery
11 District
12 Alluring
13 The north wind
14 Assumed name
15 Rent
16 Burrowing animals
24 Discloses to view
26 Possessions
28 Sovereign
31 Protuberances
33 Protracted assaults
35 Pronoun
36 Label
37 Light vehicle
39 Kingdom in Asia
42 Award for merit at Harvard University
44 Stay
45 Handle-like part of a heavenly body
46 Observed
48 Forbids
49 Assumed parts
51 Small particle
52 Thin skin
54 Tries
55 Company
56 Bristle
57 Salutations
58 Contends
59 Jewish teachers
60 Forest supervisors
62 Level
63 Italian poet
65 One devoted to others' interests
67 Deer
68 Status of a foreigner
69 Perched
70 Feminine proper name
72 Searches
73 Mean admirer of position or wealth
75 Trap
76 Initiates
77 Bendlet (heraldry)
79 Elevates
80 A fish
81 Bather
82 Place of contest
84 Prepared
87 Diving bird
89 Small bird
91 Brother of Jacob
92 Clamors
94 Hard-shelled fruit
96 Terminus



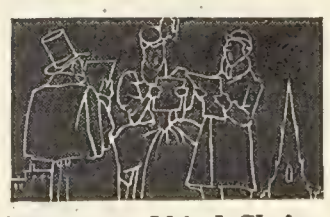

Answer to Puzzle No. 66


# Smart . . . accurate . . . inexpensive . . . *a fine Christmas gift!*

Ansonia Squareclox, the new alarms! What a happy thought for a Christmas gift! Father . . . mother . . . the whole family will trust its honest minute-hand—and its alarm, too! It is ready for any time-telling job in the house . . . all day . . . every day. Its distinctive beauty will lend a gracious touch of charm to any setting . . . in the bedroom . . . living room . . . kitchen. You would never know it was an alarm clock, for the bell is neatly hidden in the sturdy, handsome, brass case. There are three of them—Square Boss, Square Owl, Square Rascal. Each is a different size, described below. Where did so little ever buy so fine a clock . . . and so fine a Christmas gift! . . . At jewelers', druggists', hardware and department stores. Your choice, $3.50



Put Squareclox on kitchen duty, too!



This is our fiftieth Christmas! Ansonia has been making fine clocks for just 50 years.

# ANSONIA

FINE ALARMS **SQUARECLOX** FINE ALARMS

SQUARE BOSS . . . the big fellow. Over 5 inches high, fine brass case, silverplated brass dial.

SQUARE OWL . . . About 4 inches high, fine brass case, black dial, *luminous* hands and figures.

SQUARE RASCAL . . . the small one, under 3 inches high, fine brass case, silverplated brass dial.

(X the one you want) For your convenience

Square Boss ☐ ANSONIA CLOCK COMPANY, 12 East 41st St., New York City

Square Owl ☐ Check for $3.50 enclosed herewith for Squareclox indicated.

Square Rascal ☐ Name .....

Address .....

# Twenty Questions

## HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW

"IT is not every question that deserves an answer." So said Publius Syrus nearly 2,000 years ago.

Doubtless the distinguished Roman orator was right, but here are twenty that *are* worthy of the answers that you will find in next week's LIBERTY, along with a new quiz with which to test the extent of your general information.

1—What six States do not have capital punishment?

2—What percentage of people in the United States work in factories?

3—Why was the first month of the year named January?

4—How did side whiskers get the name of sideburns?

5—Did Woodrow Wilson sign the Volstead Act?

6—From what is ermine named?

7—How long does it take light to reach the earth from the nearest star?

8—How far can the homing pigeon fly in a day?

9—How many keys on an ordinary piano?

10—How is Facist pronounced?

11—Who made the first waterproof cloth?

12—What is the origin of the expression, "Not worth a tinker's dam"?

13—How did artesian wells get their name?

14—How many people died in the sinking of the Lusitania?

15—Why are there thirty-six columns outside the Lincoln Memorial at Washington, D. C.?

16—Who have held the full and permanent rank of General in the United States army?

17—How did the porterhouse steak get its name?

18—At what age did Charlie Chaplin begin to act?

19—What is gutta-percha?

20—What is the origin of the word "bayonet"?

See Answers in Next Week's Issue

### *Here are last week's questions answered:*

1—What were the real names of the American authors known as Mark Twain and O. Henry?

A.—Samuel Langhorne Clemens and William Sydney Porter.

2—What is the largest frog in the world?

A.—The goliath frog of East Africa, which reaches ten inches in length.

3—How many men were the German army and navy allowed under the Treaty of Versailles?

A.—The German peacetime army may not exceed 100,000 officers and men, and the navy is restricted to 15,000.

4—What is the difference between graham flour and whole-wheat flour?

A.—Graham flour is made from the entire wheat kernel; whole-wheat flour from the kernel with the outer layer of bran removed.

5—Who is the only British nobleman of American ancestry?

A.—William Waldorf, Viscount Astor, a direct descendant of John Jacob Astor.

6—How deep are the deepest points in the Great Lakes?

A.—Soundings give Superior's greatest depth as 1,180 feet; Michigan, 870; Huron, 750; Erie, 210; Ontario, 738.

7—Who said, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever"?

A.—John Keats, in Endymion.

8—Which is the smallest planet?

A.—Mercury.

9—What is the origin of the use of mistletoe at Christmas?

A.—It originated with the Druids, who used it as a symbol of welcome for their gods.

10—Why are some drinking glasses called tumblers?

A.—Originally they were made with round bottoms, the custom being that they must not be set down until drained.

11—Does the boiling of water remove impurities from it?

A.—Very few of the chemical impurities are removed by boiling, but it kills germs.

12—What current United States postage stamp bears the picture of an animal?

A.—The thirty-cent olive-brown stamp, picturing a bison.

13—When is a leap year skipped?

A.—At the close of a century, when the year is not divisible by 400. Thus, 2000 will be a leap year, but 1900, although divisible by 4, was not. This is necessary to keep the calendar straight.

14—Write 1927 in Roman numerals.

A.—MCMXXVII.

15—What is the most common town name in the United States?

A.—Franklin. Thirty different States have a town of this name.

16—Estimate the average daily distance covered by a house fly.

A.—Experiments show five to six miles.

17—What American League player was voted the most valuable to his team for the 1927 season?

A.—Lou Gehrig, of the New York Yankees, who received fifty-six out of a possible sixty-four points.

18—Does an ear of corn have an odd or an even number of rows of kernels?

A.—Usually an even number. One that has an odd number is considered a freak.

19—Which bird has the largest wing spread?

A.—The albatross.

20—What causes the rings in the trunk of a tree, by which its age is known?

A.—The difference in constitution of the wood in spring and in autumn.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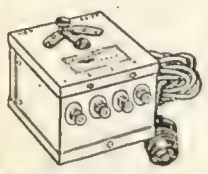

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*Richthofen's burial at Bertangles, France. British fliers are shown lowering the body into the grave.*

# My Fight with RICHTHOFEN

## *Who Killed the Red Knight? The Story of the Amazing Controversy that Followed His Fall*

*By* A. ROY BROWN

*(Reading time: 15 minutes 40 seconds.)*

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Captain Brown did not know that his victim in the historic dog fight on Sunday morning, April 21, 1918, was Richthofen. In his official report he referred only to the destruction of a "pure red triplane." A few hours later, when the German ace had been identified, Australian machine-gunners claimed to have killed him from the ground. A third claim was entered by the occupants of two Australian two-seaters, whom Brown's greatly outnumbered flight had saved from death in the midst of twenty-two German planes.]

### IV. What Price Glory?

"Who killed Cock Robin?"
"I," said the sparrow,
"With my bow and arrow.
I killed Cock Robin."

THE question was: Who had killed Richthofen?

I was absolutely sure that I had shot him down. Two pilots of my flight—Lieutenants May and Mellersh—had seen him crash. Such evidence would have been enough after any ordinary combat. One witness usually sufficed to cause acknowledgment in orders for an enemy downed. But apparently Richthofen was a bird of another color.

It looked as if credit for his death was not going to be won without a second battle.

I felt suddenly sick of the whole business. What, in a way, did it matter whose hand had done the trick? The main thing was that his career of killing was at an end.

In my mind's eye I could see the tracers strike his elevators, tear along the fuselage, pour into the cockpit. I could see him crumple. And yet Australian machine-gunners were emphatic in their contention that they had brought him low by bullets from the trenches.

Indeed, the Australian command had lost no time in recommending that two infantrymen be awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal for their allegedly successful effort in potting him. They meant to grab glory while the grabbing was good.

Then there was the claim of the R. E. 8s—artillery observation planes, barge-like two-seaters, whom we had saved from extinction by hurling ourselves at the circus—that they had finished him.

Why, Richthofen had been in the habit of picking off such blighters as an appetizer before breakfast! Their claim was an audacity. They must have been back at their base—thanking God that they were still alive—about the time he died.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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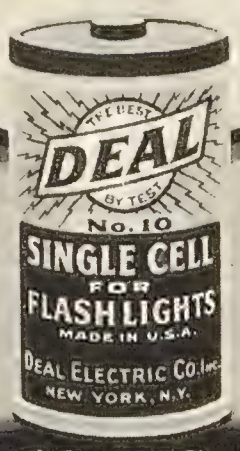


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[MY FIGHT WITH RICHTHOFEN]
Continued from Page Fifty-one

These matters were running through my head as I changed into decent togs. Then I climbed into the car which the Wing Commander had waiting, picked him up, and started for the headquarters of the Eleventh Australian Infantry Brigade. We drove in silence. Cairns was never very loquacious and I did not want to talk.

We found the Brigadier's tent at last, well camouflaged, on a hill in a wood. It was somewhere west of Corbie, I think.

It was Cairns who talked to the Brigadier. We all stood. I was not introduced. Cairns merely said that he was interested in finding out exactly what had happened in the case of Richthofen.

"I shall send," said the Brigade Commander, "for the Major who was in command of that section of the line."

That Australian Major had his story pat. They had been watching the scrap, he said. They had witnessed the triplanes' attack on the R. E. 8s. Then they had seen the Camels jump on the tripes and engage them heavily. After a terrific mix-up, a red-nosed Camel had broken loose from the fight and had been immediately dived on by an all-red triplane. The pair of them, one chasing the other, had come closer, closer, closer; so close and so low at last that he had ordered his machine-gunners to open fire on the enemy flier.

They had, he said, barely got their guns concentrated when they brought him down.

"WERE there any other red-nosed Camels about?" asked Cairns.

"No," said the Major. "There was just the one that was being chased. He flew right on." And he did not bat an eye.

I spoke only once.

"And what," I asked, "did the red-nosed Camel behind the all-red tripe do?"

The Major hesitated, flushed, stuttered.

"He—he—b-but there was no red-nosed Camel behind!"

I knew then that he lied. For, whether I had or had not shot

*With rifles reversed, the Australian guard of honor in the foreground led the Red Knight's funeral procession. A truck bearing the body followed. (Upper left) Richthofen in fighting togs.*

down Richthofen, he could not have missed seeing me, since he saw so much; for I was right on Richthofen's tail when he crashed.

But I made no comment. I was only a ruddy captain. The others were all field officers.

Cairns asked the whereabouts of the body, and was told that it had been turned over to the Royal Air Force. We learned later that this was done only after a verbal dog fight. The Aussies had not wanted to part with it.

The Australian officers did not offer to send a guide with us; merely directed us coldly. They were unsociable indeed.

On the way, Cairns said, "What did you think of their statement?"

"That Major's a bloody liar!"

I pointed out that he could not have missed seeing my Camel on the tail of the tripe.

"But," I said, "after we inspect the body, I suggest we look at the machine. I won't say anything more now. There's a slim chance that he was shot down from the ground. But I'll know for sure when I've seen the machine."

We found the body of Richthofen. He was stretched on the ground near some medical huts. A little cluster of men stood looking at him.

IT was with a queer mixture of curiosity and hesitancy that I drew near. Every enemy I had shot down previously had fallen on the Hun side of the lines. This was the first man killed by my guns whom I had had a chance to view dead.

I would have given a great deal not to have had to look at him. There was little thrill in this still postscript to a full-out fight in the air.

One did not think of death—like this—up there. Up there was life, speed, joy. But this—this silent thing! It struck me that it might have been myself. I shivered.

Richthofen was still wearing one of our Sidcot suits, the regulation one-piece overall suit of the British flying service, no doubt taken from one of his many victims.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]


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[MY FIGHT WITH RICHTHOFEN]
Continued from Page Fifty-three

He had also been wearing a pair of our long sheepskin flying boots. These had been pulled off and were lying carelessly alongside.

There is reason to believe that these boots had belonged to a friend of mine, Jerry Nash, who claimed that he had been shot down by Richthofen, although his name is not listed in the latter's published record.

Nash at that time was a prisoner in Germany. He has always maintained that at the Hun squadron's headquarters, where he was wined and dined, Richthofen took his wool-lined boots before he was turned over as a prisoner.

RICHTHOFEN, close up, dead, gave me a shock. Heseemed such a small chap. He looked like such a decent chap.

His small feet seemed neat as a woman's in their tanned top-boots. Uhlan boots, perhaps. Smart, polished, shining, there was an elegance about them that was incongruous as they stuck out from the legs of the coarse flying suit.

His helmet had been removed. Blond hair, fine and soft like a boy's, fell away from a broad, high brow. His face, peculiarly peaceful, had a look almost of gentleness. A look of refinement. I don't know what I expected, exactly. But that gave me a shock.

It had character and force as well. That struck me most of all.

"There's a type of man," I thought, "I'd like to have known—a damn' nice fellow!"

All of a sudden I felt depressed—wretched—as if I had done something mean.

There was not the slightest thrill in this—no feeling that here lay Richthofen, greatest of them all. A kind of shame, a kind of hurt rage, flooded me at having made him lie so quiet and still, so lifeless—this man who a few hours before had had so much life.

In my heart I cursed the thing that made necessary the killing of such a man. I ground my teeth. I cursed war.

If it had been possible by any act of mine, I would gladly have brought him back to life. But that was a different thing from pressing a machine-gun trigger.

I could not look any longer at his face.

My eyes went to his hands. Those hands seemed to speak to me as they lay by his side. They seemed alive. I can see them now: long, white, delicate as a musician's against the coarse khaki of the flying suit.

And the nails!

Even now, after these years—nine years, nearly ten—I see those nails of his as clearly as when I first looked at them. They were well kept, well shaped, beautiful, manicured, but not effeminately manicured. They were the nails of a man, but not the nails of a man who messed with engines. They were the nails of an exquisite.

Poor Richthofen. His eyes were closed as if he were asleep. I never saw them. There was only that flash of them I got through his goggles as he turned to see where my bullets came from before they hit him.

*While Germany's greatest air hero lay in state in a Berlin church, two wartime comrades—a uhlan and a flier—stood guard beside the bier. The wooden cross at the foot of the casket marked the grave in France until the exhumation.*

I turned away. There was little of the victor about me then. I wanted a drink in the worst way. With my head down, I stood while Cairns completed his inspection. I could not have felt more sorry if this had been the dead body of my best friend.

I don't think I would have felt as badly, for I would not have had the misery of knowing that I had done him in.

Not a word had passed between Cairns and myself. It was I who spoke first.

"Come on," I said. "Let's get out. We'll go and see the machine."

We started away.

"What impression," he said, "did you get—seeing the body?"

I spoke bitterly: "He looked like a damned good scout. I don't want to talk about it."

WE walked toward the place where the red triplane lay. It was possibly a mile and a half away. A road ran part of the distance. Shells fell casually. They did not bother us much. We kept our ears open and once or twice ducked.

Then we entered the reserve trenches. And shortly we saw the machine. It lay on high ground, between the trenches, in what was once a cultivated field.

Sticking to the trenches, we got as close to it as we could, but it was still possibly 100 yards away.

An Australian Tommy came running up. If I remember correctly, he was a sergeant.

"You can't go any further," he said, "without gas respirators or steel helmets."

"We've come to see the machine," said Cairns.

"I'm sorry, sir," the Aussie barred the way, "but it's against orders."

"Like hell!" I said. "Will you come?" I asked Cairns.

"No," he answered. "I'll wait here."

In a flash I was over the edge of the trench and running, head down, to the plane. A moment's inspection showed me what I wanted to find.

Starting at the elevator, bullets had ripped their way along the fuselage: bullets fired from above and behind. They had traveled right along to the cockpit. There were holes in the cockpit. Blood spattered the seat. There was a hole in it.

This seat, by the way, is now in the Military Institute on University Avenue, Toronto.

I KNEW then, absolutely—no matter who got or grabbed the final credit for Richthofen—that my guns had brought him down.

I turned to dash back to the trenches. Then I thought of a souvenir. There was little left that one might take away. Even the sides of the fuselage had been hacked to pieces and the black German crosses cut out and carried off, as well as those on the wings. All except one. And it had a square missing from its heart. But it was all I could take.

Whipping out my knife, I cut out the remainder of the cross—I have it still—and ducked back to Cairns.

"Well," he said, "what did you find?"

"The pilot of that plane was shot down from above and behind, not by the infantry and not by any R. E. There's only one way he could have been killed by infantry fire, and that is if he had been flying upside down for a considerable distance. We know he wasn't."

"Good. What should we do now?"

"Personally, I don't give a damn. I'm satisfied. But if it's of sufficient official importance to decide definitely who did get him, I suggest a post-mortem. The bullet holes will settle it beyond doubt."

"I'll see that it is done," said Cairns.

That night in the mess we had a binge that was the mother and father of all binges—a wild, enthusiastic drunk. The squadron was full out to celebrate. They were tickled with the day's deeds. That was glory—to have smashed the circus like that.

Visitors dropped in to help, pilots from other squadrons. Limitless liquor was the order of the night. I cannot remember many of the details.

But I do remember four of my squadron gathering in a corner with their heads together. Some of them had been swilling full tumblers of *crême de menthe*—ugh!

At last they came toward me, whooping:

"Brownie! Brownie! Oh, Brownie! We've a hell of a great stunt."

They lined up in front of me, wabbling; and one said, as serious as an owl:

"Listen, Brownie. Here are four of us. We'll follow you to hell. You lead us and the five of us will make a flight. The five of us. And we'll fly to Berlin and we'll shoot down the Kaiser."

"Yes, Brownie, come on," chimed in the others. They grabbed me and tried to drag me to the door. "We'll kill the Kaiser and end the war. We can do it, Brownie. You lead us and we'll go."

I had quite a time persuading the silly beggars to call the plan off. They would have started right then. Which shows the kind of night it was.

WHEN I awakened next morning I felt like the dregs of a can of salmon. Coming on top of the stomach strike and nerve riot with which I had carried on for weeks, events of the previous day had just about sapped my last ounce of reserve. The mad debauch at the end of it had finished the job.

I lay in bed, trembling, my eyes smarting, my head throbbing; without pep enough to call for the orderly to bring me a glass of brandy.

A hero! I felt like a gutted fish.

Then I began to think. I was able to think.

"So you shot down Richthofen! Greatest of them all!"

I—a crock! It seemed incongruous.

Here I was, just an average pilot, without any special record, and by a piece of luck I would as likely as not be credited with bumping off the most notorious flier in the German service. Maybe get a medal for it. That is, if the Australians did not—

A knock. The orderly entered and announced that a member of the Australian flying corps whom we will call Lieutenant Blank wished to see me.

"What's he want to see me for?"

"He was in one of the R. E. 8s attacked by the circus yesterday, sir."

Naturally, I thought he was going to thank me for the part the flight had played in saving his skin. And I was in no mood to receive gratitude. It was on the tip of my tongue to send him away, but I did not want to be discourteous.

"All right, Jones; show him in," I said.

He entered, a slight young fellow in khaki, and came up to the side of the bed. He did not offer to shake hands. I soon knew why.

"Captain Brown?"

"Yes."

"I'm Blank of the Australian R. E. 8s. I was in one of the planes attacked by the circus yesterday."

He paused. I lay looking up at him. And he went on:

"I—I fired on the red triplane."

"Yes."

"Here's what I'm getting at, Captain Brown." The words came with a rush. "I fired on the all-red tripe, and I—I'd like to get credit for bringing him down. You have the only report on which credit will be given for it. But you've shot down lots of Huns. I've never shot down any yet. If you withdraw your report, I'll get credit for it. Will you do that, Captain Brown?"

Not a word of thanks because we had saved his life. Instead, he had the nerve to think that he could get me to wash out my claim so that he might win the glory of having bagged Richthofen!

For a moment I could not speak. At first I scarcely realized the full measure of his meanness. Then rage took hold of me.

He came to ask me to renounce an act of distinction because he—he had never shot down a Hun! Why, he must have been miles away when the red tripe fell!

I WANTED to get my hands on him. It wasn't enough that the Australian infantry was trying to grab the credit, but now this Australian flier wanted to hog it. I tried to struggle up in bed.

He must have seen the wild look in my eye; for he backed toward the door, his face white.

"You young hound!"

I checked myself. I realized I was in no shape to trounce him. With an effort at control, I called:

"Orderly!"

"Yes, sir."

"Escort this officer off the airdrome."

The orderly saluted and turned. He stepped to one side while the Australian officer slipped through the door like a kicked dog.

When he was gone, I lay for a while trying to ease the quivering which shook me like an ague. This was the last straw of all. I seemed to have gone to pieces. It was all I could do to keep from weeping. With weakness. With anger. With chagrin. Then the orderly brought me an egg shake with a heavy shot of brandy in it. That braced me somewhat.

Later I was able to get up. Still in my pajamas, I went over to the

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

*Field Marshal von Hindenburg and the ace's mother, Frau von Richthofen (indicated by arrows), marching in the Red Knight's great state funeral in Berlin, November, 1925. His surviving brother Bolko, with bared head, is at the mother's right.*


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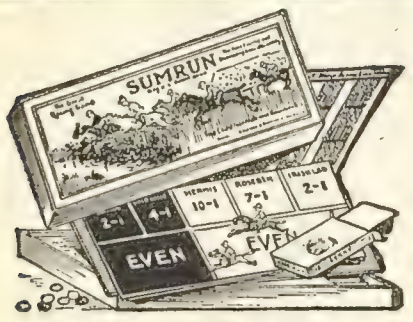


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[MY FIGHT WITH RICHTHOFEN]
Continued from Page Fifty-five

mess. I told the fliers about the Australian's request.

The place went wild. The pilots jumped up, swore in several dialects, wanted to go *en masse* to the Australian squadron and smash them up. And tar Blank. Teach them that they couldn't insult the Royal Air Force with impunity.

They would have gone with very little urging. They were bucked about the Richthofen affair—honor for the squadron and all that sort of thing.

But the Richthofen aftermath generally was unpleasant enough without making it an open scandal that would stink throughout the army. Personally, I was sick of the whole business. Certainly, now that I had cooled, I had no wish for further fuss.

"Listen, you chaps," I said. "We know he's a ruddy cad. Let it go at that."

And so it was agreed.

I tried to scoff some porridge, couldn't, and quit. My stomach was through.

WHILE I was sitting there, word came from Cairns that the post-mortem had shown positively that Richthofen had been killed by a bullet in the heart which had come from behind. Thus my claim was proved beyond doubt.

It gave me little kick. I did not seem to care. The series of incidents since his death had stripped the last shred of glory from the dog fight in which he died.

A little later a wire came from Royal Air Force headquarters, signed by General Salmond:

> Very best congratulations to No. 209 Squadron and Captain Brown on bringing down the redoubtable Von Richthofen.

Other congratulatory messages arrived. They failed to bring me any particular cheer.

The Richthofen affair did not excuse me from getting on with the war. That afternoon I went up alone on a ground-strafing job. I forced myself into the bus, crossed the lines, and flailed the trenches with my guns.

I had a return of the old thrill as I dived into the enemy. The air was the only place. It was cleaner than the ground.

When I returned, I flopped wearily into bed.

Next day I led the flight out on patrol. I was determined not to give up until I was ordered out. We bumped into some Huns. I dived on one, but my machine guns jammed. I pulled out of the scrap and came home.

That was my last fighting flight. For the next two days I could not get out of bed.

Then Butler, the Squadron Commander, and Cairns, the Wing, came to visit me. The former had a message from Brigadier General Charlton. He wanted me to go to Nice on leave with some friends of his. He thought it would do me good—lift me back into shape.

I was a fool not to have jumped at his kindness. But I was sick of France. I wanted to see England. I asked Butler to thank General Charlton, but to tell him that I would rather he shipped me right across the Channel.

Then Cairns spoke. He said he had been delegated to explain why there had not been and would not be any official recognition for the shooting down of Richthofen. And, by the way, I was given neither decoration nor award, although two Australian Tommies were credited with receiving Distinguished Conduct medals for their unsuccessful shooting from the trenches.

*Manfred von Richthofen's grave in Mercy Cemetery, Berlin, as it appears today.*

But I have no complaint. It is good to be still living, when so many men you flew with—and against—have been such a long time dead; great to be able to look back at all that madness from the security of nine years after, the sanity of returned health, and the sanctuary of a growing family.

Cairns went on to say that the Australians had demanded the decorations aforesaid, and that if they had not been awarded there might have been a lot of friction.

There had been friction, as it was. Indeed, he continued, it had got to a point where, if he could use the term, it had become a kind of international complication within the British Empire.

The British authorities, bowing before the ruckus raised by the Australian command, had thought it wise to make no recognition of my part in it, lest they — the Australians — be offended.

Old Cairns was quite apologetic about it.

It was apparently a question of army and imperial politics, the point of which I, in my dull way, could not quite grasp. But I was just a simple flight commander, merely a Canuck pilot in the Royal Air Force, without anyone particularly interested in pushing my claims. We Canadian fliers had no identification with the Canadian Expeditionary Force, else there might have been a proper rumpus: Canada *versus* Australia.

SO I said quietly to Cairns: "Oh, well, sir, it does not matter. Richthofen's shot down. That's the main thing—not who gets the credit. After all, we're all here to win the war, not to win decorations."

The affair petered out at that.

I was sent to a hospital in England. Two weeks there made me well enough to go on a month's leave of absence with Stearne Edwards, a fine pilot with a fine fighting record, who was destined to die in a crash the day after the Armistice.

We painted London red. The downing of Richthofen may not have won me any medals, but it certainly gained me many a drink. Everyone insisted that I clink glasses with him.

A queer kind of sequel to a full-out fight in the air! Very demoralizing—what?

I finished my leave without drinking myself into an early grave.

I was flying in England preparatory to going back to the front, when I crashed and, literally, broke my neck.

They managed to bring me back from the dead; but long before I was able to walk, the war was over.

So was my flying.

THE END

*Another chapter in Captain Brown's wartime adventures, as gripping as his story of how he conquered Richthofen, but of a different character, will appear in next week's issue. Read Dirty Work at the Crossroads.*

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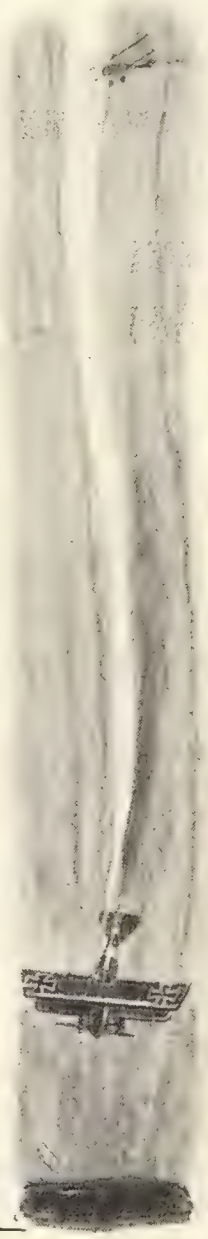
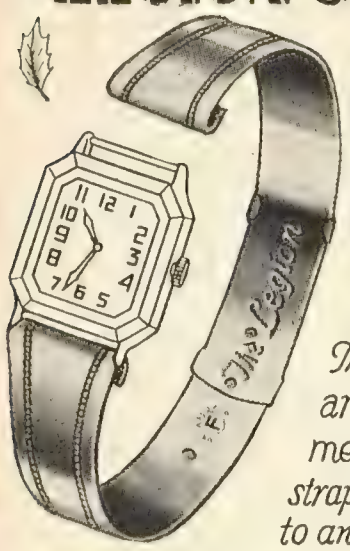


The LEGION STRAP

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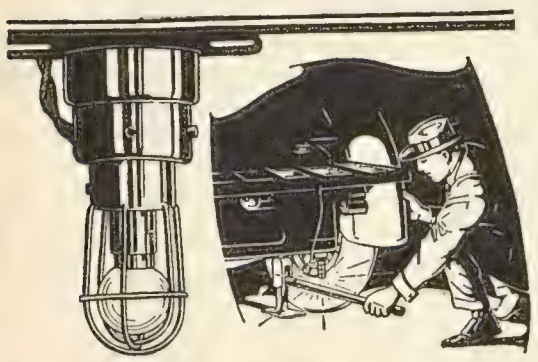

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# *Let the YULETIDE Bring in Fresh Beauty*

*By* EILEEN BOURNE

CHRISTMAS shopping is hard on beauty. Crowds, hurry, and the strain of getting just the right blue cushion for poor Aunt Mary and something new in ash trays for rich Cousin Peter are not conducive to an unwrinkled look of youth.

Yet there is one comeback; for those who are shopping for your gifts may put in your stocking some of the many lovely aids to beauty culture.

Just let it be known that an encyclopedia is less to your taste than condiments for your dressing table, and you may find yourself equipped with enough preparations to undo all the harm suffered by shopping for others.

Never was the field richer in delightful trifles. First come marvels for ablutionary pleasure. Bath salts delicate as sea anemones, soaps in fruit shapes and colors, rubber sponges in amusing animal silhouettes, oils for scenting the rinsing water; also bath powders in gay boxes with puffs as fluffy as chrysanthemums, foot rugs of pastel tints, and sachet disseminators—here are luxuries which lift the cleansing process into a fine art.

Even more novel is equipment for the modern boudoir table. That center of interest, by the way, has utterly changed in character. Do you remember how laden it used to be with cushions and jars and hatpin holders, and silver things all in a row?

Nowadays the dressing table has become a workbench. Tools are kept in drawers. Only a perfume bottle, the inevitable atomizer, and a glass tray stand ready for business—unless you have adopted the make-up box idea.

There's a useful gift! It is a charmingly shaped wooden case covered with old-fashioned glazed wall paper. Its top swings up to show a mirror, and inside you can stow away any number of your favorite creams, lotions, powders, and cosmetics.

Novel powder puffs look like ballet dolls with fluffy skirts of down. In action the little dancer is lifted right off her legs. Another type, long needed by us indigent creatures who have to dress for a party without the services of a personal maid, has a long handle for powdering the back.

These and the manicure sets are destined for use, not ornament. The latter come in convenient metal boxes where bottles of cuticle remover, oil, and paste are kept from spilling.

As for your hand bag, there are a dozen new trinkets for it with which you may assure perfection of appearance on train trips or all-day shopping tours. Tiny compacts include rouge, powder, and lip stick.

Glass containers for cold cream, cloisonné combs in silver-cloth cases, for the bobbed head, dainty atomizers which exude one drop as you press down on the button top, doll mirrors with lip stick screwed in the slender handles—these are a few of the ingenious fittings for peripatetic vanity.

One of the most interesting features of perfumes is the form they take. Futuristic art gives to bottles and boxes an exotic modernity which smartens the dullest dressing table.

Nowadays essences cover so wide a range of scents that you can find even the simple fresh odors of violet and wild rose. For winter use, however, musky blends are decidedly more chic. An extravagant novelty consists of special scented waters for large atomizers with which to spray your apartment.

MOREOVER, aside from all these gloriously unnecessary exuberances, there are the ultrapractical presents. A plain hairbrush, with stiff bristles graduated to reach every curve of the head, is something every woman needs and cannot always afford.

A huge jar of your pet cleansing cream, a patter with flexible handle, special powder for evening in lavender or orange tone, a bottle of your cherished astringent lotion—even a check to cover a series of facial treatments to pep up your interest in yourself—here are items which may help you renew the loveliness of ten years ago.

Why not tear out this page and ask father or husband to read it over? It may save him, as he wonders what you want for Christmas, from tearing out his hair.

THE END

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

LIBERTY'S Beauty Book,
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

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# VOX POP

### *And All Because We Use 58-lb. Paper for Color Reproduction — We Win the Iron Cross*

DOORN, HOLLAND — The advance copy of LIBERTY has found general approval here in Doorn concerning the outward make-up, as well as the contents. The reproduction of my portrait is excellent. I am most satisfied. I have cabled for twelve copies more in addition to the twenty-five you have announced.—*William I. R.*

### *Un-Christian?*

WHITE BEAR LAKE, MINN.—Your magazine has recently begun a campaign of advertising that specifically knocks the *Saturday Evening Post*, which is, I suppose, the one magazine you are most afraid of. What is the matter with you? Have you halitosis, acidosis, pyorrhea, or are you simply so dense that you don't

know that such tactics are unethical, unprincipled, and obnoxious as well as unnecessary?

What would happen to me, as a Presbyterian minister, if I stood in my pulpit week after week and made comparisons in denominations, always mentioning one specific one and attempting thus to belittle it?

I am not here trying to compare the worth of your magazine with the one you attack, because I, like many other of your readers, read them both each week; but until you stop your nonsensical comparisons under the thin guise of soliciting advertising I shall send your nickel to the heathen, who are not supposed to know any of the niceties of business ethics. Investigate and you'll find I am not the only one of my kind!—*(Rev.) Albert H. Crombie.*

### *Warning Lil*

NEW HAVEN, CONN.—Watch out for Thrasher's *Lil;* she seems in danger of slipping—influenced, no doubt, by the stories you print. If she "falls" I suppose he will picturize it for a cover, in keeping with the general trend of your magazine.—*A. J. MacDiarmid.*

### *We're on Our Way*

CHICAGO, ILL.—I am almost led to believe that your magazine is going somewhere.—*Geo. B. Endicott.*

### *A Moral Lesson Proves Too Much of a Shock*

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Say, if they censored your magazine, all we would have left would be the covers; for some of your stories are getting worse and worse. For instance, "A Woman Who Did." Honestly, it shocked my modesty (I am what you call a modern girl, don't forget) and I'm afraid if I continue reading LIBERTY, I won't have any modesty left. —*A Reader.*

### *Ten to One*

EAST ORANGE, N. J.—We take about ten magazines per month, and the best is LIBERTY.—*E. S. Hoest.*

### *See Brown's Own Story in This Issue*

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—The nature of this letter is not to doubt any statements made by Floyd Gibbons, but would like to point out that Richthofen's death was due, not to Captain Roy Brown, but to the machine guns of the Fifty-third Battery, Australian Field Artillery, to which I was attached. I myself witnessed it. To further substantiate my statements, I will quote certain paragraphs written by Captain A. D. Elliss in a book called "The Story of the Fifth Australian Division":

> A notable incident occurred on the 21st. The brilliant German aviator, Cavalry Captain Baron von Richthofen, with his "circus" of aeroplanes, was on this sector at the time, and the German press had recently announced his eightieth victory. Richthofen was pursuing a British machine north of Corbie on the morning of the 21st, and had it almost at his mercy. The British machine, which was not firing its machine gun, was flying within fifty yards of the ground and was heading straight for the anti-aircraft Lewis guns of the Fifty-third Battery, A. F. A. These were manned by Gunners Evans and Buic. Richthofen's machine was just behind and above the British plane, and the gunners could not open fire on him until our British plane had passed their line of fire. Richthofen's was then only 100 yards from the guns, which both opened fire as he raced on towards them at a terrific pace.
>
> At the first burst of our Lewis guns the plane turned and staggered as if out of control. The guns continued to fire, and the plane veered still further round and crashed, a hopeless wreck, about half a mile away.
>
> Men hurried to the spot and found the body of their renowned and gallant enemy lying dead among the ruins of his triplane. It bore frontal wounds on the knees, abdomen, and chest. . . .
>
> The R. A. F. made an amazing attempt to claim the shooting down of Richthofen as the work of its machines, but careful investigations established the matter beyond doubt and the credit belongs entirely to Gunners Evans and Buic.

—*Frank A. Stead, Lieutenant Fifty-third Battery, Australian Field Artillery, Fifth Division.*

### *From Kelly to Brooks*

MOUNT CARMEL, PA.—Give my best regards to George S. Brooks for "Hallohran." It is *Art.* He has Dave Warfield stopped as a judge of the characteristics of a race. Enough said.—*John Kelly.*

### *Wet and Happy*

PORTLAND, ORE.—I don't just understand why Seattle gets all this priceless publicity merely because it rains there. To appreciate the true meaning of the word you should be with us in Portland when we have a gentle downpour. The Harbor Master maintains a flock of whistling buoys on captive balloons at the 1,000-foot altitude so ocean liners can find their bearings.

And, honestly, we like it. The mossbacks nose out of their holes and let it trickle down their necks. And as for rose and lily complexions and the beautiful sylvan forests—well, I thank God that it does rain.

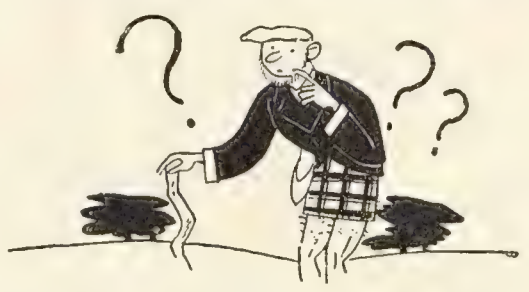
And we have thirteen eighteen-hole golf courses, all emerald green and playable every day in the year.—*A. E. M.*

### *Just Among Us Intellectuals*

HOUSTON, TEX.—Your editorials are chauvinistic, your stories pap; about three articles a month are worthy. We intellectuals continue to buy only because of Mr. Ralph Barton's page, the irony of which slays the pretensions of the rest of your magazine.—*R. Carmen Davis.*

### *The Great Bullet Mystery*

TORONTO, CAN.—You ran a short story entitled "A Thing Like That,"



by George S. Brooks, with a blurb: "Two Sides of a Tragedy."

I don't know whether it is because I'm Scotch, but I could not seem to understand the aforementioned story! Who was who and what was what? Why was it so mystifying? One's imagination can go a long way—but to complete that story would need more imagination than I possess! *Who* shot himself and *why?*—*Douglas Dobson.*

### *In Memoriam*

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—Having lost my only brother in the ill-fated Dole race to Honolulu, I read with interest Captain Bogart Rogers' article "Flying Against Death," in which he said most of the planes entered were not fully prepared for such a race. True! Most were not; but I think Captain Rogers must know that the three planes that left the mainland and disappeared were the three best equipped and built planes entered!

Captain Rogers also stated the crews were blinded by greed of money and fame. It might interest him to learn that the Golden Eagle and the Miss Doran were being prepared for the flight before Mr. Dole, or anybody else, offered any prize money.—*Denham Scott.*

### *Male versus Female Thinking*

WARREN, OHIO—Consider women! Here is Kathleen Norris, an exceptionally straight thinker—for a woman—writing in Thin Ice about:

1. Mary: Widow twenty years—an educated medical specialist. Conveys impression of great broad-mindedness.

2. Willoughby: A wife who promised her husband *not* to see her lover.

Yet none of these three women—one of them real and two of them fiction characters—seem to think there is anything wrong in the wife making an appointment with the lover—in *direct* violation of the promise to the husband—such as would be grounds for divorce in any State.

Could *men* think that way? Bah!! —*G. M. L.*

### *No—He Likes Meat*

MEMPHIS, TENN.—J. Street of Kansas City, Missouri, said in Vox Pop that he changed his lunch dessert from chocolates to LIBERTY MAGAZINE.

Is J. Street a goat?—*W. L. B.*

### *They Curse Anyway*

SUPERIOR, WIS.—Coming out of a magazine store I heard a fellow say: "There isn't a d—— LIBERTY in this town."

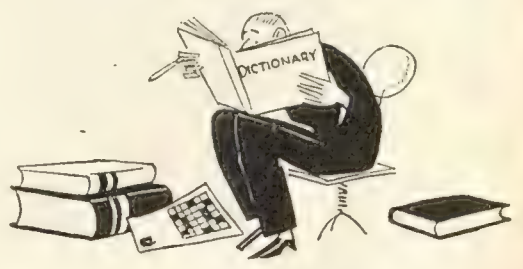
Why make people curse at your magazine *before* they read it? Rush a few more copies each week to Superior.—*Dave Smith.*

### *Cold Interest*

CHICAGO, ILL.—It seems to me a shame that you didn't conclude your Richthofen article long ago, while there was still some zest to it. You allowed it to drag and swash along until a good plain laundry list has it beat sixteen different ways for cold interest.—*H. H. Brightman.*

### *Don't Give Up*

CHICAGO, ILL.—Please discontinue the practice of having unsolvable




cross-word puzzles. It takes away all the glamour of the chase.—*E. M. N.*

### *Got Him Guessing*

PUERTO CABEZAS, NICARAGUA—I don't know what to think about you, LIBERTY. You're rather unique. Sometimes I like you, and vice versa. I guess you're just sort of an overgrown newspaper.—*H. X. W.*

# A Cushion of Steel...

## *with twice the security of ordinary bumpers*

(*Reading time*, 53 *seconds*)

The new Balcrank bumper! . . . . . a veritable "cushion of steel" ready to protect your car, even in severe collisions! A first glance shows you it's entirely different from all other bumpers . . . the style, grace, and color harmony!

But Balcrank beauty is actually secondary! For another glance shows a difference far more important! Notice how the springs that support the round bar are mounted flat against the TOP of the car frame! Most other bumpers are simply fastened against the SIDE of the frame.

Do you get the full significance of this? It's the vital difference between Balcranks and other bumpers, and may readily mean the saving of your car . . . . perhaps, more!

For a Balcrank, being attached to the TOP of the car frame, not only absorbs collision shock thru the bumper springs, but also directs any excess shock DOWNWARD into the car springs, where it is likewise absorbed. In this way, Balcranks practically eliminate the dangerous BACKWARD jolt which you get with ordinary bumpers (the jolt caused by the excess shock being thrown directly against the rigid car frame).

**BALCRANK**
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
COLLISION ABSORBERS

All car dealers can now give you Balcranks as easily as ordinary bumpers. They will gladly accommodate you. So be sure and ask for Balcranks when you get your new car. The Cincinnati Ball Crank Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

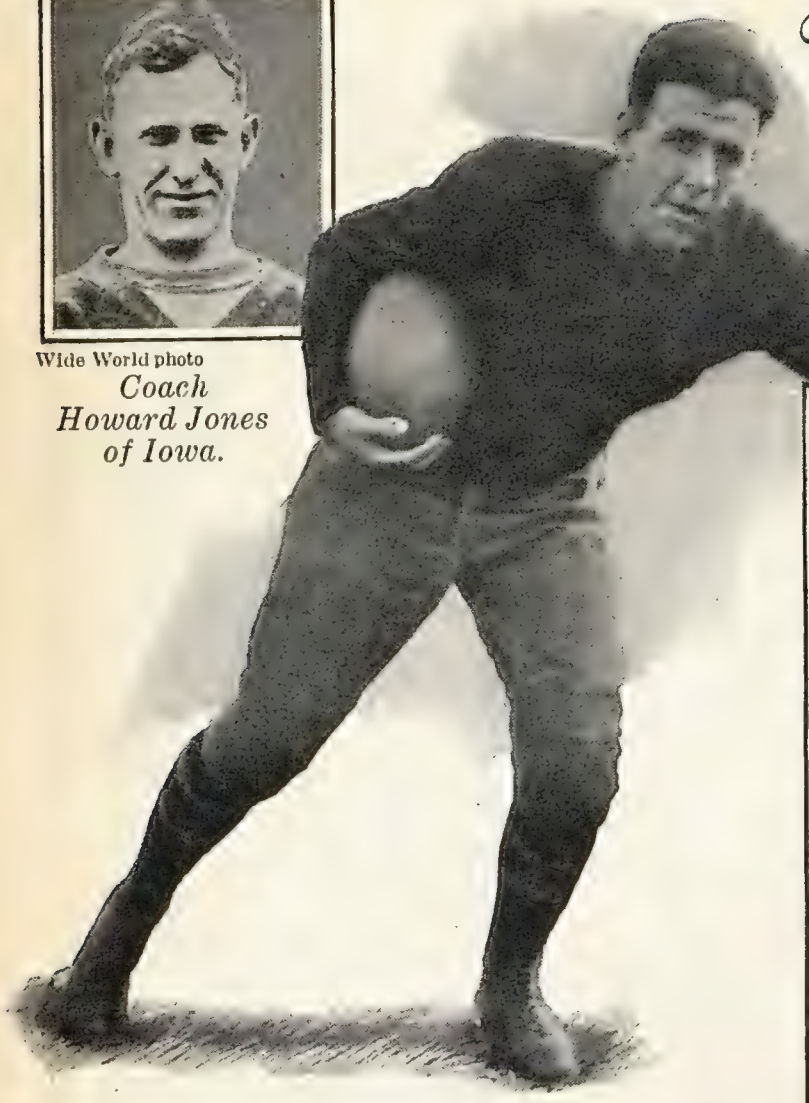
© 1927 C. B. C. Co.

Wide World photo
*Coach Howard Jones of Iowa.*

# *The* Break *of the* GAME

## *Jones vs. Jones*
## *Yale and Iowa (1922)*

By
**WALTER ECKERSALL**



*Captain Gordon Locke of Iowa, a famous line-crasher.*

*(Reading time: 4 minutes.)*

"THEY lacked the scoring punch."

This is the expression heard every year after important football games in which the losing team had opportunities to score but failed at the crucial moment.

By the punch is meant a scoring play, and no coach or team can hope for success on the gridiron unless it has such a resource when close to opponents' goal-lines.

Notre Dame defeated Southern California last year in the closing minutes of play by cleverly executing a scoring play which Coach Knute Rockne had carefully planned.

The Navy tied the Army a year ago because Coach Bill Ingram of the Middies was thoughtful enough to give his team a counting play for use when close to the Cadets' goal-line.

Chicago might have beaten Princeton in 1922 if the Maroons had used any other player than John Thomas to make the final assault on the Tiger goal-line.

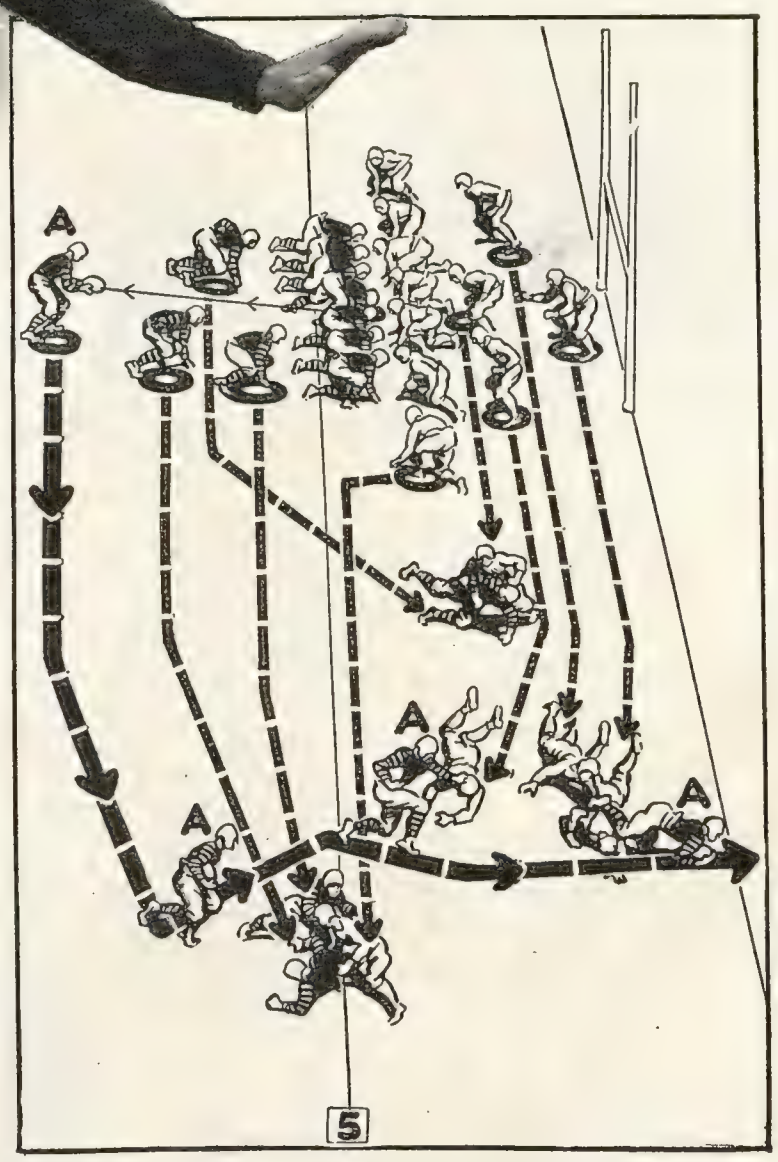
This punch, or scoring play, which furnishes the break of the game, often is planned days in advance of the contest. It was this punch which enabled Iowa to defeat Yale at New Haven 6 to 0 in 1922, in a struggle which attracted country-wide attention.

The play was carefully planned by Howard Jones, the Hawkeye coach, and it practically caught Old Eli, coached by Tad Jones, his brother, flat-footed.

The line-plunging ability of Captain Gordon Locke of Iowa, full-back, had been heralded throughout the East. Locke must be considered in the same class as John Thomas and Hugo Bezdek of Chicago, Crangle of Illinois, and Herbert Joesting of Minnesota, when Middle Western line-plunging full-backs are mentioned.

The Hawkeye back was a terrific driver who had the faculty of staying on his feet and carrying on when tackled. He seldom was stopped without gain.

Tad Jones naturally prepared his eleven to defend a line attack. He did everything possible to teach his forwards to block and always to protect toward the inside. He even played his defensive linesmen a little closer together, thus placing a bigger burden on the smashing ends.




*THE play that beat Yale: Iowa had smashed its way to the Eli four-yard line, and all Yale expected Locke to make a final line drive for the goal. But Coach Jones of Iowa astutely sent Parkin, quarter-back (A), around the end, and left the Blue team flat-footed.*

In that year Iowa was respected for both its close and open attack. The forward passes were executed almost as successfully as the straight plays.

It was this varied offense which made Iowa a respected foe of every team it met, Yale included.

Consequently Coach Tad Jones instructed his secondary defensive men not to play close to the scrimmage-line, but to check Iowa's forward-pass attack.

As expected, Iowa displayed this variation of attack in the opening quarter. The Blue team, although weakened by injuries, fought the Western invader until near the end of the period, when Iowa pounded its way to Yale's thirty-yard line.

It was a sparkling offensive, mixed with plunges by Locke and off-tackle slants by Leland Parkin, the quarter-back, and Shuttleworth, the right half-back.

At the opening of the second quarter, with the ball on Yale's thirty-yard line, Iowa again started its battering attack on the middle of the Blue line. Captain Locke carried the ball to Yale's ten-yard line, and again he drove through the Easterners' line to the five-yard mark.

Then came the punch, or scoring play.

After Locke had been able to make only one yard in two attempts on the center of Yale's line, which was now re-enforced by the secondary defensive players, Parkin, who had done heroic work throughout the struggle, called his own signal. He took the oval from his center and skirted Yale's left end.

IT was a wide sweep to make, and Parkin managed to cross the scrimmage-line, but was gradually being forced to the side-line. He put on more speed, shook off one tackler, and, as another Yale player was about to make a tackle, dove across the goal-line at one corner of the field for the only score of the game.

That play was the carefully thought-out strategy of Coach Jones of Iowa. The Hawkeyes' gridiron teacher knew that it would be humanly impossible for Captain Locke to penetrate two lines of defense, as a back must always do when an opponent's goal-line is approached.

Howard Jones was aware of the fact that Yale would expect Locke to carry the ball for the touch-down effort, just as other teams had figured in other games.

For a week in advance of the intersectional struggle, Parkin had been drilled on the play which he used, and the time and energy brought their reward.

Following Iowa's score, Yale fought back with that bulldog tenacity for which Old Eli is respected, and near the close of the game it almost snatched the victory from the Western eleven.

Neidlinger, Mallory, and Deaver, the Yale ball-carriers, played in superhuman fashion and took the ball to Iowa's ten-yard line. Both elevens had been warned that there was less than one minute to play. In sheer desperation, a forward pass was hurled to Mallory, the Yale full-back.

Iowa, however, guessed the play was coming, and the ball, instead of landing in Mallory's outstretched arms, fell in the end zone for a touch-back, and Yale's greatest chance to score and possibly win had vanished.

The pass to Mallory might have been Tad Jones' choice for a scoring play, but the Iowa players had been coached for just such a possibility and naturally were alert to the situation.

On the other hand, Iowa's punch, or scoring play, the planned break for just such an emergency, went through.

THE END

U. & U. photo
*John M. Deaver, Yale end.*

P. & A. photo
*Bill Mallory, Yale captain.*

U: & U. photo
*Neidlinger, Eli's field general.*

Christmas! What matter chilling winds and winter's sleet? The Yule log burns and steaming, fragrant White House Coffee waits. *The flavor is roasted in!*

# BENRUS

*The wrist watch of Fashion — The strap watch of Sportsmen*

A Christmas party of famous people recently seen wearing Benrus Watches

## *How many do you know?*

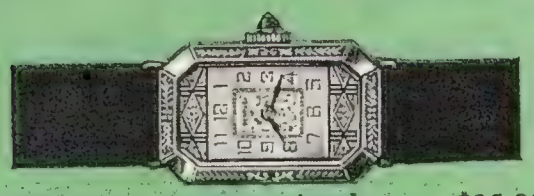
| Left Table: | Right Table: |
|---|---|
| Father Time | Santa Claus |
| Prince Hohenlohe-Langenberg | Constance Talmadge |
| Gene Sarazen | Vincent Richards |
| Walter Johnson | Earl Sande |
| Com. Herbert Hartley | Peggy Wood |
| Jack Sharkey | Red Grange |
| Eddie Cantor | Roald Amundsen |
| Gene Tunney | Ty Cobb |
| Princess Ileana | "Miss New York" |
| Prince Nikolas | William of Sweden |
| Queen Marie of Roumania | Paul Whiteman |
| Chas. A. Lindbergh | Catherine Gould |
| Aileen Riggin | Bert Acosta |
| | Benny Friedman |
| | Johnny Weismuller |
| | Gertrude Ederle |

Significant, that so many famous people wear Benrus Watches! Their busy, exacting lives require the absolute dependability of Benrus. They need Benrus accuracy; they appreciate Benrus beauty. No wonder the *leaders* in every sport and profession choose Benrus Watches!

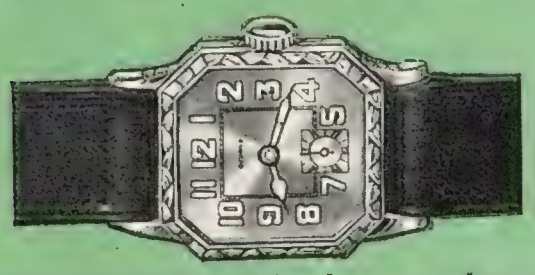
Benrus prices vary with individual designs, but Benrus quality is invariable. At your jeweler's you will find a wide selection of beautiful Benrus Watches. Give a Benrus for Christmas!

Benrus Watch Company, New York City

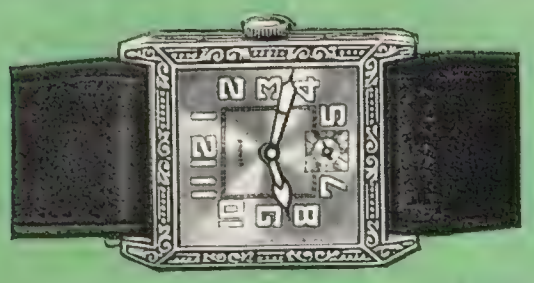
Benrus Penelope, *15 jewels* . . . . . $30.00



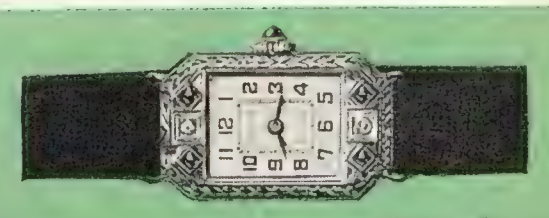
Benrus Talmadge, *15 jewels* . . . . $35.00



Benrus Forrest, *15 jewels* . . . . . $28.50

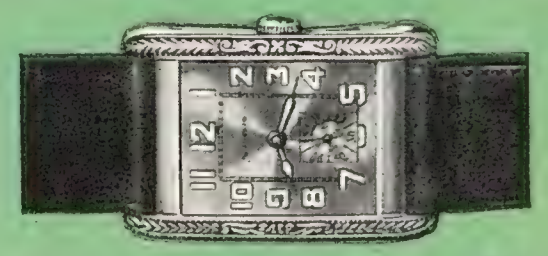


Benrus Brookline, *15 jewels* . . . $35.00

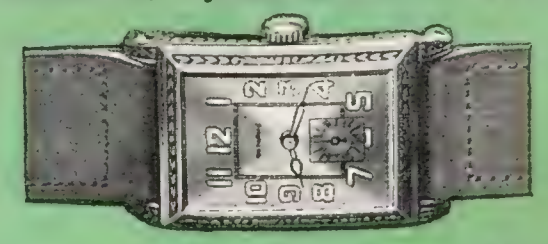


Marcella, *2 diamonds, 4 sapphires* . $55.00

Revere, *ladies' sport watch* . . . . . $25.00



Princeton, *15 jewels, curved* . . . . $45.00



Corsair, *15 jewels, curved* . . . . . $55.00

# A HAND-MADE Wrap

## By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

IF we had shown the garment in the center sketch exactly as the fashion mannequin wore it into our presence (in the rich, very modernly decorated, and perfumed showroom in Paris), you would not have known what it was. You would have thought, as we did, that it was a little cape ending just below that fur line and blousing slightly around the waist.

The girl was holding it in shape, and so very much of the Parisian woman's life is devoted to holding her garments in place that we did not dream it was the trick of the present offering to turn into something totally different when she let go. We supposed it would merely shift its outline slightly and within the limits encompassed between furs.

But what was our amazement when she loosened her hold and the garment was transformed from a short wrap to a long one, the blouse merely springing into a straight line. And thus in this new type of wrap the style feature of the season was presented to us once again. This, as you know if you have perused these columns, is the blousing effect across the back, which is held and not fastened in place.

Since this silhouette is not stationary, it naturally cannot extend itself to dresses, as not even Frenchwomen go so far as to hold their frocks on. But it dominates and gives personality to nearly all wraps and scarfs.

The artist himself was moved to write a few remarks on this subject as it pertained to the accompanying lovely wrap (designed by Louiseboulanger), and his view is worth quoting:

"If the lady never tired of clutching her clothes, as seen in the sketch, you would never know for certain whether she was wearing an enormous circular collar edged with silver fox, or a long cape with the fur applied amidships. The latter happens to be the case.

"It is the deportment which makes everything! Gathered thus tightly around her waistline, there is still left over a corner of the material which falls down the front of her street dress, like a sash or panel. When she releases her hold the wrap merely falls straight, and this sash turns out to be a part of its outline. The unusual feature of the collar is that each end is tipped with the white tail of the fox."

*THIS cape is fashioned in gray velours trimmed lavishly with silver fox and lined with bright green satin. Its lines may be completely changed by a grasp of the hand.*

*BLACK velvet and pale beige chiffon, made with a straight silhouette and uneven hemline, and trimmed with rhinestones.*

*A DRESS of black and white satin heavily appliquéd with silver leaves.*

OF the two dresses, the one of chiffon and velvet has the top part made of flesh color or pale beige or vanilla or pale coffee, as you like to name it, and the velvet skirt is in black. The dress has ornaments of rhinestones going in circles over the waist and the skirt.

The value of this model, aside from the fact that it represents one of the latest conceptions of Louiseboulanger, the most distinguished French designer of the day, is that it can be adapted into something much more practical which is at the same time highly becoming.

It is so very difficult to dress becomingly and practically too; to get things for everyday wear that light up our features; and these long "every days" are the times when more people see us that we like to have think of us as good-looking than in the short gala occasions of the evenings.

The combination of the dark skirt with the light blouse is a happy one for solving this problem of looking well by day as well as by night. With sleeves and a higher neckline, this costume offers a silhouette for something suitable for everyday clothes.

The separate blouse is a distinct feature of the present fashion. This bodice could be finished on a separate band without offending the most punctilious conformer to the styles. It need only snap neatly over the skirt, and thus be easily available for the cleaner to keep immaculately fresh.

THE dress at the left is more hopelessly elaborate and Parisian, but interesting, I think, for depicting what is actually being shown at this minute. It is of black and white satin and the upper section is elaborately appliquéd with silver leaves in three lines around the deep, plaited girdle effect and wandering gracefully up the left side of the blouse toward the right shoulder. The shoulder flower is finished with two long ends that once upon a time were called "come-hither-young-man" ribbons.

The two dress models are shown wearing today's Parisian version of the bracelet—or bracelets—used as a dress accessory. Ivory and black enamel make very striking arm adornments with a decided leaning toward the Egyptian influence.

If you have doubted the popularity of black and white, or any light color with black, or have not realized the real rage for a blouse in a paler shade than the skirt, these designs ought to convince you that this is just about the most important feature of the *mode actuelle*, with lines to suit the figure of the wearer, and trimming to please her individual taste.

While the slim silhouette is still Fashion's predominating note, there are many signs pointing to a slow but sure change. Take, for instance, our wrap, with its widening at the elbows, produced by the fox fur around its middle. Also the dress in the upper right-hand corner, with its skirt that flares and dips. These are signs that point the way to the clever woman who adapts current styles to her own requirements.

*FOR motor trips Paris chooses this mixed-wool coat from Doucet, lined with brown-and-white fur. The frock is mixed wool.*

*THIS Patou ensemble of light brown wool, with a beaver collar, includes a tricot sweater.*

*LELONG designed this skiing costume of brown gabardine, with sweater and accessories.*

# WINTER WARMTH

## with Paris Chic

### By BETTINA BEDWELL

*Paris, November 20.*

THE craze for youth is something often spoken of as a particular madness of the present epoch. It is, on the contrary, as fundamental as the desire to eat when you are hungry, and as intelligent as coming in out of the rain when you have no umbrella. Just entirely normal.

Being youthful in everything except years should be the ideal, and usually is, of women at any age. The method of achievement is simple. Adopt all things youthful, except the follies. Folly is not, as we all know, essentially young, but no one who isn't young in years can get away with foolishness, especially in her clothes.

A débutante can, possibly, survive such silly winter apparel as knee-length, flimsy velvet coats, unre-enforced chiffon hose, transparent lingerie, and aerated headgear. An older woman can't. She may, however, create for herself a successful sartorial second springtime without the dangers of pneumonia, and even the sub-deb who freezes for the sake of chic is much more foolish than style demands.

Fashion is founded on the divine beauty of intelligent dressing. She who clothes herself otherwise than according to the season is never really smart. Thus, Paris creates for zero weather costumes that are as warm as they are chic—the chic depending a great deal on the comfortable, common-sense structure of the clothes.

The idea behind these winter styles is to allow you to be radiant, though the mercury freezes in the thermometer, and you cannot be radiant and blue with the cold at the same time. Paris knows that clothes are charming only when the women inside them pulsate with an easy, relaxed kind of comfort.

Colors for such clothes are fashionable according to their appropriateness to the season. There are browns and beiges, repeating the tones of nature. There is the white of the snow, the russet reds of the last leaves, and the evergreens of midwinter. Fabrics are sturdy rather than exotic, and lines are free and encouraging to brisk movement.

The woman who goes to some Alpine winter resort, or the girl who walks to and from her work in a snow-bound city, will wear such an ensemble as is shown in our first Jean Patou model. Patou, a master of the costume for the outdoor woman, has made the coat of a loosely woven, rough-surfaced light brown woolen, which is as warm as it is light in weight. There are two big pockets at the sides to stow away any light provisions for a long hike, and a rich, enveloping collar of shaded beaver. The coat is lined with beige tricot, matching the sweater blouse.

This blouse is striped with two tones of winter green, and has a monogram in green embroidered on the scarf collar. The sleeves are loose, but fitted into a tight cuff.

The skirt, which is made of straight and inverted triangular godets, is comfortably wide at the hemline, and is of the woolen that makes the coat.

OUR Lucien Lelong model is a real winter costume for the rough-and-tumble sports of December and January. It is made of the warmest of woolens and leaves off the unnecessary opulence of fur. It has more chic because of this. There is a short jacket of warm dark brown gabardine, with patch pockets and a trim belt of the same. The trousers are of brown gabardine.

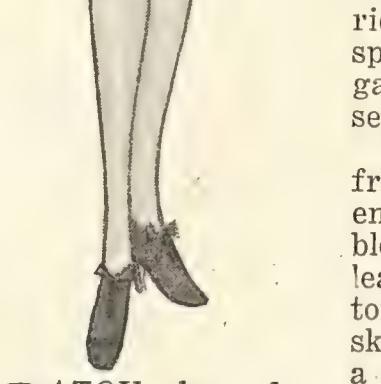
A sweater of very coarse and warm tricot is made of stripes of brown, brique, and white, and a scarf of the same tricot is long enough to wrap several times around the neck.

Lelong supplies socks in the same tones, to be worn with big and comfortable calfskin boots.

Another, more conventional sports ensemble for cold weather is shown in the Doucet model, which has a straight coat of mixed beige-and-green English woolen, lined with brown-and-white printed chevrette fur. This fur also forms the full-length revers and collar. The fur lining makes this coat a suitable one for long motor rides, or for wear as a spectator to outdoor games in the snowy season.

Worn with it is a frock of the same woolen, with a jumper blouse having a brown leather belt, brown buttons, and a plaited skirt, stitched to make a deep yoke at the top.

More opulent, but not less warm, is the city promenade ensemble. Jean Patou makes this dress and coat of a rich russet brown, the coat in a long-nap woolen, and the frock of satin. The coat is trimmed with a full-length band of rust-red fox, traveling from the left side at the bust to the hemline on the right; bands of self-material zigzag above the waist, descending below it in a straight line. The hemline is below the knees.



*PATOU has designed this coat of russet-brown soft woolen, luxuriously trimmed with rust-red fox.*

These models express the compatibility of the youth idea in clothes and the protective element also.

## a crispness..

IT'S hard to describe a flavor. It's particularly hard to describe the Grape-Nuts flavor. For you can't compare Grape-Nuts to any other foods. There aren't any other foods like it. It's unique! . . . Unique in its nut-like goodness, made even more delicious by a delicate suggestion of malt sugar. Unique in its golden-brown crispness, crunchy and ever so tempting . . . And here's the reason:

## a nut-like flavor

Two health-giving golden grains—wheat and malted barley—are specially blended and baked. Two bakings, really—a long, slow, carefully controlled process, which changes part of the starches of the wheat to sugars, delicious and digestible. Which brings out the blended flavors of the grains to perfection. And produces the characteristic Grape-Nuts crispness, so temptingly different from that of any other food. This crispness is one of the greatest health benefits that Grape-Nuts brings. Here is a food that you will chew thoroughly—giving to teeth and gums the vigorous exercise they so rarely get in this day of soft foods, and from lack of which they are sure to suffer. Dentists praise Grape-Nuts for this much-needed quality of crispness.

## found in no other food

# LIBERTY'S Four-Color Printing

### *Sells Health Through Beauty*

DRESS the table and you effectively address the appetite! Housewives know this. This picture in black would fail the eye as drab, colorless food fails the palate. Grape Nuts' advertising in LIBERTY'S realistic four-color printing applies woman's age-old strategy for crystalizing morning appetite into healthy hunger, healthfully appeased.

The advertiser's plates from the original Grape Nuts ad in the November 12th LIBERTY were used for this reprint. The paper is identical. LIBERTY uses an exclusively-made *58-pound cover stock* for all four-color advertising—eleven pounds heavier than the paper the Saturday Evening Post uses. Paper does make a difference. *Compare the printing!*

**Liberty**
*A Weekly for Everybody*

many delightful menus and recipes that will help you make your breakfasts more tempting and more beneficial. © 1927, P. Co., Inc.

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G-L. 11-27

POSTUM COMPANY, INC., Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me, free, two trial packages of Grape-Nuts, together with "A Book of Better Breakfasts," by a former physical director of Cornell Medical College.

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City ..... State .....

In Canada Address CANADIAN POSTUM COMPANY, Ltd.
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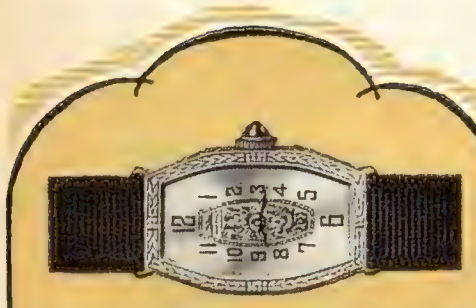
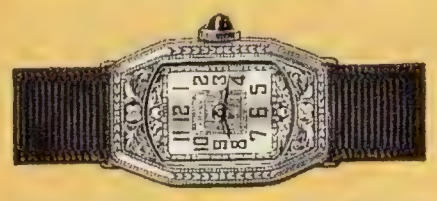
# Now! a wrist watch *Reinforced* against the *Shocks* and *Jolts* of constant use! * *

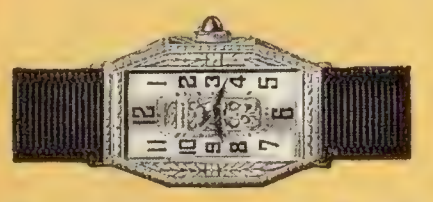


MARIBELLE . (*No. 7616*) . $16.50

GEORGETTE . (*No. 21796*) . $16.50



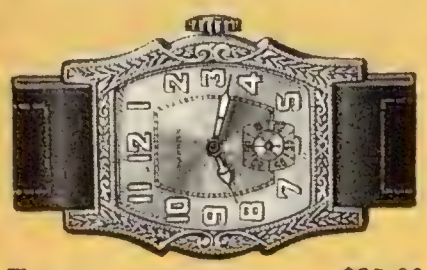
FAIRY QUEEN (*No. 21526*) . $19.50



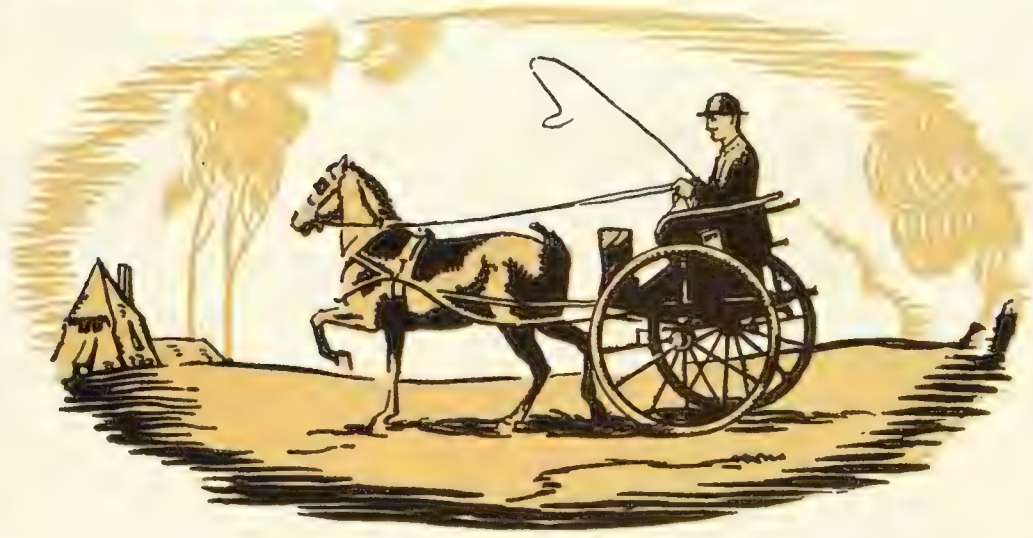
MADELON . (*No. 2154*) . . $25.00

CAPTAIN . (*No. 121*) . . . . $9.75

GOVERNOR (*No. 3986*) . . $19.50



TITUS . . (*No. 392*) . . . . $25.00



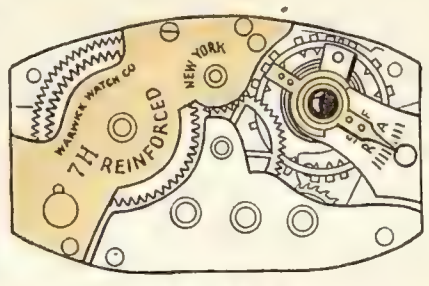
THE old-time carriage could never have stood the mile-a-minute speed of the modern automobile. It lacked the protection against shocks and jolts.

For the same reason, a pocket watch—designed to rest safe and snug in the security of the pocket—cannot withstand the shocks and jolts the modern wrist watch gets in daily use. And yet, the ordinary wrist watch is nothing more than the unprotected pocket watch, greatly reduced in size!

The Warwick movement however, is *reinforced* against the swing and sway of the arm, the jerks and jolts of constant use—reinforced by patented protective features your jeweler will gladly show you.

These Warwick reinforcing features, added to a perfect movement, are the reasons for the longer life and consistent accuracy of Warwick Watches. And these features, combined with Warwick beauty of design, set Warwick Watches apart as the finest wrist watch values obtainable anywhere!

See them at your jewelers—*today!*




THE WARWICK
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The Covered Winding Bridge and the patented Regulator with its enlarged ruby jewel, indicated by the colored area, incorporate the patented reinforcing features in your Warwick Watch—the reason for its longer life!

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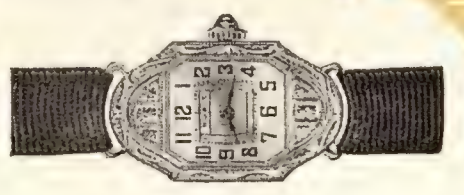
SIBYL . . . (*No. 2184*) . . . $25.00



SHEILA . (*No. 21606*) . . . $25.00

# WARWICK WATCHES

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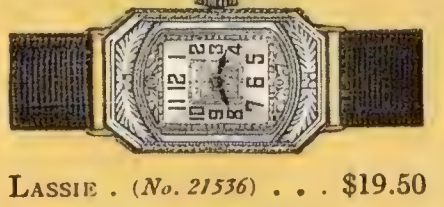
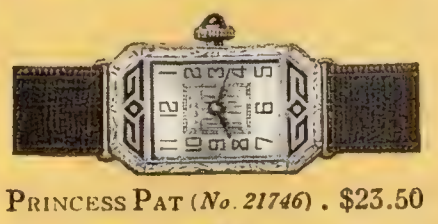
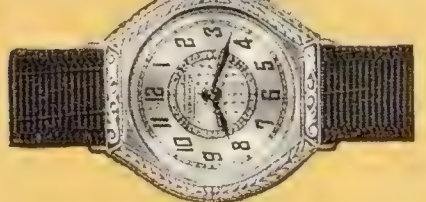


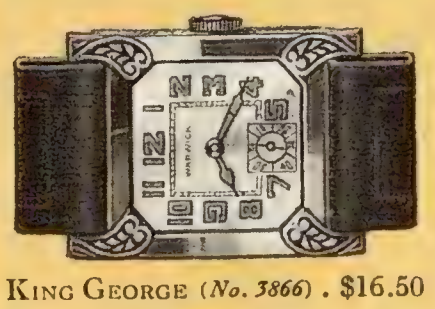
LASSIE . (*No. 21536*) . . . $19.50



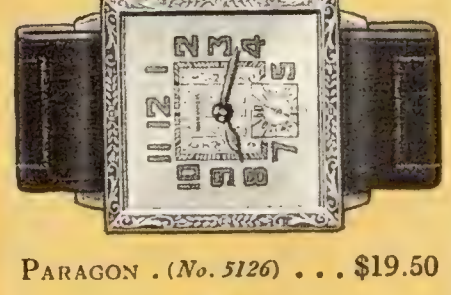
PRINCESS PAT (*No. 21746*) . $23.50



SONDRA . (*No. 166/1*) . . . $12.50



KING GEORGE (*No. 3866*) . $16.50



PARAGON . (*No. 5126*) . . . $19.50

JEFFERSON . (*No. 502*) . . $25.00

# Hang COOKIES on Your CHRISTMAS TREE

By ETHEL SOMERS

*SOME Christmas-tree ornaments prepared by a five-year-old from cooky dough.*

GLISTENING Christmas-tree ornaments made from cooky dough and delightful gift boxes of assorted cookies are very acceptable at Christmastime. In order to put these ideas into effect one needs a crispy, adaptable cooky recipe. A standard cooky dough, cleverly formed, seasoned to meet your personal whim, and decorated ingeniously, can produce an unlimited number of attractive combinations.

We offer a basic recipe that will be easy to bake, yet is capable of variation with assured results.

Roll out a batch of cookies for the little ones to decorate and bake as novel Christmas-tree ornaments.

*A VARIETY of cooky cutters, a few washed paper clips, and a box of Christmas sprinkle make possible many attractive Christmas-tree ornaments. Press the decorations lightly into the dough before baking it.*

## *Basic Cooky Dough*

(This makes a superior crisp wafer or cooky which remains crisp and keeps well because it is rich. It is adaptable to many variations for completing the Christmas assortment of cookies.)

1 cup butter
2 cups sugar
2 eggs
¼ cup cream
2 teaspoons baking powder
3¾ to 4 cups flour
1 teaspoon flavoring

CREAM the butter well, gradually working in one half of the sugar. Add the eggs, well beaten. Beat vigorously until fluffy. Gradually beat in the remaining sugar. Beat the mixture until it is thoroughly creamy and the sugar is well dissolved. Mix and sift the dry ingredients. Add the flavoring to the cream. This flavoring may be all vanilla, all lemon, or 1/3 teaspoon lemon extract plus 1/3 teaspoon vanilla plus 1/3 teaspoon nutmeg, or ½ teaspoon orange extract plus ½ teaspoon lemon extract or ¼ teaspoon almond extract. Gradually add the cream alternately with the dry ingredients to the egg, butter, and sugar mixture. Beat the dough after each addition so as to keep a somewhat uniform and smooth mixture. Cut or knead in the last of the flour and roll out on a *lightly* floured board. (A soft cooky dough gives a delicate cooky; so do not knead in too much flour, but rather handle the dough as soft as is possible for the best results. Chilling the dough before rolling will make the handling of such a soft dough much easier.) Crisp cookies are best rolled to 1/8-inch thickness. Cut out in any desired shapes. Bake on a cooky sheet in a hot oven (390° F.) for 8 to 10 minutes or until browned.

## *Sugar Cookies*

MAY be made from the basic recipe by sprinkling the rolled-out dough with sugar, either white or colored, and rolling this gently into the surface with a rolling-pin before the cookies are cut out.

## *Christmas Cookies*

MAY be made from the basic recipe by sprinkling the rolled-out dough with Christmas sprinkle. Roll this into the dough gently with the rolling-pin before cutting out the cookies.

## *Christmas-Tree Cookies*

USING fancy cooky-cutters, or a sharp pointed knife, cut out Christmas bells, Santa Clauses, stars, crescents, gingerbread boys and girls, hearts, and diamonds. The use of sprinkle, tiny candies, and colored sugar (which may be purchased with eight different colors separated within a pound box) will make the cookies fairly sparkle on the lighted tree. Cooky boys and girls with candy eyes, nose, mouth, etc., are always delightful to the children. They enjoy making these ornaments themselves from the prepared cooky dough. The dough should be rolled to 1/8-inch thickness and the decorations sprinkled on at will to form an effective ornament. Lightly fix the sprinkled sugar or candies in position by pressing in or rolling lightly with a rolling-pin. Insert one half of a paper clip underneath the top of the ornament and press the dough firmly against the clip. Bake as for plain cookies. Cool, and hang by the clips on the Christmas tree.

## *Nutted Cookies*

MAY be made from the basic cooky recipe in a variety of shapes and sizes. Brush the rolled-out cooky dough with an egg-white-and-water mixture (1 part egg white to 1 part water). Sprinkle with chopped nuts, shredded blanched almonds, or garnish with nut halves. Bake as for plain cookies.

## *Fruited Cookies*

PROCEED as for basic cooky dough. Roll and cut into various shapes. Place in the oven, and after 5 minutes of baking remove the cookies, brush with egg-white-and-water mixture (1 part egg white to 1 part water). Sprinkle with chopped candied fruits, as cherries, pineapple, or angelica, figs, raisins, dates, etc.

## *Christmas Holly-Wreath Cookies*

MAY be made from cooky dough in a variety of sizes. Using a doughnut cutter or two cooky cutters of varying sizes, cut out a wreath. It may be cut jagged by using a plain knife. Moisten the surface of the cookies with an egg-white-and-water mixture (1 part egg white and 1 part water). Garnish with chopped angelica or halved pistachio nuts for make-believe leaves, and cinnamon drops or red candy sprinkle for berries. Do not press these into the cooky dough, as in baking the dough will rise somewhat and the particles are heavy enough to sink and be permanently embedded. Bake as for plain cookies.

## *Coconut Cookies*

SPRINKLE the rolled-out cooky dough with shredded coconut. Roll this into the dough gently with the rolling-pin before cutting out the cookies.

## *Filled Cookies*

MAY be made by rolling the cooky dough to 1/8-inch thickness. Cut into strips 3 or 3½ inches wide. Spread with fruit filling. Leave ¼ inch at the outer edges free of filling. Arrange the filling from 1/8 to ¼ inch in thickness. Now fold the cooky dough as fig newtons are folded, the 3½-inch width being folded in half to envelop the filling. Dampen the edges left free of filling and press these firmly together. Cut into short lengths and bake as for plain cookies. If round filled cookies are desired, roll the dough into thin sheets and cut out pairs of cookies. Spread half of these cookies with filling and dampen the outer edges. Cover with a second cooky, from which the center may or may not be cut. Press the edges firmly together to prevent the filling from coming out. Bake as for plain cookies.

## *Chocolate Cookies*

MAY be made by adding 3 ounces of melted chocolate to the creamed butter and sugar when mixing the cookies, or by adding 3/8 cup of cocoa to the sifted dry ingredients. Vanilla is the preferred flavoring with chocolate. The addition of 1/8 to 1 cup of chopped pecan meats is a pleasant addition to chocolate cookies.

"BEANS for breakfast, beans for dinner, beans for suppertime"—that was the fate of the poor man in the song. Here's a better suggestion, a way to put variety and goodness into meals: 100 Standard Recipes (substantial meals); Salads, Sandwiches, and Summer Drinks (you'll want this book for special occasions); and A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes (also good for cold-weather parties). Each book is 10 cents, but you may have all three for 25 cents. Use coupon, please.

LIBERTY COOKBOOKS,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of ☐ Salads, Sandwiches, and Summer Drinks, 10¢. ☐ A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes, 10¢. ☐ 100 Standard Recipes, 10¢. [Check the one you want. It costs only 10¢. Check all if you want the three for only 25¢.] I inclose.....cents in payment.

(Please write or print plainly in ink)

Name .....

Street or R. F. D. .....

City..... State.....

12-17-27

*IN her next conscious moment she was sitting bolt upright in bed, quivering with terror.*

# The Clock

## *Screams in the Night— Phyllis Encounters a New Enigma in the House of Mystery*

A Serial by

## HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

*Pictures by* W. D. STEVENS

*(Reading time: 22 minutes.)*

PHYLLIS HALE reached the conclusion that her newly acquired job was going to try both her wits and nerves. She had undertaken to fill the rôle of private secretary to Colonel Boardman at the family summer home in the country.

The old Colonel was ninety-two—and blind. Thomas Boardman, his only living son, on interviewing Phyllis, had implied that the old man was irascible and suspicious of his family almost to the point of insanity. It was not long before the girl began to wonder if these suspicions were not well founded.

She presented herself at the town house for the old gentleman's inspection, was engaged, and was on the point of leaving when a strange thing happened. She heard a young man at the front door ask for Colonel Boardman, explaining that he was the Colonel's grandson. He was rudely told by the servant that there was no one there—that the house was closed for the summer. And all the while Phyllis saw that Edith Pierce, Thomas Boardman's widowed daughter, stood at a window, watching, listening.

As Phyllis reached the sidewalk the young man questioned her, introducing himself as Blair Boardman, a stranger to the family, who did not even know if his grandfather was alive. Phyllis advised him to try to see the old man—her strained senses conscious that Edith was still watching.

And after this, every obstacle was put in Phyllis' way by Thomas and Thomas' three sons, Franklin, Charles, and Herbert—all to prevent her from filling her contract and joining the family at their country place at Swiss Lake. They tried to make her miss her train—and succeeded. They tried to make her afraid of the old man—and failed.

Once arrived at Swiss Lake, Phyllis met someone she felt she could trust: Elizabeth, Edith's young and appealing daughter. When a message came that Thomas and Franklin were bringing out the new relative, Blair Boardman, Elizabeth seemed glad—though Edith looked ready to faint.

It was Elizabeth who showed Phyllis to her room, which had once belonged to Flora, Colonel Boardman's daughter, who had died a tragic death forty years before. And it was Elizabeth who explained the unsightly building on the edge of the lake as a one-time ice house, now Herbert's workshop. Surely the girl was candid! And yet Phyllis was mystified when, late that first night, she saw, from her balcony, two people leave the house.

### PART FOUR

PHYLLIS watched the two figures stealing down the moonlit path.

The man was Herbert, she thought. Was the girl Elizabeth?

Elizabeth, who'd gone to bed with such unnatural docility at Herbert's orders not long before! Herbert and Elizabeth! They couldn't be lovers, could they? They were uncle and niece—at least, she supposed they were. Were they going out on the lake? She listened for the sound of the canoe being put into the water, but heard nothing.

Presently, though, she saw something: A momentary gleam, as if one of them had turned on the light in the shop the barest instant before the other had pulled the door shut.

She waited to see whether they would come out again. At last the sharp chill of the autumn night drove her in, unrewarded for her vigil. She got back into bed and lay for a long time listening for the sound of returning feet on the gravel or the click of a key in the house door. She heard nothing, and at last she fell asleep.

In her next conscious moment—if so blank a bewilderment may be denominated consciousness—she was sitting bolt upright in bed, quivering with terror. She could not, at first, recollect what bed it was, hardly who she was, until that nightmare grip of panic relaxed a little.

Swiss Lake . . . the blind old Colonel . . . Herbert and Elizabeth . . . the clocks that had stood still for forty years . . . Aunt Flora's room, of course. Did she believe in ghosts?

The room, as well as she could see in the tempered darkness, looked as usual.

She had had a nightmare, that was all. Had she screamed? Probably not loud enough to disturb anyone else. There was no sound of anything stirring. The house, the whole night, was dead still.

She steadied her breathing. Good Lord,

# Two Strikes

*WILLIAM, Mrs. James, and one of the maids were in a cluster outside the Colonel's bedroom door.*

what a dream it must have been! Should she try to get to sleep again? What time was it, anyhow?

She consulted the luminous dial of her workaday little wrist watch. That couldn't be right, could it? Twenty minutes past one! She couldn't have been asleep more than half an hour. It was hours and hours till morning. She'd have to try to get to sleep again.

There! There it was again! That cry had been what wakened her. Again! It was the blind man, calling some sort of frantic order. What were they doing to him? She sprang out of bed. With her hand on the door, she heard swift footsteps on the way to the Colonel's room, so she turned back for bathrobe and slippers.

By the time she had got them there were more footsteps outside. She was going out, anyhow, to see what it was all about.

She found William, barefoot, but clad in a pair of trousers and his white jacket, Mrs. James, a stout, reliable-looking woman in a pink Canton-flannel nightgown, and one of the maids in a cluster outside the Colonel's bedroom door.

"Hadn't we better go in and see what's the matter?" Phyllis suggested.

"Haller's in there now with him, miss," Mrs. James said a little doubtfully. "The old gentleman seems to be quieter now."

EDITH PIERCE came down the corridor. Her room was in the other wing, and she hadn't been sure whether she'd heard cries or not. She looked rather pale, but otherwise composed enough. She cut short the housekeeper's voluble explanations.

"I think it's all right now," she said, and dismissed the servants.

Phyllis suspected that this was meant for her too, but she stood her ground while Mrs. Pierce knocked gently on her grandfather's bedroom door.

Haller opened it almost immediately.

"I think there's no real cause for alarm, madame," he said, when she began to question him. "He doesn't seem to be in pain, and his heart action is strong, though very rapid. I think he has been terrified, though he says not. Possibly a nightmare."

Phyllis quietly asked Mrs. Pierce, "Shouldn't we call a doctor?"

Haller answered the question:

"It would be well, I think, that Doctor Charles should see him in the morning, but there is nothing immediately alarming."

Edith Pierce hesitated, and Haller stood respectfully silent.

The door into the Colonel's room stood open. And then, through it, frantic with anger at first, rather than fear, came the old man's high voice:

"Stop that damned clock! Stop it, I say!" Then it rose to a scream of terror:

"Flora, don't! Don't do it!"

Phyllis saw Edith Pierce's face go ghastly with terror.

"Look out for her, miss," Haller said coolly. "I must try to quiet the old gentleman."

With that, he went back into Colonel Boardman's room and shut the door behind him.

Phyllis' impulse was to follow the manservant and stand guard over the blind man herself. How did Haller intend to "quiet" him? Probably not by murder, anyhow. If they'd meant that, they wouldn't have waited till now.

The terror that had convulsed Edith Pierce's face passed, giving place to something else—to a look of awed exaltation, like that of a devotee who has just beheld a miracle.

She clutched Phyllis' arm and said in a vibrant voice:

"You heard what he said. Don't you see it's true—all that I told them, all that they wouldn't believe? I must talk with him. He will listen to me now."

Even as she spoke, however, she submitted to be led away.

"Perhaps tomorrow will be better," she conceded. "Tomorrow, when he's had time to think. You must talk to him, too. Perhaps you can help."

Phyllis, without taking that up, conducted her firmly down the hall to the other wing where her room was. As they passed the stairhead she glanced down at the great clock on the landing. It stood silent, as when she had last looked at it. It couldn't have started and stopped again all by itself.

At Mrs. Pierce's door she paused, uncertain whether she ought to leave her or not. But the matter was settled for her.

"You'll listen to me now, won't you? You'll let me tell you what I know? Or do you want to go back to bed?"

"I can't think of anything I want to do less," Phyllis confessed. "Yes; I'll be glad to listen."

"Let's go down to the library," Edith suggested. "It won't be so cold there."

She disappeared into her room for a moment, to return carrying a small carved and painted yellow satinwood box, the sort that might stand on a woman's dressing table. Without explaining what it was, she led the way downstairs to the library.

Phyllis followed with a strong, though childish, disinclination to pass very near the big clock, though she noticed that the older woman passed it with no signs of concern whatever.

"It's hard to know where to begin," Mrs. Pierce said, after they'd drawn their chairs close to the remains of the fire. "If it hadn't been for what you've just heard upstairs I couldn't tell you at all. It's discouraging, how blindly, stupidly skeptical people are. There's nothing fearful about it when you understand. It's the only thing that's made life endurable to me these past three years.

"Douglas and I—he's my husband—were everything to each other. Several times while he was in France I had what I knew were direct messages from him—telepathy, you know. He was gassed at Soissons, and after he got home he developed tuberculosis. He passed on three years ago this month. All that autumn I was in despair. Life didn't seem worth carrying on without him.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[ THE CLOCK STRIKES TWO
Continued from Page Sixty-nine ]

"And then, one day, I met a woman who was a widow too, and had lost her young son about a year before. She advised me to go to Mme. Peters."

"A medium?" Phyllis asked.

Mrs. Pierce nodded, but qualified her assent:

"She isn't like the ordinary medium. She gives only private sittings, by appointment. And she cares nothing about money.

"I didn't want to go. I had the same aversion to it that most people have. But I could feel something driving me on. Mrs. Betts arranged a sitting for me without telling Mme. Peters who I was or anything about me.

"Meta—she's Mrs. Peters' control—described Douglas at once so that any one would have known him. She got most of the letters of his name, too. Of course the sittings got better all the time. They do, you know, as you learn how. Now I can hear his own voice. Sometimes I see him. He tells me he wants me to be happy because he is. He's got lots of work to do over there, and it gets more important all the time.

"Well, about six weeks ago he began telling me about Aunt Flora. You heard my grandfather cry out her name just now. Has any one else spoken to you about her?"

"Elizabeth told me I had her room, and that it was her portrait over the mantel that's hidden by the brocade. And she said that something had happened to her that must have been ghastly, because no one ever spoke about it. That's all I know."

"IT was pretty much all I knew—I or any of my brothers. Father never wanted to talk about her much.

"Grandfather had three children, you see—my father, Blair, and Flora. Flora was the youngest by several years. And Grandfather was terribly fond of her. The three of them grew up together in this house, without any mother—she died when Flora was hardly more than a baby. I suppose they rather spoiled Flora.

"Her brother Blair was apparently as devoted to her as her father was. I don't mean that my father wasn't fond of her too. I'm sure he was. But I think he saw the danger of that sort of bringing up. She was a headstrong, impulsive young thing—though rather shy. Very much, he says, like my Elizabeth.

"Everything went along smoothly and happily enough till Flora fell in love.

"Of course she was much too young; she was only eighteen when she died. She realizes that now herself, and she blames Blair—her brother Blair, I mean—for having encouraged her. He was the only one of the family who knew anything about it while it was going on. Father—my father, you know—suspected toward the end that it might be getting serious, and I suppose it was he who finally warned Grandfather.

"Flora was very unjust to him at the time for doing that. And she adored Blair for being on her side. She sees things more wisely now. That's why she wants to tell Grandfather that she's forgiven him and to ask him to forgive her.

"The boy, Walter—I don't know his last name even now—couldn't have been seriously in love with her. But at the time he meant everything to her. It even affected her health, so that she used to walk in her sleep. That's how she's supposed to have died."

"Supposed?"

Mrs. Pierce nodded.

"Grandfather heard her scream one night—this is how he told the story—rushed into her room, and saw she wasn't there. The French windows open on to the balcony. He went out there—and saw her on the brick terrace below. He went down and carried her in; but she died that night. It was supposed she had walked in her sleep and fallen over. But that wasn't what happened."

The woman's assurance was uncanny.

"She's told me all about it, through Meta. She says Grandfather was furious when he found out about Walter. He forbade him the house, and he had some one stay with Flora all the time, except when she was in bed at night. Blair happened to be away at the time, and that made it hard even to get word to Walter, though she managed it by bribing one of the maids.

"They agreed by notes to elope. She was to slip out of the house late, after every one was asleep, and he was to meet her down at the pier with a boat.

"Somehow, Grandfather must have heard about it—probably he intercepted one of the notes—for he came into her room and accused her of it, and then, after a furious quarrel, locked her in. She wrote a letter to Blair. Then she tied her bedsheets together and fastened one end to the railing of her balcony. She thought she could get down all right.

"She doesn't know exactly what did happen—whether she lost her hold or whether the knot untied. The next thing she knew was when she waked up in the spirit world. Then she knew what a terrible thing she had done to Grandfather, and how unjust she had been to my father. He was her brother Thomas, of course. She had blamed him for having warned Grandfather. Afterward she saw that he'd been right and Blair wrong."

The intrinsic naturalness of the tragedy, as Edith Pierce told it, had lulled Phyllis into forgetting the implausibility of its source. At this conclusion, however—so suggestive of a design, though she didn't clearly make out what the design was — her native skepticism was once more alert.

It must have been legible in her face, for the older woman cried:

"Oh, are you like all the others? Don't you believe, even now? After what you heard upstairs tonight? He spoke to her. She was there with him in his room. You must know that! You heard him call her by name! Did he sound to you like a person talking in his sleep?"

Phyllis admitted that he hadn't sounded like that.

"But if she could appear to him, directly like that, why had she waited all these years to tell him she had been wrong and ask him to forgive her?"

"They have nothing to do with time on the other side."

The answer came glibly enough, but it was plain that Edith Pierce didn't herself regard it as sufficient, for she added in the next breath:

"That isn't all she wants to tell him. She wants to warn him."

"Do you know what she wants to warn him about?" Phyllis asked.

She thought the woman hesitated, as if some lingering trace of common-sense discretion stood in the way of her going on. But the impulse to try to make a believer was too strong.

"She told me about it a month ago. Meta said Flora saw a great calamity hanging over Grandfather. A young man was coming from the West to see him. When she spelled out the name Blair, I thought it must be a mistake. I supposed my Uncle Blair was dead, and I didn't know he had a son. But she told me quite a lot

about him. She said he mustn't on any account be allowed to see Grandfather.

"I spoke to my father about it, and he laughed at me. He's a complete unbeliever—at least, he always has been. But the very day after I'd told him, I saw he was shaken. He'd had a letter from Blair, just as Meta had said he would. He couldn't get around that. So, when I begged him not to answer Blair's letter, he said he wouldn't.

"But Blair came anyhow. I saw him when he came to the door at the town house. I heard him say he was a grandson of Colonel Boardman. So I let the caretaker turn him away."

Was this woman the pitiful dupe that her story made her out to be, or was she a clever member of the group of conspirators who hemmed the old blind man in?

There was a third alternative which Phyllis couldn't, in this eerie old library, completely dismiss from her mind. *Had* this woman ghostly communicants? The voice resumed:

*Phyllis turned back the hinged lid and looked in. "It's empty," she said.*

"They won't listen! I tried yesterday, for the last time, to warn Grandfather. I think you heard how he silenced me, even when I told him I had written proof that Flora had been talking to me. And now they're planning to bring Blair out tomorrow! That's why she came to him tonight. To warn him."

"You said you had written proof."

Phyllis found it hard to hold her voice steady. Her glance darted to the yellow box which Edith Pierce had brought downstairs with her. The older woman had followed her look.

"Yes, it's in there," she said. "Open it."

With hands she couldn't keep from shaking, Phyllis picked up the box. There was a keyhole in it, but it wasn't locked. She turned back the hinged lid and looked in.

"It's empty," she said.

"It looks empty," Edith Pierce conceded. "Search it carefully."

PHYLLIS turned it in her hands and felt the sides and bottom of it without result.

"I don't think you'll find anything," Mrs. Pierce said, after watching her for a moment or two. "I think that you'll admit that no one not especially instructed to search would find anything in it by accident.

"As you know, I'd been trying without success to persuade Grandfather to have a sitting with Mme. Peters, so that Flora could talk to him. A week ago Flora said that I wasn't to give up hope. There was a way of convincing him. I was to go to the yellow box on the dressing-table in her room—I remembered it had always stood there—to open the lid, and then press at the same time the four carved roses on the bottom corners."

Phyllis gave a little cry. Unconsciously she'd carried out the instructions herself. The false bottom of the box flew up, pushed by the released springs. Beneath it lay a letter—an old letter, as the discolored paper and the old-fashioned handwriting proved.

"Do you remember my telling you that Aunt Flora wrote Blair a letter just before she died? No one knew that until Flora told me; nor where it was. It had lain hidden in that box for forty years. Isn't that proof that it's Flora herself who talks to me? Isn't it proof for you?"

Without waiting for an answer, she added: "Read it. Handle it carefully; it's rather brittle."

Phyllis unfolded the letter. This is what she read:

MY DEAREST BROTHER: I have little time in which to write to you—not enough for all that I would like to say, but enough to tell you what has happened and why I am taking this step tonight.

I was right about Thomas. He knew and he betrayed me to Papa. Since the day after you went away, I have been constantly watched, making it impossible to see Walter, and for three unendurable days even to get word to him. Finally I succeeded in getting on the soft side of Maggie, and she consented to carry a note to Walter and to bring me his reply. It is possible that she too has betrayed me, but she has seemed so kind, and I think that all my misfortunes are due to Thomas, who has never had any other thought but to court Papa's good will.

I know he spied upon me the day I met Walter in the woods. You doubted that when I told you of it, but the event has proved that it was as I said. Papa denied it at the time of our first quarrel, and persisted in his denial tonight; but I am sure, just the same. I shall never forgive Thomas.

As soon as the clock strikes two, I shall go. Maggie brought me Walter's letter this afternoon, in which he asked me to elope with him tonight. He says he can't endure the waiting and the uncertainty any longer. For that matter, neither can I.

There is no hope, as he points out, of winning Papa's consent.

Oh, Blair, I wish you were in love, too! It is all that makes life mean anything. But I mustn't stop for that, for the time is getting short.

Walter is coming for me across the lake in a boat. He will be near the pier at 2 o'clock, and will wait for me there, because Rover is always turned loose in the grounds now at night and might make a fuss over Walter.

The plan was—I say was, since it has had to be changed—that when the house was quiet, I having gone to bed at my usual 9 o'clock, should dress, pack my little hand satchel, and slip out.

Naturally, I didn't sleep, and when the great clock went twelve, I arose and began my preparations for flight. It was necessary to strike a light, but I took care to make no noise.

I was nearly dressed when the door opened without knocking, and Papa came into my room. It was all too plain, of course, what I was doing. I was furiously angry, and he was in as great a rage as I. Blair, he accused me of the most unspeakable thing. I cannot force my pen to write the words.

When my fury had convinced him that this was not true, he said, apparently cool again, that he would prevent me by main force from going to Walter, keeping me a prisoner, if necessary, until I had come to my senses. Foolishly, I defied him. He stalked out of my room and *locked* me in.

As soon as he was gone, taking great care to make no noise, I cut my bed sheets into lengths with my sewing scissors, and knotted them into a rope. One end is already attached to my balcony rail, and the other ready to be flung overboard when the time comes. My little satchel is packed and I am ready.

I have shaded the candle by which I am writing, so that he shall see no light under the door. The house is very still—so still that I can hear, through the closed door, the ticking of the great clock on the stairs. The door into Papa's study did not close after he went away. He is listening to make sure that all is well.

All *is* well, Blair, isn't it? I go on writing to you to occupy my thoughts, to keep me from getting frightened. I am frightened a little. I have a creepy feeling that I'm saying good-by to you—the longest kind of a good-by. But I know it is not so.

You will come to us as soon as you can, won't you, and bid Walter welcome as a brother? He's rowing across the lake to claim me now. Tomorrow at this time I shall be his wife. I ought to believe that, but somehow it seems too wonderful to be true.

Good-by, Blair. A short little good-by. If I have done or am doing anything wrong, forgive me.

Blair, I hear his oars. I know I do. The moment the clock goes two, I shall be off.

Faithfully forever, FLORA.

Oh, Blair, dear, good-by!

Phyllis sat quite still, holding the letter for a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE CLOCK STRIKES TWO
Continued from Page Seventy-one]

few minutes. Her eyes were full of tears; she seemed under a spell. It was broken when she put the letter back in its box.

"The letter's true, anyhow," she said. Then, on an impulse she couldn't resist, "Oh, *please* don't talk about her any more tonight. Can't we just leave her like this"—she closed the lid of the box as she spoke—"at peace until tomorrow?"

The older woman bridled as if it had been a rebuke. Phyllis hadn't meant it that way; only she couldn't bear to go back from the girl whose live young hand had written the pages she had just read to the grimy, half-plausible evocation of Mme. Peters and Meta.

"I don't believe I can talk any more tonight," she added, rising shakily to her feet. "I guess I had better go back to bed."

She rose and left the older woman to the communion of her own choosing.

ODDLY enough, it was with no feeling of fear that she re-entered Flora's room; and she must have fallen asleep almost instantly, for the next thing she knew there was daylight in the room. Her body was still half asleep, her limbs heavy and inert. But her mind was enjoying that curious, almost clairvoyant lucidity which sometimes follows deep slumber.

Flora's tragedy no longer troubled her thoughts. She was busy with a set of comparisons and coincidences, with the design which she had sensed, but had been unable to see, in the events of Edith Pierce's narrative.

It was three years ago that the widow had gone to her first séance, believing herself unknown. The sittings had gone on getting better all the time, until she could hear her husband's voice, and sometimes see him. Her family's skepticism—Herbert's anyway, and possibly Franklin's—must have been pretty heavy-handed. Poor Edith!

There hadn't been a word of Flora—not until six weeks ago. What else had happened six weeks ago?

Why, Blair had written, from the Philippines, apparently, to his Uncle Thomas, to say that he was about to visit the family. Wait a minute, though. Flora's warning had come ahead of Blair's letter. Just one day, in fact.

The Boardman family must have regarded the prospect of Blair's visit with some pretty serious misgivings. The old man profoundly distrusted the lot of them. He had quarreled with Blair's father many years before, had tried to make up the quarrel, and his advances had been repulsed.

But it was easy enough to see what might happen if an attractive and, to all intents and purposes, new grandson were to be allowed access to him. Neither Thomas nor his sons needed any warning from the spirit world.

They'd got it, though, right in the nick of time—just a day ahead of Blair's letter.

A little speculation supplied the details easily enough. Thomas getting the letter, being profoundly alarmed about it, calling Franklin into consultation on it, and perhaps his other sons as well! A private visit to the medium, a little careful coaching and a substantial cash payment, and the trick is turned. Edith comes home to her father full of her new revelations, and is laughed at. But the next day, "much shaken," he admits that he's had a letter from Blair; shows it to her, no doubt.

Easy enough to do. Only, why should they do it?

Well, if Edith, herself believing, could convince the old Colonel that his beloved daughter's spirit had talked to her, and could prevail upon him to listen to Flora's warnings, the family would have nothing more to fear from Blair. The old man, in a panic, would refuse to see him. Who knew but that he might get into the habit of taking Flora's advice in other matters as well?

So far, conceivable.

Well, then, Edith had tried and failed. Her grandfather had refused to listen to her. Edith had gone back to Mme. Peters' parlor and confessed her failure. She had been told not to give up hope. There was a way by which the old man might yet be convinced. She was directed to the yellow box on Flora's dressing-table.

That wasn't so easy to explain away. The letter was genuine. There couldn't be a doubt of that. And the hiding place was genuine. The secret it had contained, the true explanation of Flora's death, had apparently been a real secret.

Phyllis sat up in bed and gazed at the heavy old Victorian writing desk where, with her shaded candle, the girl had sat during the last minutes of her life, writing to the brother she loved, and to whom she felt she was saying a long good-by.

She had sprung up from it thinking she heard the oars of her lover's boat. Why, if she wanted Blair to get the letter, had she hidden it in the yellow box?

She had left it on her desk. Of course she had!

Well, then, who had found it? Not the girl's father, though he had, by his own account, been the first person to enter the room. If he'd found it, he'd either have given it to Blair, concealed it in some hiding place of his own, or destroyed it.

Probably, since he was guarding so carefully the secret of her death, he'd have destroyed it. Certainly he hadn't given it to Blair, or Blair would have carried it away with him. He might have locked it away among his own papers; but in that case how would it have got planted in the yellow box? And what would have been the point in planting it? Who else besides the Colonel might have found it?

The spy Thomas? He was at home that night; would have been in and out of that room where the girl lay dying. What would he have done with the letter if he had found it? It must have made pretty bitter reading for him. He'd have had an impulse to destroy it.

But Thomas wasn't, apparently, an impulsive character. It put him in possession of some interesting facts, that letter did. It gave the lie to his father's explanation of the tragedy. Wouldn't it have been like him to keep it, on the chance that it might come in handy sometime? And until that time wouldn't he have let the secret rest in Flora's grave?

But even he wouldn't have chanced it in the yellow box. Did he even know the secret of the box? Well, he might have; but it sounded more like Herbert. Leave it at that. Some one of the crew had found the trick that caused the false bottom of that box to fly up. What then?

THE first attack upon the old man's credulity has failed. A better trick is needed. Sleek, silvery old Thomas—probably with considerable reluctance—produces his letter: the letter containing a secret that has been kept inviolate for forty years. All that's needed is a hiding place, now, somewhere in Flora's room. And Herbert, perhaps, comes through with that.

The Peters woman is coached again and again, handsomely remunerated, and at the next sitting Meta's high-pitched prattlings contain some real information.

Oh, the beasts, to use the last outpourings of that young girl's heart for bait in a sordid game like this! It was amazing that the game hadn't succeeded; that the old man could have resisted evidence like that.

Yes; but he was saved from the full force of it by his blindness. He couldn't read the letter. He'd have to take Edith's word, or somebody's, for the existence of it. He had, no doubt, simply shouted her down—refused to listen to the first word.

Well, that covered everything, didn't it?

No, it did not. It didn't explain the terrified outcry which Phyllis herself had heard at half-past 1 o'clock last night:

"Stop that damned clock!"

There had been no sound of a clock. She was sure of that—almost sure.

"Flora, don't! Don't do it!"

What vision had been before the old man's sightless eyes?

Despite the broad, honest daylight, Phyllis found herself beginning to tremble. She flung back the covers and sprang out of bed. She looked at her watch. Heavens! It was half-past eight. If her old employer had suffered from nothing worse than a nightmare last night, he might be sending for her any minute.

She bathed and dressed as swiftly as she could, and went downstairs to breakfast.

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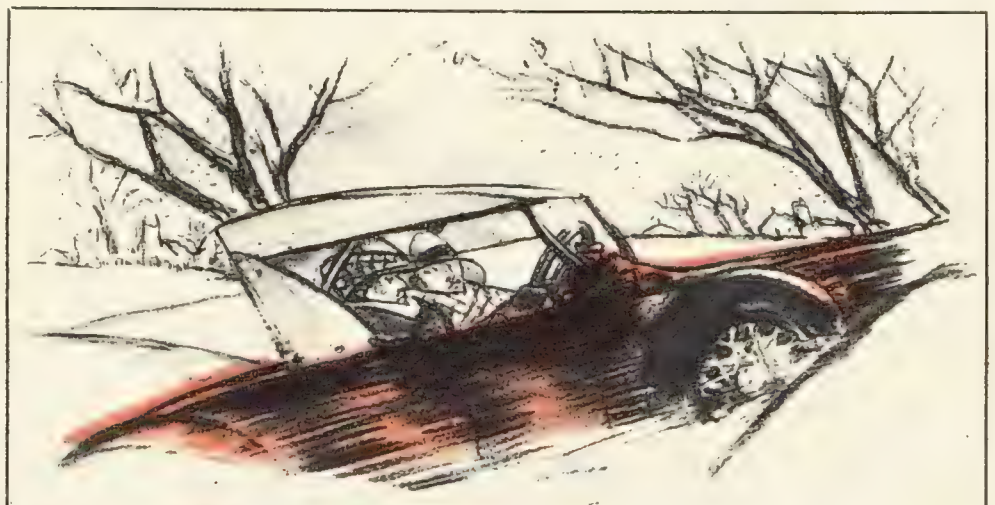
*Phyllis found that breakfast no simple meal, for she absorbed more bewilderment than food. Her fixed idea—to be eyes for the blind—led her into deeper mystery. Watch for next week's installment.*



Next Week—

When you see the grin on the face of Santa Claus, you'll know he's been reading

Jeeves *and the* Yuletide Spirit

By P. G. Wodehouse

In the December 24th issue of LIBERTY

—ALSO—

In the same number—

Gen. William Mitchell tells

an absorbing inside story of conditions in the Soviet Republic, as he saw them during his recent airplane trip.

Be sure to read—

My Flight into Russia

*In next week's LIBERTY*

# Somebody's Coming To Our House

As Dictated by TONI, JR., to

ANTOINETTE DONNELLY

*Pictures by* DOROTHY HOPE SMITH BARLOW

*I WONDER if he spends all week peeking through keyholes and windows.*

*(Reading time: 4 minutes 10 seconds.)*

DEAR WORLD:

This is going to be one hard, *hard* week for me; the hardest I ever put in in my life.

"You'll have to watch your step," Daddy tells me.

"If you're not a good girl—" Mom says, shaking her head at me.

"You had better be careful, old dear," Aunt Toni cautions.

And so it goes!

All because Christmas is coming. And with it SOMEBODY who will know everything I have been doing. How this Somebody can find out so much when he doesn't live anywhere around here is more than I can understand.

I wonder if he spends all week peeking through keyholes and windows to find out where the good little girls and boys live and where they don't?

I wish I knew. *How* I would like to find out how he knows everything! But he does. Daddy says so. And so does Mommy. And Aunt Toni says I may be able to fool her with my wiles and arts after I've been naughty, but I can't fool Santa Claus.

Yes, that's the SOMEBODY. Santa Claus!

"How would I know him so I could tell him from you, Daddy?" I asked when I was told he was a man that loved to make children happy.

"By his whiskers," Daddy answered. "You can't mistake him, as he is about the only man left that wears them."

"Why does he wear whiskers, Daddy?"

"He has to stroke them when he's thinking hard, Toni. When he's thinking and thinking what he'll do about little girls and boys that aren't as good as they could be, but aren't as bad as they might be."

While Daddy and I were talking, I got excited and threw my ball up high, intending to hit the ceiling, but it didn't go that way at all, and in a minute there was a crash of falling glass. I shouted as loud as I could so Santa could hear me, no matter how far away he was:

"I didn't mean to hit anything, Santa. It was the ball that was naughty." And I spanked it good and hard for trying to get me in wrong.

"Now," said Daddy, looking at me very crit-i-cally, "it's when you do things like that that Santa has to stroke his whiskers and ponder."

"If that's what he uses them for," said Mom, giving me a most indig-nant look as she picked up the broken glass, "and there are many more youngsters in the world like Toni, believe me, Christmas Eve will see a beardless Santa."

"Aw, now, not so hard on her, Mommy," Daddy coaxed. "She's sorry."

Of course, what I'm more interested in than Santa's whiskers is how he is ever going to get into our house when there isn't any fireplace or any chimney for him to slide down.

"If you're good you never have to worry about how he will get in," Mom says. "He always does, somehow.

"His ways," Mom added, "are miss-teer-i-us. Miss-teer-i-usser than anybody else's in the world, and the fewer questions you ask and the more you believe in him, the happier you'll be and he'll be, too."

It is easier, I'm told, for him to slide down chimneys and fill up stockings hanging on the mantel, but, just the same, he loves to surprise people who think because they haven't everything convenient for him, they're not going to be remembered at all. Do you know whom Santa loves to surprise most of all?

THE poor little kids that are led to believe because they are so poor even Santa will forget them. Of all the children in the world, they are the happiest to be remembered. And their mothers and fathers are the happiest parents when their little ones are not forgotten.

"That's why," says Daddy, "all the grown-ups who can get in touch with him should do so, and help him so that not one poor little girl or boy will be forgotten. The saddest sight in the world is the child who thinks he's been forgotten, and the gladdest when he finds out he hasn't been."

"A cure for everything that ails you," says Aunt Toni, who's always recommending cures for what ails you, "be it the holiday grouch, disappointment, discontent, cyni-cism, or what have you, is to fill up a basket for a needy family, not forgetting the toy needs of the small ones, and take it around. A happier Christmas than you've known in a long time is abso-lutely guaranteed with the deed."

"What would you like Santa to bring you, Toni?" Mom asked after the recent accident had been forgotten. "I'll write the letter for you. You just tell me what you want."

I maybe would have put in more things if Mommy hadn't warned me that if I asked for too much some other child might get nothing and neither of us then would be very happy. This is what I told her:

"I'd like some cookies
And ice-cream cones;
But, *please*, not anything
To build up bones.

"Not any spinach,
Not any prunes,
Not any med-i-cine,
Or med-i-cine spoons.

"Oranges and apples
And raisins would be nice;
But, *please*, Mr. Santa Claus,
*Not any rice.*

"A whole lot of sugar lumps
I'd like too.
If that's asking too much,
A smaller lot will do.

"I'd like a gift for Janey,
My very nicest doll;
If you should bring her candy,
She'll let me eat it all.

"I think it would be better
For me to have the pain
From eating too much candy,
Than poor little Jane."

"That's a funny Christmas list," says Mom, reading it over quickly. "Cookies and ice-cream cones, sugar lumps and candy. All you think of is something to eat. I imagine Santa would like to bring you a real present — something to play with. Think hard, now, and tell me what you would like more than anything else to play with."

*I DON'T know what Santa Claus is going to bring me.*

"A baby," I said.

"It's rather short notice for an order like that!" said Mom, scratching her head, as she has no whiskers to stroke and ponder over. "Maybe Santa might run into a stork with one at a chimney place. But I'm afraid, though, if he took it away for you, somebody else would be heartbroken. Let's think of something else this year.

"What will the something else be? A doll, a carriage, a sled, a scooter, a bicycle, skates, a new set of dishes?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Yes, what?" said Mom.

"A doll and a carriage and a sled and a scooter and a bicycle and skates and dishes and an airplane and an automobile—"

"Hold on a minute!" Mom cried. "Somebody is getting sleepy, I guess, so I think we will leave it to Santa himself to decide."

---

*I don't know what Santa Claus is going to bring me, but I'll tell you all about it next week.—TONI.*

# DORFAN

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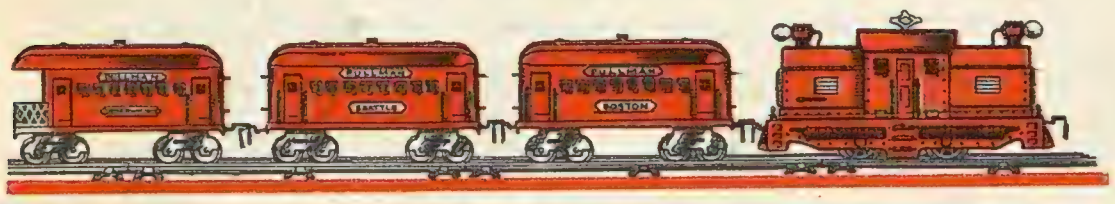
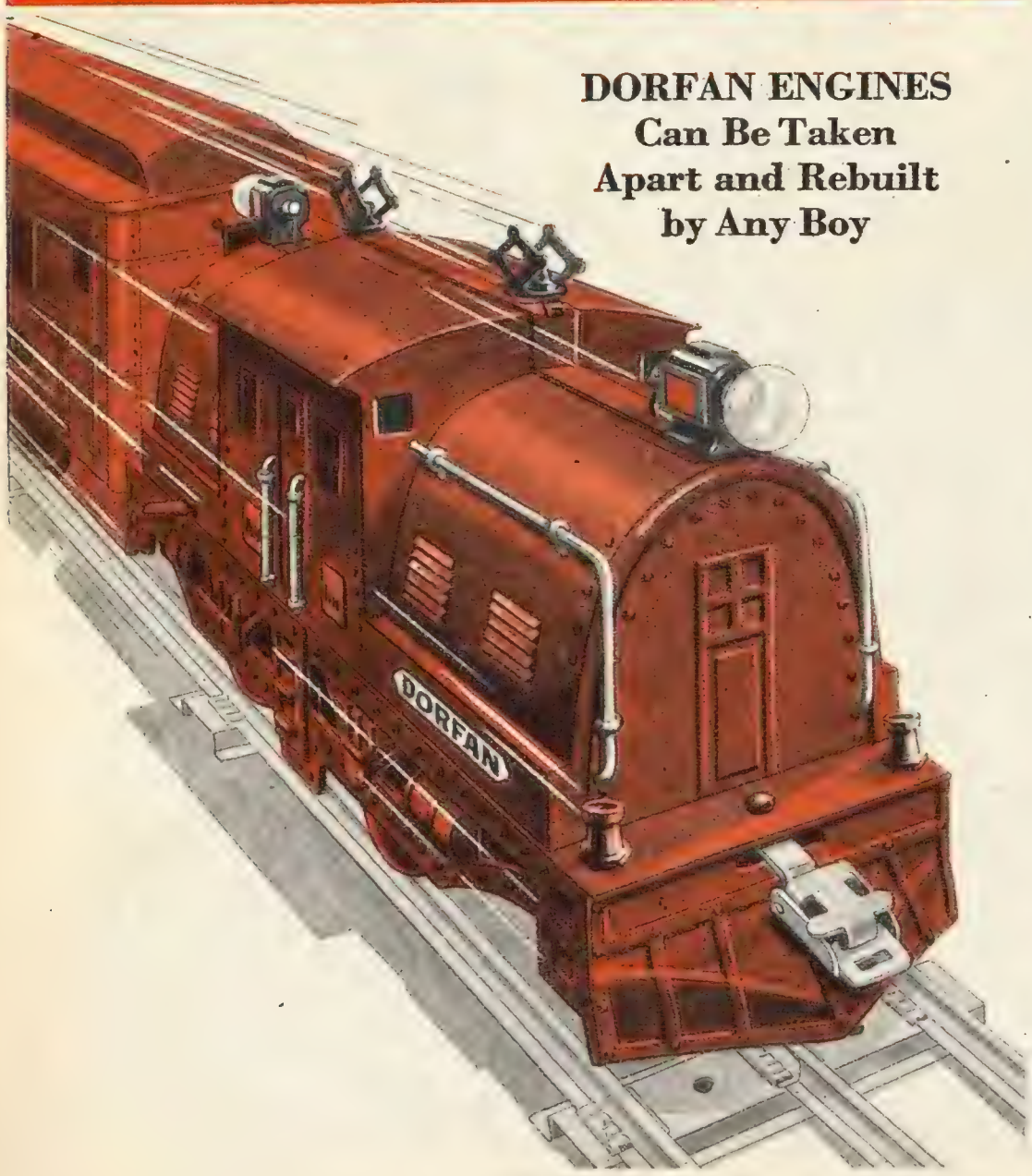
*Two views of Dorfan Train No. 250—with its powerful reversible narrow gauge engine—electrically lighted Pullmans and brass trimmed Observation car. Complete with tracks, etc. Price $12.50, East of Rockies.*




**DORFAN ENGINES Can Be Taken Apart and Rebuilt by Any Boy**


# "We Prefer Cigarets"

*Lil's Hectic Hunt for Holiday Gifts*

A Week-Before-Christmas Chapter in LIBERTY'S Great Cover Serial

## FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

*By* LESLIE THRASHER

"ONLY six more shopping days before Christmas," Lil was saying to her mother. Her words were rather jerky, due to the jostling Saturday-afternoon shoppers of Main Street.

"Oh, why didn't I do all my shopping in August?" Mrs. Morse asked. She shifted a sagging box of tree trimmings from her left hip to her right. Being abreast of a Salvation Army tripod, money-pot, and clanging bell, her remark had to be shouted. She dropped a nickel in the pot to express her holiday spirit. Then she went on her merry-Christmas-oh-dear-how-tired-I-am way.

Crowds—packages—packages—crowds!

"Let's stop for sodas," Lil suggested. "My feet hurt so!"

So they went into a packed holly-decked candy shop, to stand wearily awaiting seats and refreshment.

"I'll try a Riviera Special," Ma decided, squinting into the mirror at the port tilt of her too-small $6.98 bargain felt.

"I'll try a Lindbergh Delight," Lil murmured.

After fifteen minutes Mrs. Morse and Lil gratefully perched themselves upon high stools and sighed:

"Hot chocolates and saltines."

"There's a woman fatter than I am," Ma declared in a whisper which the woman easily heard. "I'd like to tell her about my diet."

She burned her tongue in several places and shook cracker crumbs from her fur coat to her own shoes in a shoo-the-chickens-off-the-porch motion.

"I wish I'd ordered a banana split," Lil sighed.

"You'd only spoil your supper," Mrs. Morse said. "Now I'm going home. I'll go on ahead and pay the checks, if you'll stay here and tell me if my petticoat shows—it's the lavender one."

"No, it doesn't," Lil told her at the door. She just rescued the lamp-shade frame she was carrying before the revolving door turned it into a pancake!

*Question:* Then did Mrs. Morse go home?

*Answer:* Yes—and how! In a taxi. The first time in a month she'd thrown sixty-five cents to the wind.

"It must be the Christmas spirit," her daughter thought. Then she launched forth alone on her first yearly present-for-hubby hunt: More neckties? Opera-glasses? Studs? A footstool? Socks? A canary in a Persian cage? Carpet slippers? A rug for the hall? A vase of artificial roses for the car they didn't have?

Five o'clock: And still no present for Sandy!

Then a Turkish water-pipe in a window lured her into The London Smoke Shop! How sheiky Sandy would look—but no, she decided it resembled a fume-inhaler for whooping-cough treatment. Pipes? She dusted a rackful once a week (Thursdays). Cigars? He was too fussy. Choicest cigars in individual glass tubes? Too expensive! And then:

"Why, what's that?" Lil asked. She pointed to a weird object resembling an Amazon head-hunter's pet trophy, marked 98.

"That's an old, beautifully blended meerschaum," the clerk said. "A replica of a famous bust of—of—of Emperor Frederick Barbarossa the—the—red-beard!"

"Oh, it's historic?" Lil asked. "How much?"

"Ninety-eight dollars."

"Ninety-eight dollars?" she said, with the accent on the dollars. "Well, it may be historic—quite classic, in fact; but we prefer cigarets!"

*(To be continued next week)*

# Bright Sayings *of* Children

**LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.**

*Hadn't She Eyes?*

Little Jack came home in a very sad state. He had a number of scratches on his face and his clothes were badly torn. His mother was horrified at the spectacle he presented, and said:

"Oh, Jack! Haven't I told you not to play with that Jones boy?"

"Huh," said Jack in disgust, "does it look as if I'd been playing with anybody?"—David Furn, 701 Barnard St., Savannah, Ga.

* * *

*Percolating Curiosity*

Four-year-old Dora was watching her mother make coffee. As it began to percolate, she exclaimed, "Oh, Mammie! Look at the coffee peeking out the window at us!"—Minna M. Pohlig, 267 Ethan Allen Ave., Takoma Park, Md.

# *How to* Throw a PARTY

## *Rules, By-Laws, and Penalties*

Compiled by
ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS

*Pictures by* JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

*(Reading time: 8 minutes 39 seconds.)*

I WAS puzzling over a telegram when Joe Gish sat down beside me with a casual greeting.

"What's the trouble?" he asked, nodding toward the telegram. "I can't tell whether your mother-in-law is coming to live with you or your horse broke a leg on the home stretch."

I read him the telegram:

NEED ARTICLE ON CLEAN SPORT BY A PRINCETON MAN STOP PLEASE SEND ME THREE THOUSAND WORDS ON ANY SPORT YOU CHOOSE STOP EMPHASIZE CHARACTER BUILDING AND IDEALS OF MANHOOD STOP HELP ME OUT ON THIS AND YOU CAN ASK YOUR OWN PRICE STOP THEN TRY AND GET IT STOP EDITOR LIBERTY.

"Well, that's clear enough," Joe volunteered.

"Yea; I suppose he wants an article from a Princeton man to come back at Hubbard's mud pie."

"No, I don't think so," Joe told me. "It's up to a Harvard man to reply to that. Why don't you give him his article?"

"Nope. I'm no authority on any sport. I need some cash, as the galloping dominoes have not been behaving properly and I left my shirt at the bridge club yesterday. Clean sport? I'll say I was cleaned!"

"Say, listen," insisted Joe; "you know that hundreds of articles are written every year by experts on baseball, tennis, golf, polo, football, bridge, billiards, and crap-shooting. You can follow the high lights of almost any sport without ever shutting off the radio. But, as far as I know, the most popular indoor sport has been entirely neglected by our editorial mentors. Why don't you rush forward, waving your trusty pen, and fill the gap with a volley of hot ink?"

"What sport do you mean?" I asked him.

"The ancient and honorable pastime of throwing a party."

"Well, I can't write on that," I told him, "because I am not a qualified expert and can't speak with authority."

"Well, I am," Joe answered. "For the past ten years I have been an ardent follower of the sport. From the Golden Horn to the Golden Hind, I have thrown parties, helped to throw them, and been thrown out of them. I have attended clambakes in Maine, sunbakes in Florida, rum swizzles in Cuba, beer guzzles in Milwaukee, wife hunts in Springfield, husband hunts in Dayton, kidnapings in Los Angeles, fish fries in Norfolk, barbecues in Birmingham, and julep contests in Atlanta.

"I have danced with a countess in a shell-torn railway station in Belgium while a major general played the piano; I have roller-skated

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

*Through it she plunged, and landed indelicately in a very angry gentleman's soup.*

"MUCH GIVEN TO JOLLY COMPANY!"

THE unmistakable aroma of Fatimas will soon be curling in many a fragrant wreath 'round many a Christmas tree. For the younger crowd is coming home for the holidays — and bringing younger-crowd preferences with them!

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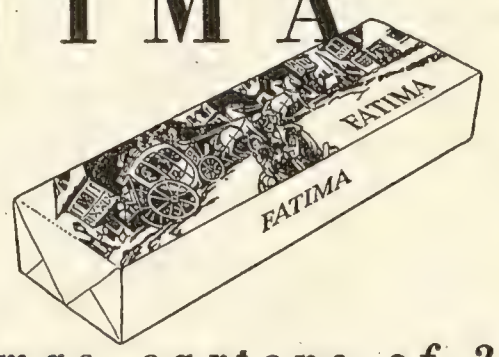


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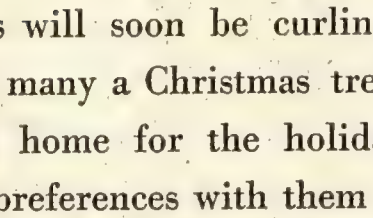


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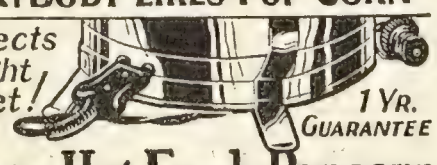


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*Remembering the President*

By Louis Seibold

Tells of the strange assortment of gifts showered upon the Chief Executive—and what becomes of them. Read it

IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

**CLARK'S FAMOUS CRUISES**

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**LUCKY TIGER**

[HOW TO THROW A PARTY Continued from Page Seventy-five]

down the Champs Elysées in dress clothes, and jumped out of a window in New Orleans.

"Therefore I can speak with authority and outline the rules, hazards, and penalties of the grand old sport of party-throwing. If anyone disagrees with my code of conventions, there is nothing to prevent his hurling the second stone."

"All right," I agreed; "you're on. Let me get some paper, and I will take down the pearls of wisdom as they drop from your lips."

I got some paper and found a place to write, and this is the sporting article I secured from Joe Gish, M. P. T.—Master Party-Thrower:

FIRST, I will define the game. I am not talking about putting on an orgy. Anyone with a stomach and a dress suit can get drunk in company. I detest likker-heads.

I don't mean tearing off a little necking. Anybody with a flask and an address book can neck. That's a private affair, not a party.

I'm not referring to looking upon the wine when it's red or Venus when she's pink.

I'm not speaking of formal affairs where there are guests and definite hours. Anybody with a book of etiquette and a social register can put on a lot of dog and get the neighbors in to watch.

Throwing a party is an entirely different sport from those more or less vulgar pastimes. It requires years of training and constant practice. You can get stale at the game in a couple of weeks, and a bad stroke may cost you your amateur standing overnight.

There is practically no equipment necessary. You can throw a party in a bathing suit, a ballroom, a bedroom, or a fit of enthusiasm. All you need is two or more people with a sense of humor and a little spare time.

The rules, as laid down by the Likker Valley Party-Throwing Association, are not complicated but inflexible. I will explain them.

RULE ONE: The host is sole ringmaster.

The reason for this is apparent. The host is the only person who knows the amount of insurance and which jardinière Aunt Martha sent for Christmas. He has all the responsibility and his authority is supreme. Any one who disputes it must go home at once. The host, on his part, must both entertain and protect the players.

The most perfect host I ever knew was a gentleman in London who was throwing a party in the Savoy Court. A lady, sitting prettily on the window ledge of the third floor, lost her balance and fell out. Below her was the glass roof of the grillroom. Through it she plunged, and landed indelicately seated in a very angry gentleman's soup.

Mine host, without a moment's hesitation, leaped after his guest, and arrived beside her on a platter of roast beef in time to rescue her tender flesh from a thorough scalding.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

*It's Fun Now to Shave*

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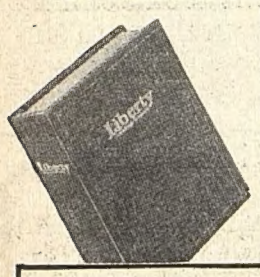
## SAVE the MEMOIRS of IRENE CASTLE

**FEW women have captured the affections of her own sex to the degree that Irene Castle has attained. Over night, she became the dance idol of the nation. She started the bobbed-hair mode. She taught women to individualize their dress, and broke the grip of the French couturiers on American styles. She was an inspiration for modern feminine economic independence.**

**Many of her countless admirers will want to keep permanently Irene Castle's fascinating memoirs, which begin next week in LIBERTY —preceded this week by Elsie Janis' article. For this purpose, the LIBERTY binder is ideal. Holds 13 issues—keeps them clean and whole for future reference and rereading.**

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE SEVENTY-SIX]

RULE TWO: Everyone must assist the host or ringmaster.

If the throwing is to be successful, everyone must do his bit to keep the pot boiling, or the host can claim a foul. No ringmaster can overcome the handicap of unresponsive victims.

RULE THREE: All players must park their tempers, dignity, and firearms.

Or, as they say in Boston, if you cawn't stand the smell of the beans, keep out of the bakehouse. You know what happened to the fellow who did the imitation before Queen Victoria. He was really entitled to claim a foul.

RULE FOUR: No one must go to sleep, play bridge, or devote himself exclusively to drinking or necking.

Party-throwing requires concentration. If the players wander off after other pursuits, the throwing comes to an immediate end and the ringmaster scores a blank unless he can prove a foul.

RULE FIVE: No return engagements are played.

You never can tell when Gramma and Aunt Susie are going to arrive. And just because you rode to hounds in the music room the night before is no excuse for crashing in at 3 A. M. the next night and trying to awaken your host with a quick stab of straight alcohol.

THERE are other regulations, but they are mostly ground rules and vary with the season and the locality.

Likker is not absolutely essential to party-throwing, but I would say that it is the most necessary prop. Schumann-Heink can give a concert without an orchestra, and so can some ringmasters call their shots without likker. But, to make a dry party a success, the ringmaster has to be a combination of Charlie Chaplin, Billy Sunday, Houdini, and Daddy Browning. Have you ever been to a dry banquet?

Experts on the subject now agree that to throw a successful party you must start with elements of both sexes. A stag party is all right for a while and gets up steam very rapidly.

But as soon as a crowd of men begin to get social, they feel the urge for female company, and the party can go on the rocks while they go out and get it.

If that doesn't break up the party in itself, the indiscriminate choice of partners will. You can mix drinks, metaphors, or religion, but you can't mix women on a party. They may be subcutaneous relatives in the raw state, but on a party they are two Seidlitz powders and won't mix without an explosion.

Of course, there have been some justly famous stag parties thrown. The scion of a well known blue-blooded, gold-tinted family attained his majority and several million dollars while a student at one of our leading universities. He celebrated the event by throwing a party.

He bought a hearse and had it lined with copper and filled with

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]


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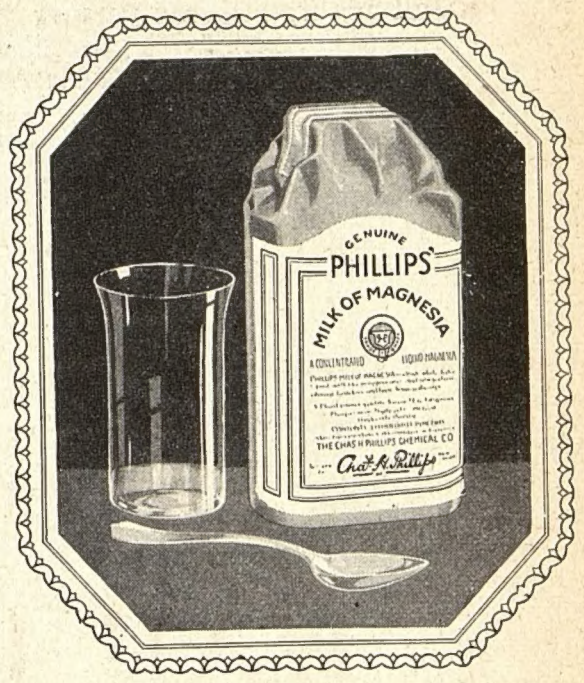


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*"My joints are back to normal so I want my former size gloves"*

[HOW TO THROW A PARTY
Continued from Page Seventy-seven]

champagne. Then he invited his class to the funeral. The hearse was drawn by two white horses and the cortège started for the cemetery. Each man carried a tin cup, and the stately procession slowly marched around the hearse, each man filling his cup from the spigot at the back as he filed by.

Dawn found the hearse some six miles distant in an open field, where the horses were munching the grass, and one lone survivor was crawling around the hearse on his hands and knees, his cup still at his lips.

I have never heard of a successful hen party being scored. I dare say there have been some, but the cards have not been turned in officially. I understand that a hen party is about as festive an occasion as a one-man funeral. It's a clinic without a patient. The girls get together all right, but they never trust one another enough to really let go and cut up.

Party-throwing seems to be a masculine prerogative. The ladies simply can't get away with it. A hostess must keep her dignity to keep the lid on the party. As soon as she starts to do any throwing, the party loses its character.

I knew one lovely hostess with a bountiful *savoir-faire*, good ideas, and two hollow legs; but every time she tried to throw a party there was either a three-alarm fire or somebody had to have twelve stitches taken. Her career ended with an alienation-of-affection suit.

It takes a man to be the ringmaster. The ladies either get insulted and retire, or try to stop something they started themselves. A woman can vote and ride astride, but she can't throw a party. She either gets too much attention or too little. And if the game is hide and go seek, it invariably breaks up the party when she is found behind the piano with another woman's husband.

LET us now consider the record of a famous party-thrower. The world's open champion was a man known far and wide as Cousin Jim. He batted .600 for five years. He ranks with Bobby Jones, Bill Tilden, Tommy Hitchcock, Babe Ruth, Willie Hoppe, Elwell, and Ted Coy.

His methods were always sound and his technique unimpeachable. He would go to a formal affair—be it a dinner, a ball, a reception, a veterans' convention, a church bazaar, a table-tapping, a beauty contest, or a funeral. He might go alone or take guests of his own. Then he would circulate among the crowd and swap partners, jokes, the time of day, or drinks with the assembled multitude.

He would carefully isolate the bacilli and round up an especially selected congenial crew, and inform them privately that he was throwing a little party after the main tent was closed. If there was an orchestra, he would arrange for it to follow; if not, he might send for one. Usually he was clever enough to invite people who could make up an amateur band.

If his guests were enjoying themselves, he would leave them to their own devices; but if the party dragged, he would take charge at once.

Upon one occasion he placed a huge bowl of punch in the middle of the ballroom floor and surrounded it with all the palms and potted plants in the house. Each guest was given a clothes hanger for a bow and arrow and a billiard cue for a spear, and we stalked our prey through the jungle.

One night he drove his car into the front hall and had a contest among the ladies to see who could change a tire the quickest. He got the car in easy enough, but it had to be taken apart to be removed.

Another night we had a regular polo game. The players were equipped with flash lights and the ball was coated with phosphorus.

At one of his house parties, a guest fell down the stairs and landed in an embarrassing position at the dining-room door. The next morning there was a chute built, and each guest would sit upon a cushion at the top and coast down to his or her dinner place.

Once I saw him do a human fly up the State Capitol's gilded dome, just to amuse some guests. He climbed up easily, but it took the fire department several hours to get him down.

When his wife finally rebelled, he bought another house a short distance away and arranged it for the sole purpose of party-throwing. It was equipped with a couple of dozen assorted fancy-costume outfits, circus paraphernalia, stage equipment, and a fifteen-gallon electric cocktail shaker.

*With broomsticks for guns, we stalked our prey through the jungle.*

He never had any close competition in the game, and was still in his prime when he was killed in a train wreck.

The man with the lowest batting average in the league was known as General de Bauch. He loved the game but never mastered the strokes. His average was around .090 when he was debarred for professionalism.

He always managed to have someone on the party who would start a fight, necking, or home. Any of these moves is fatal to the throwing. He was pugnacious himself and frequently had the patrol wagon backed up to the door. He would make the punch too strong and knock everybody out, or he would run out of likker at the crucial moment and the party would die a natural death.

His career as a thrower was finally ended one night as he was sitting in the kitchen sink necking a fair young blonde. His elbow accidentally hit the faucet and turned on the water. Before they knew it, it was too late.

It was just one of those things which can't be laughed off, and each was named as corespondent. He kept on giving parties after that, but he never was reinstated in the league. His parties always degenerated early, and the guests would assume the second drinking position.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is the man who really deserves the credit of organizing the sport, for he was the chief supporter of the Eighteenth Amendment. I read where he contributed $150,000 to the Cause. Well, it was worth it, because he drove all the convivial souls into private homes and brought the game up to its present high standards.

He is to party-throwing what Landis is to baseball, Nero to a bonfire, and Schopenhauer to suicide.

Without John D.'s inspiring millions we might still be a prey to the rathskellers and road houses. I'll vote for him every time. Columbus showed us the way to get to this country, but it took John D. to show us how to enjoy it.

OF course, drinking is still done in public, but no one attempts to throw a party on the town except on New Year's Eve. Our best people don't like to take a chance on having to bail their guests out, and have abandoned public drinking on a large scale. Hence the need for a private performance following the public appearance, and the host who can throw a good party is in as great demand now as a broad A in Boston.

It is a game that should be encouraged. It builds up character. A host must be unselfish, public-spirited, and clever to succeed. It requires leadership and a clear head. I never heard of a bank robber or a forger who was a party-thrower. A drunkard could not possibly succeed at the game. I doubt if a politician could even master the shots. It is unquestionably the game for 100-per-cent Americans, for it teaches the virtues of democracy.

You learn quickly not to judge a man by his clothes. No snob could ever be a ringleader. One of the best players I ever met was a chauffeur who had previously been an acrobat.

Another time I found a policeman that could do a knock-out flat-footed Charleston, and we all got hysterical over the stories that a bishop told us.

I only hope I can raise my boy to take a pride in his stance and some day bring to the Gish name the honor that his father has not been worthy to achieve.

THE END

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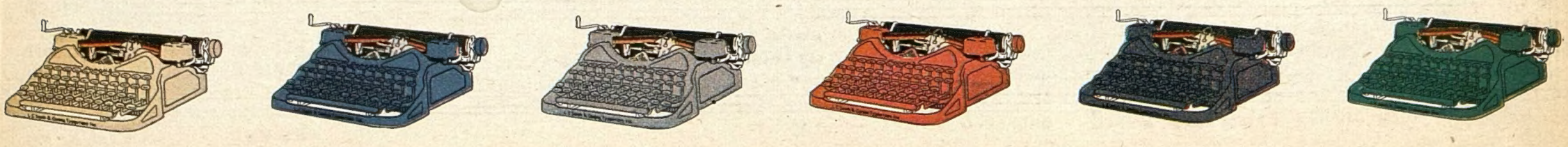

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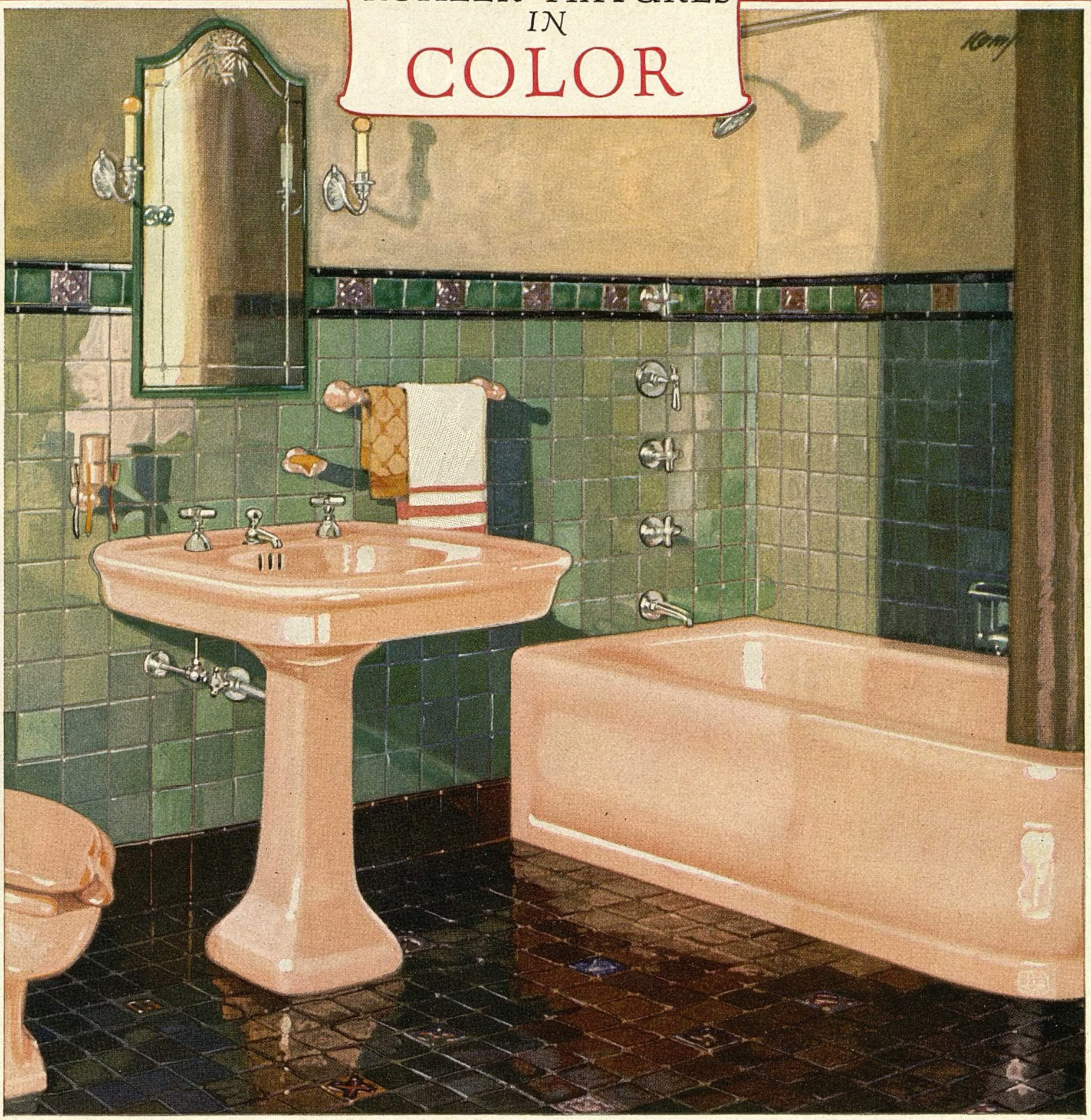

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